

The MEDITERRANEAN SEA








ROUTE MAP
PALESTINE AND SOUTHERN SYRIA

The MEDITERRANEAN SEA

SCALE BY MILES
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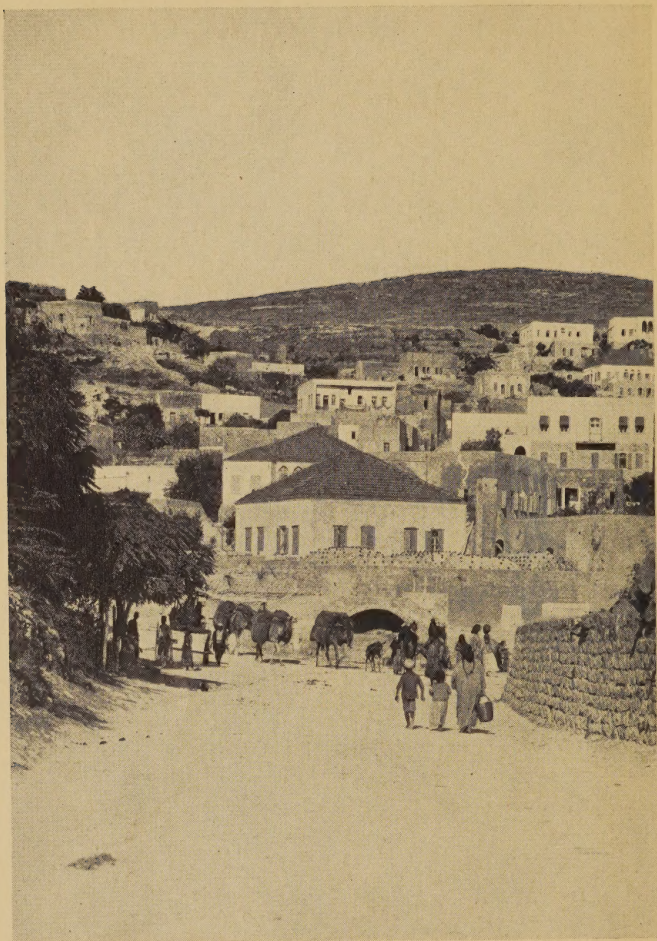


 OVER 6000 FT.
  3000 TO 6000 FT.
  1500 TO 3000 FT.
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  BELOW SEA LEVEL

SKETCH MAP ~ PALESTINE AND SOUTHERN SYRIA

PALESTINE

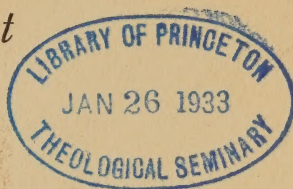
Land of the Light



THE STREET OF MARY'S WELL, NAZARETH

PALESTINE

Land of the Light



BY
FREDERICK DELAND LEETE

With Illustrations



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TO
H.B.E. AND G.H.M.
AND TO
THEIR COMPANIONS AND MY OWN

FOREWORD

BEYOND the shores of the sunrise lies a country whose plains are embroidered with the emblems of history, whose hills are crimson with the blood of struggle and sacrifice, and whose mountains are impressive because mighty souls have walked upon their heights. It is a land of lofty and directive thinking. It is the home of inspiration and of prophecy. Its boundaries are not of sand and sea, but of past and future, of time and eternity.

In order to understand Palestine, one must view it with comprehension as well as with knowledge. It should be approached with the heart, and not merely in the flesh. Many who have never visited the Holy Land know it better than do most of its inhabitants. One may tour the country, not once but often, without entering its secret places or penetrating their mystery. The East was ever esoteric, and its treasures of wisdom are beneath the surface.

This story of the Land of the Light is sent out in the belief that some who have been so fortunate as to have traveled in the most significant portion of the Near East will be glad to have their memories refreshed by this recital. Those who are planning a trip to Palestine may find herein both information as to what is most worth seeing and directions as to the easiest approaches to places of chief interest. Many who would be delighted to do so will never go to the country of the Canaanites, the

Philistines, and the children of Israel. They will not view the sources of Judaism, Christianity, and in part of Mohammedanism. They will not stand upon soil which has known the footsteps of the greatest warriors of history — Thothmes, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses, Alexander, Pompey, Saladin, Richard, Napoleon, Allenby. Nor will they find themselves in the environment associated with the deeds of Abraham and Joshua, Gideon and David, of Elijah and Jeremiah, John and Paul, and of all the worthies from the remote period of the 'Galilee man' to the wonderful revelation of the Man of Galilee. The physical attractions of Nazareth and the Jordan, of Carmel and Sharon, and the architectural creations of modern centuries in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, they are not permitted to behold. For these in particular — students of humanity, readers of history, lovers of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, followers of the religious founders — I hope that I have rendered some real service in the production of a book which has been a labor of love.

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PALESTINE



CHAPTER I

The Land of the Light

WHAT other portion of the earth can successfully contest with Palestine the right to be called the 'Land of the Light'? Rome, it is said, has given the world law and Greece has given it wisdom, but from the country between the Mediterranean and the Jordan has come the highest rule and philosophy of life, religion. Two of the most vital faiths of the world were born on the soil of Palestine and a third derived from these. This is the home of patriarchs and prophets. Footprints of Mohammed are found here. In no other place did He live and labor whom multitudes acclaim as the 'Light of the world.'

It is a tiny realm — so small that it takes a large map to give it much distinctness. We must think of it as a country in miniature, at its utmost extension not more than a hundred and forty miles in length by from forty-five to eighty miles broad. You could tuck it away in Scotland three times over. Place it in the center of America between Omaha and Des Moines and there would be room to spare at both ends and the sides would be far from the nearest State lines. Not a few counties in the United States are giants in comparison with the whole territory, while Judæa proper would go nearly twice

into Devon, England. Here are a few figures: The ground permanently held by the Jews was six hundred square miles; the actual Judæa, thirteen hundred and fifty square miles; all the divisions of Palestine proper, not quite six thousand and thirty square miles, though the British Mandate is somewhat larger. Not quite the least of all lands, as it has often been described, it is so paltry in size that on the basis of its physical extent its place in the world's attention would never have been assured.

Up and Down Palestine would be a good title for an account of a tour of this unique portion of the Near East. It is a land of hills and valleys. You go up to Jerusalem and down to Jericho, up to Nazareth and down to Tiberias, up to Hebron and down to Gaza. If this country has not the uppermost peaks of the earth's surface, it has the lowest levels, the Ghor of the Jordan and the bottom of the Dead Sea. In no other part of the world can you go from thirteen hundred feet below sea-level to nine thousand feet above in the space of a few hours. Palestine proper is divided into four main parallel strips, generally speaking from north to south. Two lowlands, the Maritime Plain on the eastern end of the Mediterranean and the Jordan Valley, are accompanied by two mountainous ridges, the Central Range and the Eastern Range. The Maritime Plain is divided into Phœnicia, Sharon, and Philistia. The Jordan Valley is above sea-level near Mount Hermon, at Lake Huleh, seven feet. At the Sea of Galilee, ten miles farther south, it is six hundred and eighty feet below the Mediterranean. In a hundred and sixty miles of length the river falls from sea-level to

twelve hundred and ninety-two feet below, while the bottom of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet lower still. No such colossal ditch is found elsewhere on the globe.

The Central Mountain Range of Palestine descends from the southern slopes of the Lebanon Mountains of Syria. Valleys break this range in Galilee, the largest of which is the great Plain of Esdraelon. Below this come the hills of Samaria, and then the continuous mass of the Mountain of Judæa, with hardly an interruption, extends through Jerusalem and Bethlehem to a point below Hebron, where it falls into the Parched Land of the Negeb and the southern desert. Paralleling the Judæan Mountain on its western side lies the lowland called the Shephelah, a border-land between Judæa and Philistia, noted as the scene of the continuous struggle between the inveterate rivals, the Philistines and the Hebrews. The Eastern Range is a long arm which Mount Hermon sends down the farther side of the Jordan, varying from two thousand to more than three thousand feet in height, and, like its comrade on the western side of the river, broken in a few places by valleys. The Hebrews called this range by an attractive name, 'The Mountains of the Abarim,' or 'The Mountains of Those on the Other Side.' The down, across, and up of this deep gorge very effectively isolated the early inhabitants of these regions from each other. The Eastern Range is precipitous on the valley side, but toward the east it is a high tableland, gradually descending into the desert. From north to south this range is divided into the Mountains of the Hauran, of Gilead, and of Moab.

In order to get clearly into mind the ups and down of Palestine, it must be noted that from the two mountain chains valleys larger and smaller slip down the sides, making each range a spiny skeleton of ridges and gorges, the sides of which are often precipitous. Down these trenches in the springtime, mountain torrents pour turbid streams, but there are level places where the shepherd may lead his flock 'beside the still waters.' In addition to the facts cited, mention should be made of detached peaks, such as Carmel, Tabor, Gilboa, Ebal, Gerizim, Scopus, Nebo across the Jordan, and lesser heights. In cities, also, Haifa, Nazareth, Jerusalem especially, there are high places to ascend.

The climate of the country is as varied as the topography. Violent contrasts are found. Though very limited in size, it is a land with pines at one end and palms at the other. On the lower Philistian Plain one may well think of the Egyptian Delta, but upland barrens remind one of northern Europe or Appalachian America. On some of the higher levels shepherds wear sheepskin and are acquainted with snow, while within a few miles the garments of their Bedouin brethren are of cotton and heat is intense. A land which ranges from frigid to torrid temperatures naturally is diversified in its types and products of agriculture, the chief occupation of the country, aside from that of the shepherds, whose flocks and herds are everywhere. Wheat, grape, orange, and melon growers have varied interests adversely affecting unity. Add to extremes of social station and prosperity, differences of race, political aspirations, and religious creed, and it is

possible to understand the unrest with which Palestine is troubled today, despite the efforts of the British Government to give its peoples wise and beneficent administration.

Except in the springtime, when vegetation is at its best, and in a few places which are naturally picturesque, modern Palestine is by no means beautiful. A difference of opinion exists as to whether its bare and stony hills ever were wooded and fertile. At all events, whatever may have been the case in the past, it is not now 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' Bees do work there, especially near the fruit orchards of Jaffa, and milk may be obtained, but there is no superabundance of riches such as old-time romances assigned to 'the glorious land,' 'the delightful land,' 'the land where there is no want of anything that is in the earth.' Many centuries of insecurity, of misrule, and of neglected duty have passed over fields which once were undoubtedly to some extent better tilled and more productive. Approaching the country from desert wastes to the east and south, it must appear relatively attractive and fertile, and this was probably much more true in other days. Nevertheless, the scarcity of water well-nigh everywhere has always been fatal to the maintenance of the highest standards of loveliness. The bones of the impoverished land are plainly in sight, and cannot be concealed by any known methods. Palestine is a unique and remarkable place of pilgrimage and a source of inspiration, but it is not generally beautiful.

From what has been stated, it will readily be inferred

that it is a poor country about which we are thinking. Industries are small, and while gradually improving cannot be said to flourish. Wretched little villages of stone and mud are common. The cities, while containing splendid buildings, as we shall see, are not creators of wealth. Trade with surrounding regions is brisk, but it runs to modest figures, and exports are small. The main financial resources come from the expenditures of tourists, from pious foundations, and from philanthropy.

It is packed with history, this tiny, stony, impoverished strip of the earth's surface. Where else have so many marvelous events covered the ground with glory and tragedy, with proofs of nobility and baseness of character, and with sacred and painful memories? The long Maritime Plain on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean is the caravan route over which the trade of many ancient nations traveled, and it is also the war-road of Persians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Hittites, and Egyptians. The Jew dwelt in the heights, and never, save toward the very close of Jewish nationality, controlled the seacoast or sea-traffic. In his mountain home this highlander developed an intense consciousness of divine mission, ethical qualities of a sturdy nature, and spiritual perceptions which have had a profound influence upon human life. The Israelites of northern regions were more prosperous and worldly and less religious. The land has always been, and perhaps always will be, divided within itself and a bone of contention between hostile forces.

If we study the list of conquerors whose hosts have

rolled up or down the war-path of Palestine, such names are found as Thothmes I and III, Amenhotep II, Seti I, whose countenance visible in the museum of Cairo impressed me as that of a man of marvelous force of character, Ramses II, chief egoist of Egypt, Merenptah, and Ramses III. In reprisal for the deeds of the northward-bound armies of these monarchs came burning southward Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Ashur-banipal, Assyrian tyrants and murderers. Necho of Egypt and Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon had a bitter duel, to the ultimate advantage of the Chaldean. Cambyses of Persia, Alexander of Macedon, Pompey, Vespasian, and Titus of Rome were among those who used the fields of western Palestine as a thoroughfare and in crossing ravished them. Richard and Saladin, Napoleon and Allenby also employed the great war-road of the ages for their military adventures. This account makes no mention of the internal strifes of the races inhabiting Palestine nor of their struggles with rulers and warriors of neighboring tribes. None of these experiences tended to improve the soil, to enrich the people, or to enhance the reputation of the land. About the best that can be said for them is that by this means the existence and location of the country were well advertised.

Why, in view of the facts which have been stated, can Palestine be termed the 'Land of the Light'? Even without considering its religious significance, it may be said that this is one of the lands which have proved that a tiny, poor, and rugged country may produce more seers, heroes, and saints than a vast continent. There is some

truth in the claim that Jerusalem, which grew from sixty-two to ninety thousand in the ten years prior to 1932, has been a small town of big things, while too many of the world's largest cities are big towns of small things. It is but recently that the population of all Palestine has passed the million mark. The total was but seven hundred and fifty thousand as lately as 1921. The calculating machine evidently cannot register the importance of a state.

What an influence upon human character and life has been exercised by the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! When all has been said about codes of law, those of Hammurabi, Solon, Manu, Justinian, Blackstone, and others, has one or all of them placed mankind in such debt as we owe to the laws of Moses? While it was a small field on which they conducted their operations, the world knows a great deal more about Joshua, Gideon, and Saul than about many captains of the mightiest hosts. David, warrior, king, and poet, and Solomon, worldly philosopher and sage, by remarkable words and deeds have kindled imagination and have profoundly affected thought. Joseph, pattern of fidelity, Jonathan, archetype of friendship, and Daniel, exemplar of moral courage, finest representatives of their race and religion, whether they were at home or abroad, are an undying heritage to biography. Deborah, Ruth, and Esther, heroic women, have moulded the conduct of generations. The mighty prophets of Israel, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, are the crowning summit of wisdom and righteousness as represented in the ages in which

they lived. These far-seers and forth-tellers and their lesser comrades are continually surprising us by their modernity and by the applicability of their ideals to the life of today. They are among the best exponents of timeless truth.

Among so-called 'lands of the Bible,' Palestine is preëminent. It has a right to the appellation 'the Land of the Book.' And what a book it is! The history, biography, poetry, philosophy, and religion which it contains have enriched the thinking of the ages. Literature is filled with references to its characters, its annals, and its teachings. Take Biblical material out of their contents and many of the most eminent works of genius would be ruined. Art also has been ennobled by the narratives, the episodes, and the inspirations of Holy Scripture. All races, nations, institutions, and leaders have been affected by a volume or collection of writings which in its scope is so broad, in its appeal so varied, and in its impact upon life so catholic as to keep it ever upon printing-presses and constantly at the head of the list of their best-selling products. It is especially true that, in addition to its relationship to Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, the Bible has been puissant in its effects upon all forms of modern religious thought and conduct.

Directly or indirectly every page of the Book of books came from the tiny, poor, and limited realm which is the theme of this volume, and which after the days of the prophets inspired the patriotism of the Maccabees and the scholarship of Shammai, Hillel, and Gamaliel. What

more may be said? Indeed much! I believe that few would deny that the most noted and widely published events which have occurred in Palestine are connected with one name above every other, that of Jesus of Nazareth. The life and influence of the Founder of Christianity, who is the center and source of Christian civilization, have given enduring fame to His birthplace and to the region in which He dwelt. His disciples also, except Saint Paul, were natives of the country, and their labors and writings, especially those of Saints Peter, James, and Matthew, are intimately associated with its history. The brilliant Apostle to the Gentiles, while he was born in Tarsus and traveled widely in the prosecution of his calling, is one of the traditions of the Damascus Road, of the Temple at Jerusalem, and of the great days of Cæsarea. The names of the noted ascetic John the Baptist, of the Evangelist Mark, and of the first Christian martyr, Saint Stephen, lend added distinction to the environs of Jerusalem and the Jordan.

Many thrilling events have occurred in the Holy Land during the centuries which have elapsed since apostolic days. The relationship of Constantine and his mother Empress Helena to the sacred places connected with early Christian tradition has placed its mark upon the sites themselves and upon the literature which describes them. The scholarly studies and achievements of Saint Jerome are part of the records of Bethlehem. Other events of note are the Mohammedan conquest, with its architectural and religious monument, the Dome of the Rock; the Crusades, whose triumphs and disasters,

glory and shame, taught mankind valuable lessons; the pilgrimages of the centuries, resulting in temples, shrines, and missions; the Jewish colonization movement, known as Zionism; the archæological explorations which are uncovering historic relics of ancient times, and the educational, philanthropic, and industrial undertakings of the modern period.

The historic composite which I have briefly sketched is the picture and the actuality which characterize the Land of the Light. What is light? Is it not that which enables man to see the glories of the universe, the way in which he may safely walk, and the faces of his friends and loved ones? This is what Palestine has done for humanity. It has shown us nature as a divine product and revelation, and as manifesting celestial glories. It has pointed out the true and safe pathway of life. It has taught the brotherhood of man and has disclosed God as a loving Father. Religion is light, and Palestine has given us Religion. I am not claiming for a moment that the whole record is that of light-bearing. More than once darkness has covered this portion of the earth. Because it is on earth, shadows have never been wholly absent. Nevertheless, from this source, as from no other, illumination has come, 'for there was the true light which lighteth every man, coming into the world.'

CHAPTER II

The World's Living Bible

ON THE train between Cairo and Jerusalem during our latest visit there was a globe-trotter who said, 'If I had known that this place had anything to do with the Bible, I would have brought one with me.' He was big enough to have carried the book, but was probably too thick to do much with it.

Palestine has been called not only 'the Land of the Book,' but 'the fifth Gospel,' 'the modern Bible,' and other names conveying the fact that the country as it is today is full of illustrations of the scenes, daily life, and customs described in the Holy Scriptures of the Jews and Christians. It is true that modern ideas and methods of work have entered the land in recent times. You will read that no nation, save perhaps Russia, is being so rapidly westernized as is Palestine. Much may be said in support of this undeniable trend. Haifa has been industrialized with a flour mill, oil and soap factory, and large cement plant. Jerusalem has a new outer city greater in size than that within its ancient gray walls, and it has colleges, palatial hotels, electric lights, telephones, water system, and many automobiles, though the taxes on the latter and the cost of gas and oil are exorbitant. Oil for sea-vessels is being brought to Palestine from Iraq. Mizpeh has a modern aerodrome. Railways are being extended, and it is planned to take a line

to Bagdad. A chemical plant is working on the shore of the Dead Sea, and one of its leaders has renamed this vast source of useful products, potash, nitrates, and others, the Sea of Life. The Jordan is being exploited for power. Lord Reading presided at the opening of the Jordan Hydro-Electric Power Plant, put in use in the early days of 1932, and a few miles south of the Sea of Galilee huge turbines are producing electricity which is carried over the country for lighting and for the operation of machinery in factories as far away as Haifa and Jaffa. Western plows are used by the young Zionists. Much that is new and progressive has attended the progress of able British management of affairs succeeding the War, and the improvement in living conditions within so brief a space of time is almost unbelievable. Despite all this, go where you will in this ancient home of man you will find not only memorials of the past, but survivals of historic conditions and ways of living. Especially, the descriptions, narratives, and recorded customs and events of Bible days are constantly called to mind by what the eyes see and the ears hear.

In this eloquent land, plain and sea, mountain and wilderness, heights and depths, as well as the paths between them, are what they have been throughout the ages. The seasons are as in the long past. The mean temperature, in winter averaging fifty degrees, in summer seventy-five, and for the year sixty-two, has probably not been altered. Summer and winter, cold and heat, rains 'early' and 'latter,' mists and drought, gleaming sun and stars and inky night, as pictured in sacred litera-

ture, are experienced by the most recent travelers. Bare hills, rough mountains, rocky ground, stones great and small, fertile fields, vineyards, olive and fig trees, grassy plains, lilies of the field, fowl of the air, unnumbered caves in the porous limestone, sepulchers and tombs, springs, steep places, valleys, brooks generally dried up in summer, river, lake, and sea, sheep with shepherds and folds, goats, owls, jackals, seedtime and harvest, east wind from the desert drying up the fruit, grain, grapes, oil, and wine, walls, towers, pits, wells, and many more familiar objects mentioned in the Bible and visible today, have always been associated with this interesting country and its history.

The great anxiety in a climate like that of Palestine is for moisture. Rain is far more apt to be wanting than is sun. The beds of the brooks are nearly all stone, rather than bone, dry in summer, and they seem oddly called rivers when not a drop of water is in them. The First Book of the Kings contains a piece of description which may easily be verified by a modern observer of the slow approach and the copious arrival of a much-desired shower in this region. Elijah told Ahab, 'There is the sound of abundance of rain.' Then he went to the top of Carmel and bowed himself down with his face between his knees, doubtless praying that his prophecy might be fulfilled. 'And he said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a cloud out of the sea, as small as

a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Make ready thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in a little while, that the heavens grew black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.' I well recall a season in Palestine when the water-fall was much below normal. The land was thirsty, and save for the southern portions of Sharon and parts of Philistia crops were drying up. Desire for rain was on everyone's lips, but alas! no Elijah appeared. Wheat attained half its normal height or less, and even when taller produced no grain. I mourned for the tillers of tiny plots in the valleys and along hillsides of Judæa and Transjordanian even more than I have sometimes done in case of American farmers when their broad acres failed to bring forth.

The fields of Galilee and Samaria often have stones set as boundary markers, as when the writer of Deuteronomy set down the warning, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark. And all the people shall say, Amen.' Towers, walls, and sheep-folds are built of loose stones. When first I saw uncovered stone walls broken in circle or square by a single opening, I asked what they were used for, and of course was told that they were to keep the sheep together at resting times by day or night. The keeper of the flock guards the entrance and exit; illustrating the words of Jesus, 'I am the door of the sheep,' and, 'He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.' Sheep and goats and their shepherds are all over Palestine, and even in the cities one may have to get hastily out of the way of a flock crowding

a whole street. Frequent references to stoning in Biblical literature are supported by a great supply of available missiles in the hill country and in ravines.

The various accounts which are given by the Evangelists of the tours of Jesus through the cities and towns of small sections of the country in which He taught are quite comprehensible when one stands upon some hilltop and counts in plain view and not many miles away scores of villages or their remains. Many a city set on a hill recalls a well-known utterance in the Sermon on the Mount. Shrines and sepulchers with whitewashed exteriors are often seen, and probably there are bones within. Vine culture, to which constant reference is made in the Scriptures, is so successful that grapes are for sale in Jerusalem about six months of each year. Vineyards are still protected by watch-towers, lest during the season of bearing thieves get the fruit.

The new and the old dwell together in a time of great changes such as Bible lands now experience. In one field may be a modern horse-drawn plow; in another, the surface of the ground is worried by an old-fashioned one-handed wooden stick dragged along by a donkey or a mean-looking ox. Often Jewish immigrants revert from implements of later type, perhaps because these get out of condition, to ancient, simple methods of agriculture. Mechanical ability to repair machinery is sometimes lacking on the part of colonists of former city experience. The women of Palestine still frequently use jars for carrying water. Alas, almost as often now the ugly five-gallon oil-can has replaced the old-time artisti-

cally shaped receptacle which lent itself so well to pictorial illustration. Oil-cans have other practical uses. Pots and pans and even slates for the children are made from them. They are sometimes piled up as protecting walls at entrances to caves, transforming them into more satisfactory abodes for animals and even for men.

In all the countries of the Near East the sower goes forth to sow just as did the man in the parable of Jesus. The seed falls on various types of soil, on rocky places and by the wayside. Wheat is troubled by tares. It is a land of thistles and thorns as well as of flowers. As summer advances, when the green blades of grain appear, women and girls root out weeds and tares. Kernels of wheat are sometimes rubbed out of the heads by hand and eaten with or without roasting. Saint Mark pictures the disciples of Christ going through the grain-fields on a certain Sabbath. They 'began to make their way plucking the ears.' 'Unleavened cakes and parched grain' are still, as in the days of Joshua, 'the produce of the land' eaten as delicacies. Harvesting methods are frequently primitive, and gleaners gather their slender stores after the reapers even as did Ruth in the field of Boaz. Threshing-floors are in use today whose history may be traced to early centuries. Threshing processes are vivid pictures of scenes familiar to the prophets of Israel. Ephraim, said Hosea, is 'a heifer that is taught, that loveth to tread out the grain.' The hoofs of animals trample the wheat from the ears, or sledges driven about on piles of grain cut and shake out the kernels. The winnowing fork throws the wheat into the air and the chaff is blown away. Then comes the sieve to complete the cleaning process.

Home life among the Bedouins, whose crazy skin, hair-cloth, and canvas huts are numerous in the regions of the Levant, is about what it was to Abraham and Isaac. Some of the desert-dwellers and wandering herdsmen have wonderful animals, and nomad dwellings have been known to possess valuable treasures. City-dwellers of Palestine may use as primitive methods of grinding grain with stone bowl and pestle and of preparing meals as are employed by fellaheen. The food of John the Baptist, locusts and wild honey, is a modern delicacy. Ovens are sometimes in community huts, in which baking is done for a small price, or coöperatively. One of the fuels used is 'the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven.' The common dish is not unknown, 'he that dippeth his hand with me.' Of course people of the higher class and foreigners observe the customs and amenities of polite society, but village houses and those of the poor generally have places of rest which it is as easy to pick up and carry away as it was for the cripple at the pool of Bethesda to obey the Lord's command, 'Arise, take up thy bed, and walk.'

Fig trees are as plentiful in the land of Israel as when the Master made a fruitless one an illustration of spiritual truth. Figs are used as food, and also in the manner indicated by the prophet of Israel when sickness had fallen upon Hezekiah the King, 'And Isaiah said, Take a cake of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil and he recovered.' Hospitality is not uncommon, at least among people of similar races and habits. The better houses have guest-rooms, and it would still be possible to

say to the master of such a house, 'The Teacher saith, Where is my guest-chamber, where I shall eat the pass-over?' Visitors are often as urgently pressed to accept hospitality as when at Emmaus the two disciples said to Jesus, 'Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent'; or, as when in the days of the Judges a householder said, 'Be pleased, I pray thee, to tarry all night, and let thy heart be merry.'

Business methods in Palestine have been modified from time to time, but many quaint usages abide. Bargains and barter go on in ways not new. Abraham of the twentieth century sometimes deals about as did Abraham of the records in Genesis. Umpires or intermediaries are employed as indicated in the Book of Job and in the New Testament. Banks are not found everywhere, and other mediums of investment and exchange than cash are common; for example, produce, merchandise, jewelry, and precious stones. Valuables are often necessarily hidden in the ground, or in caves and tombs. The parable is still timely in the Orient: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found and hid; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.'

It seems strange and unwelcome to most Jews born in Palestine to see modern young men and women, with Western clothes and manners free of restraint, who have come to the country as Zionist colonists. These newcomers do not take on the old ways, though they learn the ancient Hebrew and have some of the ideals of their people. In the mean time, orthodox Jews practice the

ritual of the fathers, wear prescribed garments and long curls of hair before their ears, and read the law in tawdry synagogues beneath a kerosene lamp. You may witness the Jewish feasts and especially the Passover, conducted according to prescriptions which date centuries back of all our Western civilizations. Ancient prejudices are present-day experiences. There are still Jews and Gentiles. There are Samaritans — enough left so that one can discover for himself the truth of the saying in the story of the woman at Jacob's Well, 'For Jews have no dealing with Samaritans.' Marriage customs among the Jews often hark back to Old Testament days. Kinsfolk frequently marry, and daughters become identified with the family to which they go. Large families are desired, and boys are much preferred, for the same reason as in former ages, namely, because they help the household in its struggle for bread. Children have names selected from the Scriptures or chosen to represent the beliefs, ideals, or aspirations of their parents.

Not only the geography, but in many cases the names, of regions, towns, mountains, and valleys recall history recorded in the Bible. Translation is often necessary in order to see the truth of this. As in Scripture times, many compound names contain the ancient name for Deity. One might add numerous illustrations of the fact that Palestine is really a modern Bible. Excavations in various parts of the country are bringing to light multitudes of confirmations of Old Testament history, but contemporaneous illustrations abound which make both the older and the newer portions of Holy Writ stand more clearly before the mind.

One of the most striking cases of the survival of ancient conditions in the face of attempts to modernize is at the Dead Sea. This unique lowest body of water on earth, forty-six miles long and from six to ten miles wide, is one of the marvels which visitors to Palestine always wish to see. It is a swimming-place of great popularity because a novice can hardly help keeping afloat. Since the sea has no outlet, its waters contain about twenty-five per cent of salts left by evaporation, ten per cent being common salt. Dead Sea waves are five times as solid as ocean water. Chlorides of calcium, oily, and of magnesium, bitter, as well as of sodium and other substances, create a fluid which supports the human body without need of effort except to keep the head from going under and the feet from sticking up. I found it much easier to recline upon this water than on that of the Great Salt Lake in Utah. It is estimated that between six and seven million tons of fresh water flow into the Dead Sea daily, the Jordan being the chief source. Fish die when they reach the acrid lake, but it is not true that birds cannot fly over its surface, nor that it contains no forms of life. Very inferior organizations have been discovered and reported, and copious phosphorescence is said to betoken the presence of living bodies.

The Salt Sea, the Sea of the Plain, the East or Former Sea, as it is called in the Bible, Lake Asphaltites as Greeks and Romans named it, and Sea of Lot, the appellation of the Arabs, is doubtless very little changed in appearance since the days of Moses or of Jesus. Some pretentious undertakings are now going on at the northern end of the

lake. Ambitious chemical works have been erected. I asked a group of fine-looking young Jews employed there whether any of them were Americans. One replied in excellent English, 'No, we are mostly from north-eastern Europe.' A letter which has just come to me from an authority in Jerusalem to whom I wrote for the latest facts contains this statement: 'After much difficulty seventeen-inch pipes have been laid about six hundred meters out into the Dead Sea, to a depth of several hundred feet, thence to pump up the heavily charged waters into the many acres of vats above the north shore, where the evaporation releases the precious potash sought. Hitherto at cheap rates they have been able to cart it up in lorries to Jerusalem for storage. A survey has been made for a railway line up the Jordan Valley that thus bulk transportation may be made possible in connection with the Haifa line. The quantity extracted is kept profoundly secret. They dream of having a luxurious hotel there; also golf courses, pleasure boats, making this the greatest health resort for asthma and tuberculosis in the world. These waters possess the greatest amount of radio-activity! It is to become the Sea of Life, not the Dead Sea. An excellent road has now been asphalted all the way down.' If the entire program thus outlined is ever actualized, nevertheless, hardly a wrinkle will be made on the general appearance of the scene. The surface of the waters, now blue, now green, will have the same atmospheric changes, and the gray, azure, or purple mountains of Moab will lift their picturesque summits as of old.

One who has some knowledge of Bible history and

teaching returns from Palestine with a new sense of the reality of this literature, so far as its physical and human side is concerned, and may therefore be more strongly confirmed in adherence to its spiritual principles. It needs to be repeated often that from any part of the world what one brings home depends on what he carries with him. One may go to the Holy Land and find there little that is holy or even ancient and reverend. He can spend his time in picnics and revels; he can attend Western cinemas, live in Western hotels, and eat American, English, or German cooking; he can visit modern institutions supported by Occidental charity; he can ride in motor-cars with familiar names and look at machinery from Europe and the States; he can ride on a railway not quite like those at home and can fly in an airplane covering the whole region in a few minutes. These are among the possibilities, and it may be that in a few more years most of the old ways and plans of life will have passed away. But the seasons, the plants, the fields, the stars, the orbs of day and night will abide. The Judean hills, the mountains round about Jerusalem, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, will not pass away — nor the shores and sparkling waters of Galilee, nor the history of the patriarchs, the kings, the prophets. The tales of Bethlehem and Nazareth will not perish, nor the acts of the Apostles. Above all, the life and words of Jesus and His consummate and permanent revelation of divine truth in human personality will forever make Palestine a living and life-giving book.

CHAPTER III

The Most Famous Birthplace

MANY travelers in the Holy Land, even before they have enjoyed the sights of Jerusalem, wish to visit the most illustrious birthplace in the world, that of Jesus. The trip to Bethlehem requires no more than a quarter of an hour with a car, allowing at that for one or two brief stops in the five to six miles between the two cities in Palestine which are of chief historical interest.

Leaving Jaffa Gate, with its medley of color and bedlam of sound, the Hebron road slips down into the Valley of Hinnom and crosses the bed to a hill near the top of which on the left is the Ophthalmic Hospital of the Knights of Saint John. Farther to the left is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where it is said that consultations were held by those who desired to put Jesus to death. The country home of Joseph Caiaphas, high-priest under Tiberius, is pointed out here and a tree upon which Judas is said to have hanged himself. A field on one of the slopes is called Aceldama, Field of Blood, and is described as being the 'potter's field' bought by the priests with the thirty pieces of silver, the price of his Lord's betrayal, which the traitor returned to them.

The road to Bethlehem passes the railway and electric-power stations south of the city and traverses the Plain of Rephaim. This 'Valley of Giants' is reputed to be the place where David twice defeated the Philistines. The

residence of the British High Commissioner for Palestine is seen on a prominent hilltop eastward.

About halfway to the city of Christ's nativity, near the left side of the road, is a low round stone well-curb. Its Arabic name is Bîr Kadismu, a corruption of the Greek word for seat. Two very pretty traditions center about this manifestly very ancient relic. One is that Mary on her way to Bethlehem seated herself upon this curb, 'the seat,' to rest. The other is that the Wise Men from the East who sought the infant King Jesus, having lost sight of the star by which they had been guided, and being wearied by their efforts to find the object of their journey, came and sat down at this place. Looking into the well, they saw in its waters the reflection of the celestial body which had been directing them and in its radiance they joyfully completed their journey.

Up a hill a little farther on is the Greek Monastery of Mar Elyas, well placed and commanding wide views, connected by Crusader traditions with the flight of Elijah from the angry Jezebel. The foundation of this institution is attributed to a Bishop Elias about whom little is known. Near-by is a well which is said to have once refreshed the Holy Family. A deep valley which goes to the Dead Sea is flanked by a truncated mountain cone on which are the remains of Herodium, the place where Herod the Great built his palace and tomb. Hard-by is a grotto which is pointed out as the Cave of Adullam, meeting-place of Saul and David. The home of the prophet Amos is a short distance south of this cave.

On the left of the road and half a mile from the Tomb of

Rachel is a field which contains many small stone pebbles. It is called the Field of Peas. The legend says that Christ saw a man sowing here and asked him what was the grain. He replied, 'stones,' and therefore the peas which he was planting produced stone peas. Large numbers of these pebbles are picked up and taken away by pilgrims.

One of the best authenticated sites in Palestine is that of Rachel's Tomb, close upon the right side of the road seven kilometers from Jerusalem. It is one of very few sacred places in the land which is owned and kept in charge by Jews. Christians and Moslems also venerate the place, which is covered by an oblong building with an arched entrance on the northern side. Two rooms are within, an eastern one, which is a vestibule containing a Mohammedan prayer-niche, and a western chamber, covered by a whitewashed dome and containing a cenotaph supposed to denote the spot where the loved wife of Jacob was buried. Jewish worship is conducted in this portion of the structure. Unbroken tradition confirms the Tomb of Rachel as fulfilling the words of Genesis, thirty-fifth chapter, nineteenth and twentieth verses, 'And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem). And Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave.' The little building is not a place in which to tarry long, but one cannot visit it intelligently without memories of one of the earliest tales of human affection and loyalty.

David's Well, in an enclosure just beyond the turning from the Hebron to the Bethlehem road, is worthy of brief attention. Although not now wholesome, it may be the

source of the water for which David thirsted when the Philistines were garrisoned in Bethlehem. When his mighty men heard their leader exclaim, 'Oh, that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!' three of them 'brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David.' He did not drink it, however, but poured it out unto Jehovah, calling it 'the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives.'

The new road entering the birthplace of David's great descendant runs along the eastern side of the city and turns up into the court which is in front of the Church of the Nativity. Before considering this sacred place, it should be oriented in its environment as Beth Lekhem, 'house of bread.' This name, following the earlier Ephrath or Ephratah, and unchanged for nearly four thousand years, is singularly appropriate, since the town is surrounded by fertile fields, and because in Palestine primitive barley, rye, and wheat are found. Professor J. E. Dinsmore, of the American Colony, was the first to discover in this country wild wheat, the original of our cultivated grain. The followers of Jesus look upon the name of Bethlehem as a suitable designation because above other reasons He was born here who is the world's 'Bread of Life.'

The city of Bethlehem, one of the oldest towns of the land, has nearly seven thousand population, and is largely inhabited by people professing Christian faith. In 1932 but one Jew, twelve hundred and seventeen Moslems, and

fifty-five hundred and ninety-four Christians was the census record. The town is picturesquely located on semi-circular ridges surrounding the Valley of the Carob Tree. Its high place is twenty-five hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. The people are said to be of mixed Crusader, Syrian, and Arabic stock, and are more able and energetic than are dwellers in the surrounding country. They are interested in agriculture and the raising of cattle, and they make souvenirs and religious articles of mother-of-pearl, olive wood, and Dead Sea stone. A good many young men have gone abroad and have returned with what are to them comfortable fortunes, made in the Americas principally. The well-favored women of the place wear distinctive high head-dresses of white cloth, by which they may be recognized wherever seen. The Bedouins of the region of the Dead Sea find Bethlehem a convenient trading place.

Assaults upon the little city of the House of David and its devastations have not been so numerous as those of the coast cities and of Jerusalem. The Philistines captured it and garrisoned it for a time about a millennium before Christ. The terrible massacre of the infants by Herod is one of the sad traditions of the days of Jesus, whose birth there gave the town its interest to pilgrims and hence its increase in size. By the year A.D. 600 it was prosperous. Though the Arabs destroyed the place when the Crusaders approached, it was restored only to be ruined, rebuilt, and destroyed again in the period from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. After a season of neglect and decay, the interests of Bethlehem began to



BETHLEHEM

look up. For a time much conflict occurred between its citizens and the desert peoples, but in 1831 the Christian element secured possession of the town and Ibrahim Pasha secured them in undisputed control of its affairs.

Bethlehem has Greek, Roman, and Armenian monasteries, convents and schools and Protestant societies including a Church of Christmas. Of course the object of chief interest is the Church of the Nativity and its memorials of the birth of Jesus. One looks with awe upon the venerable pile which stands above the alleged birthplace of Christ, and those who enter or leave this sacred place must do so with humility. Three separate doorways, each new one smaller than its predecessor, have evidently succeeded one another. The present square one requires a stooping posture. We were told that the entrance was made small to keep camels out, but another explanation is that it was reduced in size in order better to protect the sanctuary during former years from desecration. The monoliths which form the sides of the portal are about four feet high, capped by a heavy stone lintel. When one has crossed the spacious pavements, he passes between stone benches used by lounging priests, bends down and enters a dark, flat-roofed porch, and from that passes into the nave of the great basilica of Constantine, practically unaltered, many believe, since it was first erected by the Emperor in A.D. 330.

The official name of the ancient edifice is the Church of Saint Mary. It is owned jointly by Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, and is really a collection of churches, chapels, and monasteries, built and rebuilt during many centuries.

There seem to me to be two sights here which are very impressive, one for the sentiment which it undoubtedly elicits and gratifies, and the other because of its antiquity and dignity. The former is the Grotto or Chapel of the Nativity, and the latter is the vast and lofty main interior of the church, with its double aisles, wide transept, screened choir, and broad eastern apse. Four rows of reddish limestone monolithic columns mark the aisles. Eleven of these pillars are in each row, and are nineteen feet in height including bases and Corinthian capitals decorated with crosses. The upper walls of the nave, which these stones support, are thirty-two feet high. Above them are the beams of the high wooden roof which was a gift of King Edward IV and which was once richly gilded and painted. The northern and southern ends of the transept are closed by semi-circular apses which were added by Justinian. The northern apse contains a mosaic of the risen Christ, who exhibits his wounds to the doubtful Thomas. In the southern apse are quaint representations of the Triumphant Entry and of the Ascension. Other mosaics, with paintings and carvings, adorn or besmear the edifice, replacing antique decorations which have mostly disappeared. The room gives one a sense of age and of materialized history which conveys its own unique message.

Where was our Lord made flesh? Nobody knows exactly, except that He came to a stable and to a manger cradle connected with an inn of Bethlehem. A cave in this locality was identified as the birthplace in the time of Justin Martyr of the second century. It is said that

a church erected on this spot was destroyed by the Emperor Hadrian, who caused a temple to Adonis to be built in its stead. History affirms that Constantine the Great erected the older portions of the present structure above an ancient grotto which is reached by a circular staircase at each end of the raised platform. Descending the steps at either side, the visitor finds himself in a marble-lined cavern forty by twelve feet in size and ten feet high. Under an altar and beneath fifteen suspended lamps is a large silver star which bears the saying, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*. It is said to mark the exact location where the miraculous birth took place.

Six of the lamps which hang in the alcove under the altar and above the star belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. The care of these lamps is meticulously reserved to their owners. The star in the floor is the successor of several which have at various times and for diverse reasons been stolen by rival sects, once it is affirmed by Greeks because the inscription is in Latin. Disputes followed between the Powers allied with these religious bodies, and were temporarily settled when the Sultan provided a new star in place of the missing one. Neither Christian body could claim the new emblem, but it is said that the Crimean War may have resulted, or at least that this was one of the factors which led to conflict, from the quarrels provoked by this incident. A few years since some of the nails holding the star in place disappeared. A bitter contention arose as to who should re-fasten the sacred marker. A Mohammedan workman, unobjectionable to any party, had to be called in for the

purpose by the Turkish authorities. Under British authority, as formerly, it is necessary to police the sacred Chapel of the Nativity to keep factional extremists in order. The sword still guards the birthplace of the Prince of Peace.

The chapel of the alleged manger-cradle with its marble receptacle does not detain most visitors long, nor do the Chapel of the Innocents and the Milk Grotto. The tomb and chapel connected with the life of Saint Jerome bring to mind the memory of a great Christian scholar and Church father who in Bethlehem made in Latin the famous Vulgate translation of the Bible. Jerome undoubtedly came to the birthplace of Jesus in the early fifth century, lived and labored here for many years, was driven away for a short time because of his bitterness in the Pelagian controversy, but returned and died in the town at an advanced age, about A.D. 420.

While I do not find myself in accord with those writers who have said that they found no inspiration in visiting the Church of the Nativity, I do join them in acknowledging the sense of reality which comes from the sight of the Field of Boaz and the calm green Shepherds' Fields eastward from Bethlehem. Somewhere in this vicinity a lad was tending his father's flocks when he was called to become King over Judah and Israel, and the name of David will always be recalled in connection with the place, as will those of his progenitors. The voice of Brother Jacob of the American Colony as he recited for us here the old love idyl of Ruth, the lass of Moab, still sounds melodiously in my memory. The so-called House

of Saint Joseph, the Christian village, Beit Sahur (Ashur?) en Nasara, and its cistern and 'dwelling of the shepherds,' are among the places shown visitors to this vicinity. The shepherds? Who that visits this placid, altogether appropriate scene, cannot imagine them 'keeping watch by night over their flock' — 'hinds wrapped in the he-goats' skin,' as Sir Edwin Arnold pictures them, hearing with awe and wonder Heaven's lauds of peace to men of good-will? The impression made by the environment of Bethlehem is deeper and more lasting than that of buildings and shrines. Undoubtedly many come away from the city unimpressed, but fields and skies, shepherds and lambs, seem to belong together and are unforgettable. I never think of experiences in this region without feeling that it is the home of stars, of gentle flocks, of loving mothers and of a little Child.

CHAPTER IV

Sacred Places of Jerusalem

THE three religions chiefly represented in Palestine regard certain sites and structures in Jerusalem as peculiarly sacred to them. Christians look upon the Church of the Holy Sepulcher within, and the Garden of Gethsemane just without, the city on its eastern side as holy places. The Jews revere Mount Zion and Mount Moriah and the few remaining stones of Herod's Temple. The Mohammedans worship in the Dome of the Rock, which is the so-called Mosque of Omar, and also in the Mosque of El Aksa. Of course, Moslems are not without interest in places connected with the life of Jesus, who is recognized as one of their prophets. Jews are quite alive to the fact that Jesus came of their own race, and many of them look upon Him as a great teacher. Christians know that Mohammed was related in many ways to Christianity and to Judaism, while, as a distinguished Zionist in Palestine remarked to me, the Hebrew prophets and lawgivers are forerunners of Jesus and His apostles, and are accepted by Christians as part of their own inheritance. It is not strange, then, that the sacred places of Jerusalem are respected by so many millions of people, most of whom would be very happy to visit them, as multitudes are doing every year.

Beginning at Temple Hill, because of the early period of time which it represents, we find that the name Moriah,



JERUSALEM, WITH THE MOSQUE OF OMAR IN THE CENTER AND THE MOUNT OF
OLIVES BEYOND

which is applied to the high place on which its noted buildings stand, was mentioned in Genesis, the first book in the Bible. Abraham was directed to go to the land of Moriah, to a mountain God would disclose to him, and there to offer sacrifice. While there is no certainty as to the locality to which the Patriarch went supposing that he would have to give his first-born son as a burnt offering, the sacred stone beneath the Dome of the Rock is believed by many to be this ancient altar. It is said that later this was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, which King David purchased at a time of pestilence, 'to build,' as he said, 'an altar unto Jehovah that the plague may be stayed from the people.' Here also Solomon, when he erected his magnificent temple, is said to have placed the Altar of Burnt Offering. The temples of Zerubbabel and Herod the Great of course stood on the same site. 'The August Sanctuary,' the present al-Haram al-Sharîf, or Temple Area, is a near rectangle about fifteen hundred feet long from north to south and about nine hundred feet from east to west. It is entered from the city by six gates on the western side, and three at the northern end. In the center of this space is an elevated platform, about twelve feet high, not quite square, about four hundred and fifty by four hundred feet in dimensions, and approached by eight staircases. On this platform, the very top of Mount Moriah, stands the octagonal mosque, measuring one hundred and sixty-two feet from side to side, built in 691 by the Ommyad Caliph of Damascus, 'Abd el Melek, and known as the Mosque of Omar, or, more properly, as the Dome of the Rock.

On the central portion of the octagon is a low circular wall. Above that is the great dome, eighty-seven feet in diameter and one hundred and eight feet high, rebuilt by Caliph Hakem in 1022, the most characteristic and attractive feature of the Holy City.

The last time I approached this place of unexampled historical associations, I purchased the usual 'brief guide,' costing one hundred and fifty mils, a modest figure. On the back upper corner of this pamphlet was a ticket, torn off on a perforated line so as to make sure that it would not be used again. Before going inside the buildings, I took plenty of time to look around the Temple Area, noting the attractive portals and the beautiful arcades at the top of each staircase which leads to the raised platform. These elegant structures are called Mawazîn, or 'scales.' The traditional belief is that here on the Day of Judgment will be suspended the scales of good and evil. Examining my 'brief guide' in order to identify the various objects of interest, for I was wandering alone at the moment, I ran across this notice: 'Visitors should bear in mind that the whole of the Haram Area, and not only its edifices, is sacred to Moslems, and that they will be expected to pay due regard to its sanctity. In particular they must abstain from smoking anywhere in the Area, and from bringing dogs with them.' Very proper and to be observed!

The views about and from the Haram Area are unique and impressive. Aside from the elaborate exteriors of the principal buildings, a good many small structures are to be seen, the Domes of the Ascension, of Saint George, of

the Little Rock, and others. What looks at first sight like a miniature of the chief structures of the Haram, located on its eastward side, proves to be the Dome of the Chain, an exquisite little edifice of concentric rows of pillars covered by a tiny dome. It is sometimes called the Tribunal of David. The legend is that in Solomon's time it was a place of judgment. A chain was suspended from heaven over this spot. In cases of conflicting evidence, each witness was made to grasp the chain. If he could hold it, his truthfulness was vindicated: otherwise not. Was this the original 'lie detector'? It is said that the chain lost its virtue and disappeared when it was called upon to decide between a Jew and a Mohammedan who had entrusted the Hebrew with some money to keep for him. The Jew claimed he had returned the sum. When the Mohammedan denied this and seized the chain, the Jew, who had hidden the gold in his hollow staff, handed the stick to the Moslem to hold for him while he in turn grasped the chain. Literally the gold had been restored, so the chain could not decide between them. Unable to cope with human deceitfulness, its functions ceased.

The closed Golden Gate in the eastern wall of the city and of the Temple Area has two arches, a Gate of Repentance and a Gate of Mercy. This portal, richly ornamented on the interior side, and dating back as seen at present to the seventh century, may be located on the site of Herod's Shushan Gate. The Throne of Solomon, a short distance north of this gate, is a mosque much used for prayers during the fasting month, Ramadan. It is the tradition that from a seat here Solomon watched the

building by genii of the great structures which he caused to be erected in Baalbek, Palmyra, and Jerusalem.

From the eastern wall one has a superb view of the Garden of Gethsemane, across the Kedron Valley, and of the Mount of Olives. The sun was shining gloriously and the air was clear and balmy when I last witnessed this spectacle, not without musing concerning the real events which took place in the long ago on the green slopes of yonder hillside. It was some time before the attractions of the famous buildings near-by could draw me from this scene, and I turned with reluctance to retrace my steps across the broad stones of the Haram to study the marble facings and glazed tiles placed on the outside of the Mosque of Omar by Suleiman the Magnificent at a time when ceramic art was flourishing. Entering the building, I noted again its three concentric divisions, the inner circle of which encloses the mighty mass of yellowish rock which gives the temple its true name and whose upward projection is fifty-eight feet by forty-four in size. Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven from this rock, which tried to follow the prophet. The angel Gabriel, whose handprint in the stone is pointed out, restrained the ambitious rock, which is left suspended in the air. The footprint of the prophet is shown, and a cave under the surface of the mount. The drum above the columns and arches of the mosque is decorated with Byzantine mosaics on a golden field. Sixteen stained-glass windows of much beauty light the painted and gilded interior of the cupola and lend soft radiance to the whole interior. The French Crusaders left noteworthy

examples of iron grille work. It has been said that the five most wonderful mosques in the world are Saint Sophia in Constantinople, Amayyade in Damascus, Mohammed Ali in Cairo, the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, and Mecca with its Ka'aba, a transformed heathen temple. Of the first four, all of which I have visited, Saint Sophia and Omar impressed me most deeply, and the Dome of the Rock has the finest location.

The El Aksa, Arabic Al-Aqsa, Mosque at the southern end of the Temple Area is considered by the Moslems to be second in sanctity only to the Ka'aba in Mecca. It is believed that it occupies the site of a Christian church erected by Justinian A.D. 550, in honor of Saint Mary. El Aksa became a mosque at the time of the Saracenic conquest under the direction of Omar. It contains an exquisitely carved cedar pulpit with mother-of-pearl inlay work. Adjacent are two prayer-niches one dedicated to Moses and one to Christ, whose alleged footprint is shown here. Near-by are two pairs of columns close together. A former belief was that whoever could squeeze between these two pairs of columns would go to heaven, but this is said to have been tried by a man who was too stout to get through. He could not get out and died right there. Screens were then placed between the pillars and calamities were no longer possible. Beneath El Aksa are very old foundations and vaults, and east of the mosque, beneath the surface of the Haram, are the vast substructures known as Solomon's Stables. The Knights Templars at any rate used them for horses. The Temple Area has many cisterns beneath it, said to be capable of holding

a total of more than ten million gallons of water. One of these is called the King's Cistern and is two hundred and forty-six yards in circumference and forty feet deep. It was once supplied with water from Solomon's Pools, was mentioned by Tacitus, and probably dates from the time of Herod. It has been computed to hold two million gallons.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is regarded by unnumbered Christians as the most sacred spot on earth, though some do not believe that it marks the true site of the suffering, death, and resurrection of Jesus. This awkward and ugly old structure comprises two churches, many chapels, and several convents, with all sorts of additions and projections at various levels, and with incongruous effects. The composite building, with its roofs, domes, and bell-towers, lends itself poorly to photography. No picture is impressive, and no view without or within can be at all comprehensive. The atrium or entrance is on the south side. The Crusaders had a door on the west, but it was closed by Saladin. The main interiors run from west to east. Various portions of the edifice date from many periods, often centuries apart. If there exists anywhere in one composite a more miscellaneous and oddly assorted collection of buildings, materials, and architectural types, I would not know where to find it. This is, indeed, the chief beauty of the sanctuary, if it has anything essentially attractive about its structural forms. Its real glory is, of course, not material, but historical and spiritual. While to some this church is embodied superstition, vast multitudes see in

its assured records and in its accepted traditions a sacredness which transforms the ugliness of the ancient pile into symbols and influences of noblest character.

A full history of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher would fill volumes. The earliest definite records affirm that Bishop Mecarius of Jerusalem, at the request of the Emperor Constantine in A.D. 325, found the Tomb of Jesus and ascertained the place of Golgotha. Of course such identifications, even of a hilltop, had been made difficult by the destructive work of Titus and by other vicissitudes which Jerusalem had suffered. In 326, Empress Helena, Constantine's mother, visited the Holy City, and it is said that by divine aid she discovered the three crosses on which Jesus and the Malefactors were put to death. On the sites of these alleged disclosures Constantine erected two costly churches, Anastasis, Resurrection, above Christ's Tomb, and at the place where the crosses were found, and near Golgotha, Martyrion, Witness or Martyrdom. These memorial buildings were surrounded by a paved court and a colonnade, but the works of the Christian Emperor were destroyed by the Persians under Chosroes II in 614. Abbot Modestus a few years later replaced them by new churches and by a third one on Golgotha.

The year 914 marks another demolition of the sacred buildings, this time by the Turkish ruler of Egypt whose ruinous deeds were completed by Hakim the Fatimite, worshiped by the Druses. A new church was completed in 1037 by Michael IV, Greek Emperor. The Crusaders were not satisfied with this edifice, and in the early twelfth

century they put up a Romanesque church in two main divisions with the bell-tower, and embracing the various sacred places and chapels. Much of their work survives, despite later vicissitudes. The Tartars did great damage in 1244, as did the fire of 1808. Various improvements, domes, chapels, and other constructions were added throughout the centuries, the final result being the multi-form and much-frequented present Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

Very soon after the visitor leaves Christian Street, walking eastward, he comes to the atrium or courtyard of the Church of the Resurrection, to use here the translation of the Arabic title. Around the court are various convents and chapels, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic, and near the left side of the doors the bell-tower, the music of whose chimes enriches many notable events. The church has a double portal, the right one walled up. Both are adorned with reliefs, the western side depicting New Testament scenes.

Whoso enters the Church of the Holy Sepulcher must be prepared for fables which are enough to tax the blindest credulity. Almost immediately the newcomer arrives at the so-called Tomb of Adam. The tradition may be recited as if believable that when Jesus was crucified his blood ran down through the Cleft in the Rock shown in the Greek Chapel. When the sacred stream reached the skull of Adam, he was restored to life. The story ends there, and the further experience of the subject of this miracle is a matter of conjecture and dispute. Just beyond the Chapel of Adam lies the Stone of Unction, on

which it is said that Nicodemus anointed the body of Jesus. Truth compels those questioned to admit that the present one is the survivor of several Stones of Unction which have been exhibited here.

The Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, in the center of the church of the same name, is a two-chamber enclosure of twenty-six by seventeen and a half feet, entered on its eastern side from a kind of porch on which are two stone benches and tall candelabra. The first and larger room is called the Angel's Chapel. In it is a stone which is said to have been rolled away by an angel from the door of the western room which is the Fourteenth Station of the Via Dolorosa, and is called the burial-place of Christ. A marble altar is here, covering, it is claimed, a rock tomb. Within its massive walls this inner chapel is but six and a half by six feet in dimensions. From the ceiling forty-three elaborate lamps are suspended, four belonging to the Copts and thirteen each to Latin, Greek, and Armenian Christians. The two-roomed structure of this revered tomb, which to multitudes is the world's 'holy of holies,' is surrounded by the great rotunda of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, on the outer circle of which eighteen heavy square pillars support the huge dome, sixty-five feet in diameter. Outside of the western hemisphere of the rotunda are two stories of rooms formed by cross-vaults between the pillars, occupied by Syrian chambers. North of the rotunda are the quarters of the Latin Convent.

The most churchly portion of the great ecclesiastical cluster is the Greek Cathedral eastward from the sepul-

cher, which is really the center of a larger rectangular edifice, with nave, aisles, choir, and semi-circular apse. The garden of Joseph of Arimathea was here, according to tradition. Southeastward of the Cathedral is a staircase leading up to chapels believed to be on Golgotha's summit and to mark the place of the crucifixion of Jesus. Among many other alleged historic sites in this bewildering maze of structures are the Armenian Chapel of Saint Helena and the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. These are on lower levels, reached by long flights of steps, and they mark the place where the true crosses are said to have been discovered by the mother of Constantine.

The word 'invention' used in the title of one of the Saint Helena chapels intrigues the mind. Many and wonderful, indeed, are the inventions of Jerusalem, especially those connected with the undoubtedly venerable and venerated Temple Area and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Moslems are in charge of all the holiest relics within the sacred city. I was told that when the British entered Jerusalem after the Great War, General Allenby, the modest conqueror of the city, thought that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher ought to be in charge of one of the Christian sects. Which one? The question is said to have been left to the churches which have rights in the property, the Greek Catholics, the Roman Catholics, the Armenians, Syrians, and Copts. The report is that they could not agree to allow any Christian group to become official guardians of the Tomb of Jesus and asked to have the place continued under Mohammedan

control. The authenticity of this tale seems to be well supported by the fact that the keys of the most noted of all Christian churches are kept by a Jerusalem Moslem family in which the custodianship is hereditary.

CHAPTER V

Quaint Old Jerusalem Streets

THE most unusual experience I have had in rambles which I love to take through the narrow, storied streets of Jerusalem occurred on one of my Good Fridays there. Early in the morning, while delegations were arriving in the city and preparing for the great Nebi Moussa procession, I took a stroll down to the Damascus Gate and through some of the curious sections of the old town. Men, women, and children in holiday attire, with banners and instruments of noise, rather than music, were everywhere. It was a colorful multitude, arrayed in garments of many Oriental races. One could spend a day studying headgear alone, and then would not exhaust the subject, even with the aid of an intelligent interpreter of the meaning of various types of material, shapes, and ornaments visible. Those who are versed in this subject can usually determine at once the general, and sometimes the precise, locality from which the wearers come.

On Nebi Moussa days not many Jews are in sight around the centers where Mohammedans gather. Along the Via Dolorosa I did see groups of Christian pilgrims, bearing large or wearing small crosses and engaging in ritual devotions at various sacred stations. I went about from street to street with no particular plan of sight-seeing in mind, but vastly entertained by constantly changing scenes and by such a babel of sounds as only the

Orient can produce. At length I found myself looking into one of several approaches to the Temple Area from the western side. Only Mohammedans are allowed in the precincts of the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa on such an occasion; therefore I passed on without turning into this street. Then, I reflected, an American always considers an open door or highway an invitation to enter. Why not go as far and see as much as possible? I retraced my steps and resolutely set my face toward the east. Very soon I noticed that I was receiving more than ordinary attention. People stared at me wonderingly, but said nothing. So I slowly wandered on, trying to look innocent and unconcerned. I could see over my shoulder that by-standers turned and gazed at me inquiringly after I had passed them. Still I meandered along as unconsciously as possible and with something like the air of an old scholar at a reception or an animal on a right-of-way. Everybody save myself was a Mohammedan. I was never before in such exclusive company, but I was not having a bad time, so I peered about, taking in everything that happened and giving back inquisitive looks for inquisitive, but not especially unfriendly, glances and stares. Finally the street came to an end. As I slowly neared its opening, I could see the great enclosure of the Haram down to the Dome of the Rock. A thrilling sight it proved to be, with its masses of enthusiastic Moslems dressed in the colors of the rainbow and intent on the great business of the day.

Since the Nebi Moussa parade starts from the Mosque of El Aksa, I had approached the very heart of the fes-

tival. It was a movable feast, a focus of activity. I did not have long, however, to witness this remarkable event. Suddenly I observed that I was approaching a line of very polite but not altogether reassuring gentlemen who occupied the entrance to the holy ground. They began to speak to me in mild but positive tones and to make signs indicating, Thus far, but no farther. As they were uttering sounds which, without any knowledge of Arabic whatever, I was beginning to interpret correctly, suddenly up rushed a young man holding out a sort of box, I should think of tin, which contained an opening in the top evidently intended for the insertion of a coin of generous dimensions. With a flow of eloquence which, as it was also accompanied with encouraging looks and even gestures of persuasion on the part of the guardians of the gate, made a deep impression on my mind, this youth offered me every chance in the world to contribute to some cause which he evidently deemed worthy and immediate. Under the circumstances, since all those taking the collection seemed so dignified and determined, I put my hand into my American pocket, took out a fair-sized American coin, evidently satisfactory, as I saw by glancing around the circle, and placed it in the box. Whereat the young man smiled with satisfaction, and pinned on my coat a bit of white paper with certain Arabic symbols written upon it. Thought I, what next? As to this I was not long left in doubt. Saying to me something which evidently in another tongue would be *Finish!* they bowed me away from the spot and back again in the direction from which I had come.

Of course, on this occasion I left the approach to the Temple Area, as I was invited to do, without inspecting the sacred buildings and memorials which I have examined closely at other times. As I had the badge of the day proudly displayed on the lapel of my outer garment, I did not think it necessary to adopt the mien of one who has been ejected, and I sauntered back deliberately, receiving — or did I only imagine this? — rather more favorable glances than when I had gone in the other direction. The *dénouement*? Well, when I asked one who knew to tell me what I had secured as the token of my Nebi Moussa Day sight-seeing, I was informed that the paper I was wearing, and which I still possess as a souvenir, contains the names of some men who were executed by the Government, but who are regarded by the Moslems as patriots. It should be distinctly understood that the monument to those men was partly paid for by at least one Christian coin.

I could never tire of intra-mural Jerusalem. One is aware that wherever he goes here he is treading on history. Often it is pretty deeply underground, but it is there, and it responds to the approach, to the eyes, and above all to the heartbeat. One is now, for example, going down the sloping pavement of noisome, paralytic old David Street, and is pushed this way and that by pedestrians and by pack-laden donkeys, delivering wares or taking them away. It is possible with outstretched arms to reach almost from one tiny vegetable, fruit, or grain shop to its opposite across the way. Some shops are as small as three feet wide, five feet high, and eight deep. Such a crowd,

clattering and chattering, of polyglot peoples from everywhere, garbed in the costumes of the Antipodes! Such peering, examining of goods, bargaining, selling, and being sold, in multiplex and perplexing jargons! There are babies to be looked out for or stepped on; aged poor on their way to the Jews' Wailing Place; smartly dressed girls from New York or London; teachers with spectacles, looking rather lost without umbrellas which are needless most of the time in this climate; alert Arab merchants, Syrians, Copts, and Armenians; Bedouins from the desert and from Trans-Jordan: you might see people from Posey County, Indiana, from Cody, Wyoming, or from Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is a good place to meet old acquaintances of travel, or even the neighbors from Rio or Rand. I was especially interested in the heaps of green almonds offered for sale and eaten in Palestine in large quantities. David Street is far cleaner than when I first saw it, but it must be confessed that big piles of sweetmeats exposed to dust and flies did not tempt my palate. Grain and cloth shops looked better. How much I would have given to be able to understand the dickering I saw and heard going on between eager merchants and quite deliberate patrons! Some of the latter were entertained socially, for a little cup of Turkish coffee often goes a long way in closing a deal.

Turning into Christian Street, another of the most noted promenades — or should one say bumping, squeezing, and dodging places? — many of the shops are a trifle larger. Plenty of merchants are selling souvenirs, jewelry, perfumes, and garments. One or two bookstores of a mis-

sionary type are passed and in one window post-stamps of strange appearance attract customers. Christian Street runs from the Jewish and Armenian end of the city toward the northern Christian and Moslem quarters, for old-time Jerusalem, unlike Gaul, is divided into four parts. This is a religious — or is it an irreligious — division. Any way you take it, there it is, and will be, I suspect, for a long time to come. Of course the chief buildings differ according to the part of the city in which you happen to be walking. In the Armenian and Christian quarters, one sees large churches, in the Jewish quarter synagogues, near the Mohammedan quarter, but separated from it by the Via Dolorosa and by a number of Christian institutions, the Temple Area with its famous mosques.

During Easter Week, in addition to the shop displays, wares are offered for sale on tables set up in the wider streets, or are spread out on the pavements, especially at corners and squares. This is made possible by the fact that wheeled vehicles are not permitted within the walled city. Almost every cheap toy, trinket, and article of personal adornment and household use is there. I saw quite combs enough, it would seem, to do up all the tresses of the East and to remove its pests from ill-kept heads. Vases, pictures, scissors, knives, beads galore, imitation gems, drinking-cups and glasses, candy, fruits, scarfs, belts, rattles, bells — whatever you like! The wares of England, Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia are in plenty of evidence, and for so little, or less, or even for a bargain. Everything that can be colored has been made gaudy and garish. The Near East evidently loves color, and as much of it as possible.

One may get lost inside the walled two-hundred-acre tract of Old Jerusalem. I have done this myself more than once, even when I was in a hurry. Outside, in the wide streets and broad avenues of Jerusalem, the New, one can hardly miss his way. But the turnings and windings of the inner town are confusing. Once I found myself unexpectedly below the Citadel, the Armenian Monastery, and the richly ornamented Church of Saint James, with its traditional throne of James the son of Zebedee, and finally, after traversing Zion Street, I faced Zion Gate on the southern end of the city. I had missed the turn for Jaffa Gate, where I had wished to go, but I strolled back slowly by a parallel road past the synagogues of the Jewish quarter, meeting many inhabitants of quaint types of character and costume. On another occasion I was far to the west side in the Christian quarter between the Franciscan Monastery and Damascus Gate, when I found an acquaintance who took me in tow for another destination. I do not mind getting lost in places from which I know there is an exit somewhere, and in which I find so much to amuse and instruct as the streets of Jerusalem always afford.

The last time I prowled around the bazaars in Spicerers' Street, Gentlemen's Street, and Butchers' Street, I could not wonder that these busy marts and the cross-lanes about them are places of such liking to Oriental eyes. Here are the multifarious industries of Eastern city-life, and it is a good place in which to study the methods of those who cater to the trade which centers in the metropolis of a vast agricultural and grazing region. Small as it

is, as compared with capitals and commercial cities elsewhere, Jerusalem is the one great trading-place between Damascus and Cairo. This, therefore, is the mart to which are brought the fruits, grains, animals, fish, wood, and metals of regions near and far, including imports from Far East and West. Here they are prepared for the market and are sold to Syrians, Bedouins, Arabs of Transjordan, of the Hauran and of Palestine, to Jews and Christians, and to customers of every sort. These bazaars are a rich source of information as to Oriental merchandise, modes of sale, and people of every manner of attire and behavior. In the shops and bazaars and in the more pretentious places of business on the main street of Jerusalem, Jaffa Road, one sees Greeks speak with Roman Catholics, Jews with Christians, and men and women of more races and religions than most people know there are, make agreeable contacts here. Friendships are doubtless formed which are exceedingly rare in many other parts of the world. If there is a truly cosmopolitan place on earth, it may be affirmed that the marts and thoroughfares of Jerusalem furnish that locality.

Some of the hillier parts of the old city, even though the four original heights are largely concealed by débris and buildings, have steep places, with stone steps to ascend or go down. Part of the streets are covered and some are quaintly arched, and the many varieties of architecture which the centuries have wrought into walls, façades of buildings, and various sacred structures furnish one of the most remarkable subjects for study. One may wander from Christian Street westward through Greek

Convent Street, may turn northward to Latin Convent Street, on both of these thoroughfares observing splendid ecclesiastical buildings, and then may go eastward until the street runs into and continues as Khôt el Khankeh. At the corner of the Bab Khan ez Zeit is the Seventh Station on the Via Dolorosa. This Way of Pain, over which it is said that Jesus bore his cross on the way to his sacrifice, is naturally much traveled by Christians, especially by Catholics, who lay great emphasis on the sufferings of our Lord. Let us go over to the eastern side of the city, near Saint Stephen's Gate, and fall in with a little group carrying a cross, or following a priest with a ritual. It may be that the language one hears is German, French, Italian, or English. Sometimes it is a solitary pilgrim, with pious garb and with an air of strangeness, who is making the round of the fourteen stations alone.

The beginning of the Way of the Cross is determined by the situation of the Prætorium, which is thought by many to have been located on the site of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion and by others at the Tower of Antonia. In the courtyard of the barracks, once the place of the Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns, is marked the First Station of the Cross. The Second Station, where the cross was laid on Jesus, is below the steps leading to the barracks. As one goes westward on the road from Saint Stephen's Gate which the pilgrims travel, he sees over the street an ancient triumphal arch of Roman origin called Ecce Homo. This is considered to mark the spot where Jesus was shown to the Jews by Pilate, saying, 'Behold the Man.' Inside the Convent of the Sisters of Zion is

shown the northern section of the triple arch of which the one above the street is the center. We enter the convent, and are shown a heavy Roman pavement, into which games were cut for the amusement of the waiting soldiers. This is said to be the place of the 'judgment seat' where Pilate acquiesced in the demand of the Jews for the crucifixion of Jesus. Descending to the juncture of the Via Dolorosa with the Damascus Gate Road, the Third Station, where the Lord is said to have fallen under the weight of the cross, is marked by a broken column outside the Armenian Hospice. Around this building the way turns southward and a few feet farther passes the tablet of the Fourth Station, where it is believed that Christ met his mother. The alleged house of Lazarus near-by and around the corner to the right the house of Dives are noteworthy mediæval structures. At the turn is the Fifth Station, where Simon the Cyrenian is supposed to have been obliged to take the cross from Jesus. To the westward a little farther, and on the left, is a United Greek Chapel in the house and near the tomb of Saint Veronica. Here is the Sixth Station, and a painting of Veronica's Commiseration of the Lord. Her famous handkerchief, which we are told was offered to and used by the suffering Saviour and which is said to have received the imprint of his face, has not only been frequently painted, but is shown — the original one, of course — in several places in Europe.

After crossing the street Bab Khan ez Zeit, which runs north to Damascus Gate, the Seventh Station, Porta Judicaria, is said to be the exit through which Jesus left

the city to go to Golgotha. A black cross on the wall of a Greek Convent on the left is pointed out as the spot where Christ spoke to the women who followed him. The Ninth Station, where the Lord was again overcome by the weight of the cross, is shown at the Coptic Monastery east of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher inside of which historic edifice are the other stations, Tenth to Fourteenth. The close of this pilgrimage is, of course, in the burial-place itself.

It may be that the notion will seize you to wander back to the road up the old Tyropœon Valley, now largely concealed by the remains of past destructions of the city. This street, El Wad or Tarik Bab el Amud, Street of the Gate of the Pillar, is one of the main avenues of entrance to the old town — that from the north. You meet Mohammedan women, all in black, with nose ornaments of gold. Here comes a high-hatted Greek priest with an air of serious dignity. A group of Bedouins, with their roped turbans, intent on shopping, hurry past, talking rapidly as these wayfarers do. A group of schoolma'ams from Kansas — or is it New England? — are gazing along in a determined manner, guidebooks tightly clasped in their hands. Here is a high-grade travel-tour, rather loudly dressed and voiced as well, listening indifferently to a nervous conductor, and back of them are children in uniform from one of the Catholic schools, accompanied by nuns. Clean-cut, erect Arabs, with red fezes and smart business suits, are followed by a little party of English people, perhaps titled, for persons of distinction often visit Government officials in Palestine, or come as sight-

seers. So goes the parade, until at length the street widens by the incoming of Bab Khan ez Zeit and the square inside the Damascus Gate, the largest of the entrances to the city. It is called Damascus because it opens into the ancient Damascus Road. As a mosaic of the fifth century shows a pillar here, it is the Gate of the Pillar, and another name is Gate of Victory, because so many conquerors came into the city by this portal.

Damascus Gate habitués are not so high-class as are those about Jaffa Gate. Many people sit or stand around as the throng passes in and out. Restaurants, saloons, stables for animals, and various shops are here. It is a place worth frequenting both for its illustrations of common life and also because it is a gate above a gate. The walls are high with imposing battlements and striking sculptures. If you look closely not far aboveground at the base of one of the walls, you will see the tip of the arch of an older gateway, now mostly underground. Subterranean chambers are beneath the towers. Many centuries since, from this ancient opening a colonnaded street ran through the city of that time, one of many Jerusalems which have been built, destroyed, and created again in this center of history.

CHAPTER VI

Great Easter Celebrations

WHERE is the best place for the observance of Holy Week and Easter? Many would reply, where the great events took place which originated Easter, namely, in Jerusalem.

So truly did I hold this view that, when for the first time I could pass a spring season in the Holy Land and there experienced the sensations of the most unique of Christian celebrations, I counted this a rare privilege. Later, when I was again in the country at this time of year, the Roman and Greek Easters were only a week apart, so that we were able to witness the ceremonies in connection with both of these festivals.

Of course, the central locality of Easter rites is the Church of the Resurrection, the Anastasis of Constantine, better known, not by its Arabic or Greek designation, but by the Latin title, Church of the Holy Sepulcher. I like the Arabic suggestion that Christianity is a living and not a dead religion and that its churches testify to the Resurrection of Jesus rather than to His burial in a tomb.

Palestine is full of Christian pilgrims at Easter-time, and far too much takes place to be fully described were a whole volume, and a bulky one, devoted to the theme. Palm Sunday, of course, has its procession and consecrated emblems. Grand Mass is said on Maundy Thursday, and both Latins and Greeks conduct the 'Washing of the Feet' in the court in front of the church. On a plat-

form in the center of this atrium are arranged seats for the Patriarch and the Episcopal 'Apostles.' All are in splendid and showy raiment, which, together with the luxurious thrones and gorgeous vessels of gold used in the rite, are in strange contradistinction to the state of life and the demeanor of Jesus and His disciples. The ritual was intoned by a short man with much hair and beard, dressed in a plainer robe, and standing on a small platform against the wall at some distance from the principal group. When the time for ablutions arrived, the venerable Patriarch laid aside his splendid outer raiment. Then each of the twelve came at brief intervals and knelt before him. A very little water was poured upon the one uncovered foot which was presented for the purpose, and then was quickly wiped away. The ceremony, with its processions at the beginning and end, was dignified and solemn. As an act of cleansing, it was certainly ineffective, but as a symbol, its meaning was evident, though by no means so much so as must have been the case when in great simplicity and tenderness it was first instituted.

It was a study to watch the thousands of spectators at the foot-washing, filling the square and surrounding streets, and perched upon every attainable and fairly safe staircase, window-ledge, and roof of the surrounding buildings clear to the highest parapets and the openings in the bell-tower. Even rounds of ladders used for climbing the walls were occupied by sight-seers. Enterprising ecclesiastics had arranged temporary seating on the flat roofs, and our party paid a fairly substantial price for places above the Greek Convent on the south end of the

court, facing the entrance to the church. If anyone had a better point of observation, it was the group plainly to be seen in a window on the eastern side just over the cantor. We had occupied the compartment next behind these personages on the train from Cairo, and had seen them again at the service held in the British Cemetery in honor of the soldiers who fell in the War. The three most conspicuous in the little party were the Earl of Athlone, just returned from a five-year term as Governor-General in South Africa, his wife, Princess Alice, the Countess of Athlone, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and Princess May of Teck. One might see anybody in Jerusalem. From the time of David to the days of Napoleon and to the present, many princes and royalties have visited the sacred city.

Elsewhere in this book will be found a statement concerning Protestant services in Gethsemane on the eve of Good Friday. The Jewish Passover occurs at this season. This Feast is of interest, not only to Jews, but to Christians as well, since many hold that it was observed by Jesus in connection with the Last Supper and is therefore intimately related to the chief Christian sacrament. If one is fortunate enough to receive an invitation, he may witness a Passover supper in some Jewish home. It should be remembered that practically the same forms have been used since the days when the Hebrews sacrificed in Egypt, in the wilderness, and as newly arrived colonists in Canaan. It is probable that the original name of the Passover was Feast of Unleavened Bread, and bread with no fermentation of yeast is furnished for this meal. Bitter

herbs are eaten as prescribed in the Book of Exodus by Moses and Aaron. Certain of the bloody rites connected with the Feast are preserved only by the Samaritans whose entire observance is quite revolting to modern tastes. The ritual service, conducted by the head of the house and in which others participate, takes much time.

We were present for several hours at the Paschal Feast which I attended. Our party sat in seats at the end of the room, since the law of the Jews permits no Gentile at the table. Quite a group of guests from several lands had been invited to enjoy the meal together. Strict attention was not at all times paid to the reading, though this would have been the case doubtless in strict households. Since the return from the Captivity, wine has been part of the celebration. Four cups are prescribed as the ritual allowance, but the supply was in bottles whose labels were carefully inspected by some of the guests, furtively or openly, as they sat down. From time to time the four cups were renewed until those who were most addicted to drinking became quite merry. A number kept interrupting the orderly conduct of the service and conversation and laughter unduly prolonged the rest periods between the readings. Finally a good-looking, youngish gentleman from America or England, whose language was without accent which would determine his national home, became indignant. He arose and said with some fervor: 'I think this foolishness has gone far enough. We ought to stop it, and get back to our prayers.' The rebuke was effective. After that incident, decorum was preserved, and the familiar sentences were read by these moderns in

accordance with traditions whose antiquity is rivaled by the practices of few if any spiritual faiths of history.

On Friday evening of their Holy Week, Franciscans conduct in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher a very elaborate procession which is really a Mystery Play. They nail to a cross an effigy of Christ. After this symbolic crucifixion, with much ritual and chanting, the body is taken to the Stone of Unction, where it is anointed for burial. It is then carried to the most sacred chapel of the sanctuary and is laid upon the Tomb of Jesus. This pageant, like the other chief ceremonies in Jerusalem, is long extended as to time. Hours are not counted in the East. Our post of observance was on a platform high up under an arch in the Armenian portion of the church. The pilgrims present were from the ends of the earth, and the sermons which were delivered at various shrines were in several languages.

As the distances covered are short and crowds immense, the progress of this procession was very deliberate. The scarlet and gold-embroidered brocades of the high ecclesiastics, the confused noises of the chanting and of murmuring multitudes, the odors of incense floating through the aisles and upward toward the great dome, the jeweled lamps and their flickering and flashing illumination of the scene combine to make upon the mind a marked, if not altogether pleasing, impression. Indeed, one might well shudder at times on account of the grotesque and extravagant realism of certain features of the spectacle. One trivial incident did, however, move me as I looked down from the wonderful place of vantage

which enabled us to take in the details of the celebration as participants and those on the level with them could not do. When the procession was occupied elsewhere in the building, a poor woman, very plainly garbed, came with her children to the Stone of Unction. This slab they believed had once been touched by the body of their Lord. Kneeling down by its side reverently, they bent over and tenderly kissed the cold marble. It was one of the artless, sincere evidences of the reality and intensity of Christian faith which are more beautiful and convincing than the most elaborate and stately ceremonies.

The Greek miracle of the Holy Fire, one of the most spectacular events in the world, occurs on Saturday before Easter. Conceive yourself once more, this time by day, packed tightly with thousands of human beings who have been fortunate enough to push, squeeze, and writhe themselves into the grim old cathedral of Christian faith, and alas, of superstition as well. Every place where one can sit, stand, or cling is occupied and more so. Temporary platforms have been erected wherever possible. Galleries, balconies, window recesses bear eager freight, while thousands unable to get in mill around outside. This rite, if one is to gain admission and view the important participants and details of the exhibition, means hours of waiting, beguiled, if one is not too uncomfortably situated, by watching the crowding, singing, shouting throngs on the sanctuary floors. A good deal of horse-play is indulged. Men stand or sit on the shoulders of others and lead groups about them, often in lusty competition with other similar eddies in the multitude, in very monot-

onous and discordant recitatives. Over and over the same syllables are repeated with a vigor which shows that the participants never heard, or at least do not accept, the dictum of an old choir-master, 'Noise is not music.' It was my happiness to have secured a place on the edge of a structure erected for the purpose in the approach to one of several Syrian chambers which surround the western side of the rotunda. I was exactly opposite the small circular window in the holy place out of which the sacred flame is expected to come.

A little before noon, the venerable Patriarch of the Greek Church, with bishops and other dignitaries, manages in some way to march around the Sepulcher. Then he enters the holy place unaccompanied. All lamps, much in evidence in the partial darkness of the old church, are extinguished at this time. Prayer is made by prelates and others. A hush of expectancy falls upon the waiting masses within the edifice and in the atrium and streets without. Suddenly there is a stir and through the tiny orifice at which I was looking, without being able to detect quite how it happened, the fire which is supposed to descend from heaven is thrust out and is caught by waiting tapers. Such an excitement! Every possessor of candle or taper struggles to get light from one who has obtained it. Almost in a flash, in some strange manner, flame seems to leap from floor to gallery and to the upper arches until the cathedral is a galaxy of blazing stars. Swift messengers carry the fire to those outside who, lighting torches, run to homes and temples, to cemeteries where families worship about the graves of their loved

ones, to surrounding towns and villages. At last the holy flame gets to very distant places, where it will be carefully kept for a year, especially by those who believe it to be a continuation of the fire which came upon the heads of the Apostles at Pentecost.

The coming of the Holy Fire is followed by a stately procession of prelates and choirs carrying large banners and singing. I can still see before my eyes a tall Abyssinian Bishop, his dark face mostly concealed in a covering which with his long robe was of shining gold, as he led his little group in the brilliant parade surrounded by galaxies of gleaming tapers. Late Easter Eve beholds another solemn service conducted by Latin Christians. The priests walk about the Sepulcher singing hymns while the pilgrims carry torches and cry Hallelujah!

Of course the great day of Easter-time is Sunday, when the world celebrates the Resurrection of Jesus. This is the event which established the Christian Church, and which most followers of Jesus hold to be the chief cornerstone of Christian teaching and faith. The morning was fair and resplendent with spring sunshine. I awaked with the glad thought, the most significant and joyful which it seems to me can come to pilgrims of earthly night, Christ is risen today! What a place in which to reflect upon the occurrences of Resurrection Day! One can but think of the amazement of Mary and Peter when they found the tomb of Jesus empty, and of the joy of His friends when the Master Himself came to the room where they were assembled. 'Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.'

Many Christian services are held in Jerusalem on Easter Day, most of them formal and conducted by Catholic bodies. The Church of England is the chief representative of Protestant Christianity. I heard a sermon delivered in Saint George's Cathedral, north of the city on Nablus Road, by the Lord Bishop of Jerusalem, if indeed he can bring himself to assume such a title in the city which once knew the ministry of our Lord and Saviour. The preacher was kindly and Christian, but Palestine does not seem to be a fitting place for human lordships, secular or religious. One authority states that the title of the office filled by this prelate, whose see was formerly of joint English and Prussian patronage, but is now of English only, is 'Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem and the East.' This designation is more modest than some used in the Americas.

An experience of my last Easter in the sacred city is especially helpful and inspiring to recall. It was the very early morning service in what is known as the Garden Tomb, or Gordon's Calvary, a remarkable place discovered in 1867. The locality is just north of the old city walls and not far from the noted Damascus Gate. Here, beside a rocky knoll, which, with cavities fancied to represent eyes and mouth, bears some resemblance to a human skull, is a tomb cut in the living rock containing three *mastabas* or burial-places. But one of these has ever been occupied. The identification of this garden and hill outside the walls, as in his opinion the place of crucifixion, burial, and resurrection of Jesus, is attributed to General Charles G. Gordon, known as the Hero of Khartoum.

Among others who have supported this site of Calvary and of the new tomb owned by Joseph of Arimathea are Rider Haggard, Laurence Oliphant, Major Conder, the Honorable Selah Merrill, Sir Charles Wilson, W. D. McCrackan, and Doctor C. Schick. Renan in *Vie de Jésus* maintains the same view.

On more than one occasion I have been in the company which gathers with the early light of Easter morning in the amphitheater which fronts the Garden Tomb, and which slopes upward from the greensward to a natural gallery, the whole incline and upper terraces being adorned with grasses, flowers, and shrubs. The place was well filled with visitors, among whom were many American and British people, with preachers, missionaries, and pilgrims from other countries. With the sky for a dome, the rock hill for an apse, and trees for pillars, a quiet, spiritual order of worship was conducted. Christian hymns of resurrection make rich music in such a sanctuary. When last I attended, a venerable Anglican bishop of evangelical and scholarly qualities directed our thoughts to the central Figure of the Easter memorial and to His relationship to our salvation. This Garden Tomb may not be the place of our Lord's burial and resurrection, the exact site of which it is perhaps wisely impossible to prove, but beyond question the spot looks as Calvary and Golgotha ought to appear. The holiest ground should not be covered with tons of masonry. Here, as never in a hoary and cold mass of stone like the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, however much that distinguished pile may be revered, I find it possible to

recognize the nearness of an unseen Presence. I am sure that the sunlight, the fragrance, the rich harmony of Christian music, the noble thoughts and moving strength of the simple, unadorned worship of that morning hour cannot but have lasting influence in the lives of those present.

Easter Sunday strolls are among very delightful memories which one may carry away from Jerusalem. It is the natural thing, of course, to go to the chief haunts of Jesus and of His disciples, but it does not pay to draw too near them when they are most popular, or at least to spend the entire day in the midst of more or less distracting scenes. Why not walk out to the open places and wander about pensively, but delightfully, remembering that at such times and in such surroundings it is possible 'to feed these souls of ours in a wise passiveness'? The deepest impressions and the highest exaltation come not by force, but along avenues of meditation and devotion. Yonder is the Hill of Olives where He went so often whose memory turns the hearts of men in this direction. At the bottom of the slopes is a tiny bit of landscape, a few gnarled old trees and modern flower-beds, where, or at least somewhere near it, the Lord knelt and prayed. One comes closest to this altar of faith and piety by gazing at it from a distance, until the present slips out of vision and the past appears in the light of a surpassing Love.

One of the privileges of the greatest of days in Jerusalem is the afternoon Easter service of the American Colony. This institution is a community of Protestant Christian folk of several races, American and Swedish

predominating. It was founded by Mr. and Mrs. Horatio G. Spafford in 1881, and 'patterned after the first Christian Church of Jerusalem.' The organization conducts useful philanthropies, and has rendered, as a prominent Moslem, Mahmoud Effendi el Housseini, assured me with much evidence of appreciation, important service to the people of Jerusalem without respect to race or sect. The Colony possesses a well-built and very delightful hospice where a few travelers are entertained. During my visits there I have met distinguished editors, preachers, scientists, and business men who with their wives or friends were enjoying the hospitality of the home. Among these I recall Professor and Mrs. Frank D. Adams, of the Research Council of Canada; Professor and Mrs. Elihu Grant, of Haverford College, Pennsylvania; Doctors E. J. Helms, of Boston, and E. M. Wylie, of Montclair, New Jersey, clergymen; Secretary J. M. Dickinson, of President Taft's Cabinet; Miss Bertha Condé, American lecturer; Colonel Henry D. Lindsley, D.S.M., past National Commander of the American Legion. Professor James Henry Breasted, the Orientalist, and the Governor of Jerusalem were there on certain occasions. I owe my own first introduction to the American Colony to the courtesy of the Princeton botanist, Edwin Grant Conklin, and I have found it a rendezvous for 'good companions.'

Twice, with an interval of years between, the Easter service of the American Colony has brought me lasting impressions. The large parlor of the community, with its expansive windows, its flowering plants, and its many pictures and curios, is an ideal setting for an audience of

tranquil disciples of Jesus and their guests. The prophet and seer of the Colony, Brother Jacob Spafford, an adopted son of the founders, conducts devotional services with a directness of approach to worshipers and to the Unseen Spirit which helps produce a sense of the reality and profitableness of Christian worship. Hymns of resurrection triumph and of regnant life in Christ Jesus, rendered by melodious voices, give to Scripture readings of the day and to the message of the hour a completeness and fullness of ministry truly remarkable. Such an experience in the city of our Lord Himself and in the best of associations gives one the certainty that once in his life at least he has kept Easter.

CHAPTER VII

Walking Around Jerusalem Walls

AN INTERESTING but not easy undertaking is a tour around the walls of Jerusalem. This journey must be made on foot if one wishes to have a close-up of the environs of the city. The roads are too far away to serve the purpose, save in the most general way. I made this trip in company with a Boston clergyman and a physician of Indianapolis. The experience is worth while once. After a single plod, clamber, and climb of this sort, it will satisfy most people in future to stroll upon the top of those portions of the walls which have now been cleared for the purpose, or to view the surroundings of the old city from highways across the valleys or down the hills.

It should be understood that the newer part of Jerusalem, largely on the northern and western sides of the city, is now far greater in extent than is the portion which lies within the walls. Another fact to be held in mind is that, while the City of David, believed to have been on the hill Ophel southeast of the city, was a small affair, there was a time when the walls of Jerusalem extended south below Ophel and north of the Damascus Gate a quarter of a mile. The space now walled is an irregular parallelogram of about three fifths of a mile on each side, the northern border being a little longer than the others. The old city, as enclosed by Suleiman the

Magnificent in 1542, covers a little more than two hundred acres of ground.

General Charles G. Gordon had a somewhat fanciful conception of Jerusalem as a recumbent woman, the head being the hill known as Gordon's Calvary, north of the walls, and the body following the course of the Tyropœon Valley southward. The hills and depressions of the surface, especially as the city appeared before the ravages of time had so largely obliterated its natural contour, somewhat support Gordon's picture. The site is that of a double hill, a spur of the Judean Range, subdivided by lateral valleys into four high places. The westward hills are Acra at the north and Mount Zion at the south. Opposite these are Bezetha and Mount Moriah on the northeast and southeast respectively. As the valleys have become so largely filled with the débris of centuries, it is sometimes easier to trace these topographical features on the outside of the walls than within them.

I am going to reverse the usual starting-point of a 'walk around Zion' and the rest of Jerusalem. It is perhaps as well to start on the north with Damascus Gate as at the southern and principal entrance to the city. Going south of westward, the trip begins in the least interesting locality. On the left are the walls of the Christian quarter and on the right, extending for a mile and more, is the greater part of modern Jerusalem with large Jewish settlements beyond the Russian compound. The New Gate, a modern breach in the wall, is of no especial note. Going up a steep hill, the road passes between a hospice and a hospital on the right and a convent

on the left, and arrives at the post-office and the turn southeastward into Jaffa Road. Continue straight on beyond this corner, perhaps a quarter of a mile, and you come to the fine King David Hotel facing the large building of the Young Men's Christian Association. Jaffa Road, from the corner just mentioned to the city's main entrance, is the region of banks, municipal and Zionist offices, and the better stores of Jerusalem.

The attractive part of the tour of the city walls begins with Jaffa Gate, one of the most cosmopolitan and picturesque spots in the world. This is the place where a breach was made in the ancient enclosure to permit the entrance of a one-time German Emperor, mounted on a white steed and clad in the costume of Godfrey of Bouillon, Crusader King of Jerusalem. The old portal was named by the Arabs 'Gate of the Friend,' probably because the southern road from this point runs to Hebron, home of Abraham, 'friend of God.' The road westward, of course, goes to Jaffa. Within the entrance is a small square out of which David Street runs to the east. Outside is a wide space and these open places are the scene of constant colorful spectacles. The crowds are mixed, but on the inner side are apt to be made up of tourists and pilgrims from many lands, together with Jewish rabbis and Greek, Armenian, and Latin priests. There are street vendors, too, and automobile-drivers and guides. Not only the three official languages of Palestine, Arabic, Hebrew, and English, but many others may be heard.

Outside the great entrance to Jerusalem the masses

are peasants and Bedouins, often with produce and animals for sale. The headgear of both men and women and the varied garments of the multitude are strange and thrilling when first witnessed, and indeed the picture never loses elements of novelty. One must not forget that donkeys, often heavily laden, come and go, penetrating even into the narrow lanes and alleys of the old town. Camels bring merchandise from afar, and they look down upon the honking motor-car with the same disdain which they seem to feel for all the works of man. Sheep and goats are there, and flocks and herds enter and traverse even the most important streets. Pedestrians and automobile-drivers must give them the right of way. Sometimes hundreds of people are about the Jaffa Gate. Often thousands are in its vicinity and on the wide roads, coming and going. The big processions come this way. Everybody passes and returns here. It is no mere shopping center. It is one of the chief foci of the races, the religions, and of the travel-tours of the world.

On the left as wayfarers go out of the Jaffa Gate is the miscalled Tower of David, the Citadel, which some hold to be the Jebusite 'stronghold of Zion.' On this site Herod the Great erected a fortified palace and gardens. North of the palace he built three massive high towers which Titus did not destroy. The present Citadel has three connected towers, two of which are constructed of solid masonry with very large blocks of stone, and it is believed that these huge rocks are the foundations of the towers of Herod. The present upper portions of the Citadel are of fourteenth-century construction and the composite

building was called by the Crusaders the 'Tower of the Pisans.' The minaret and northwest tower, with moat and glacis, are attractive. In former days the old moat about the ancient structure was a vile ditch containing rubbish. Part of it is now filled, and in other portions may be seen garden plots containing cosmos, geranium, chrysanthemum, marigold, morning-glory, verbena, hollyhock, petunia, and other flowering plants, which are kept in good condition by water from cisterns.

It may be easier to go inside the city, and to walk down Zion Street to Zion Gate, a short distance east of the southwestern corner of the town. The walk down the outside of the wall southward and then eastward to Zion Gate presents little interest. Within this part of the city, the Armenian quarter, are seen the Armenian Monastery and the Church of Saint James. The walls of the Convent Church are covered with beautiful tiles to a height of six feet. Above these are paintings several hundred years old. The episcopal throne is said to be that of James, son of Zebedee. Tradition makes this the place of the Apostle's martyrdom. Stones from Mount Sinai, from Mount Tabor, and from the place where the Israelites crossed the Jordan are much venerated and are reverently kissed by pilgrims.

Just outside the Zion Gate, southeast of the city on the high ground, is the traditional House of Caiaphas. An alleged 'Prison of Christ' is shown, and also the spots where Peter denied his Lord and the cock crew. South of this building, beneath a structure formerly in the hands of the Franciscans, is the so-called Tomb of David which re-

pays a visit, even though the accounts of this site may be mythical. There is a Crusader story of the twelfth century to the effect that workmen on the foundations of the walls of Zion discovered a subterranean cavern in which was a hall supported by pillars overladen with gold and silver. On a table was a golden crown and a scepter. This proved to be the sepulcher of King David, and about it were tombs of all the Judean monarchs with locked chests which were not examined. A storm-like blast of wind from the cavern's mouth threw the men to the ground almost lifeless. They heard a voice bidding them to leave the place, which they did with terror. When the word as to what had happened came to the Patriarch, he ordered the entrance walled up and concealed, and it still remains hidden. Despite this tale, an alleged Tomb of David is shown, but none may examine the place. A large modern cenotaph is exhibited to the public.

Above the Tomb of David is the Cœnaculum, or Chamber of the Last Supper. It is said that the tradition identifying this place as that in which Jesus ate His final meal with His disciples dates back to the second century. The upper story of the building is plainly a portion of an old church. In the north wall is a stone marking the seat of Christ. A staircase descends to a room where the location of the table used at the time of the sacred meal is indicated. There have been statements made that the first of all Christian buildings, the Mother of Churches, was built on this site.

East of Zion Gate is a Jewish playground. The buildings and excavations of the Assumptionists southward have

some interest to antiquarians, and their church stands on the site of the Byzantine Church of Saint Peter. Descending the hill in this direction, the visitor finds remains of a Roman Byzantine house of the fifth century, of Saladin's wall of 1189, of a necropolis, possibly of the second century, and of a curious old mill cut in the rock. A tunnel permitted a donkey to turn the mill. Another travel route from Zion Gate is to go eastward to the Dung Gate, and then to descend to the Pool of Siloam. It is also possible to go from the Dung Gate to the southwestern corner of the city, and then turn northward for the trip along the eastern front. Those who take this course will find, just before reaching the corner, some massive stones in the wall. The largest of these has been called 'the stone which the builders rejected,' but which became the 'head of the corner.' These great blocks are piled up here to the height of seventy-five feet and they extend eighty feet below the surface of the ground, being set into the rock.

The Pool of Siloam is located in the Tyropœon Valley near the southern end of Ophel, the site, as I have said, of Mount Zion, the City of David. The village of Siloam is east of Ophel on the Hill of Offense, which may or may not be the scene of Solomon's idolatries. Between these high places lies the Kedron Valley, in the west wall of which, between the northern ends of Ophel and Siloam, is the one famous spring of Jerusalem, the Virgin's Fount. This perennial but intermittent fountain gets its name from the fourteenth-century tradition that the Virgin once washed here the swaddling clothes of her Son. It is believed that the Virgin's Fount is the Gihon of the

Jewish Kingdom and that it is the Dragon Well of Nehemiah. A tunnel connects this spring with the inner part of the city area of Ophel, where the Fortress of Zion may have stood. The inhabitants were thus enabled to use the water without exposing themselves to enemies beyond the walls. A longer channel, known as Siloam Tunnel, made by Hezekiah about 800 B.C., extends from the Virgin's Fount to the Pool of Siloam.

The Siloam Tunnel is seventeen hundred and fifty feet long, in the shape of a letter 'S.' Why it was made in this form, when a straight course would have taken but ten hundred and ninety feet, is still an unsettled question. The most interesting conjecture has been that it was bent to escape cutting through the tombs of the Kings of Judah, but careful excavations financed by Rothschild funds failed to discover these hidden sepulchers. The tunnel is interesting from an engineering standpoint, because it was cut circuitously through solid limestone by two working parties laboring from opposite directions. The historical significance of the excavation arises from the fact that it was made at the time of Sennacherib's invasion, and because in 1880 there was found on the wall near the southern orifice the noted Siloam Inscription, now at Constantinople. This oldest of known Hebrew engravings describes the passage and the manner in which it was made from the two ends. The average size of the excavation is about five feet high, by two and a half wide, and the place in the middle where the two groups of laborers met more than twenty-seven centuries since is distinctly seen in the stone.

'Siloam's shady rill' is neither shady nor a rill. Of old there were two if not three pools. Now there is a minaret and one body of water, fifty-two by nineteen feet in dimensions, used by thirsty animals and Bedouins for drinking and also by women of the neighborhood and wayfarers for the cleansing of their persons and their garments. It seemed to me untidy and unattractive, and a bit malodorous. This pool was inside the walls of Ophel, and an old lower one, larger and now dry, was outside the city. The latter may have been the 'King's pool' of Nehemiah. Remains of a bath and of a basilica have been found in the present pool, and the place of worship, of record in A.D. 570, commemorated the healing recorded by Saint John of the man who had been blind from his birth.

In the Gospel according to Saint Luke is preserved a reference of Jesus to a 'tower in Siloam' which fell upon eighteen people and killed them. Nehemiah speaks of a tower of Ophel near the water-gate 'that standeth out.' It may be that both passages designate one of the towers of the walls of the city of Ophel near the Pool of Siloam and that its fall occurred the more easily because of its projection. No other record of this tragedy has been recovered. South of Siloam across from the Hill of Evil Counsel is a settlement of Yemenite Jews, supposed to be of the tribe of Gad. They are from southern Arabia, where they were long separated from others of their race, and they resemble the swarthy Bedouins. The Hebrew Pentateuch in the British Museum, known as the Temanite Scroll, came from one of their synagogues. They speak

both Arabic and Hebrew. Near their village is Job's Well, one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, thought by some to be the Old Testament En-rogel which others identify with the Fount of the Virgin.

Our little party found the climb up the hills on the southeastward corner of Jerusalem rough and hard, especially above the Virgin's Fount. In going up the Kedron, or Valley of Jehoshaphat, as it is called in the Old Testament, it should be remembered that the bottom of this vale is from ten to fifty feet higher and some thirty feet farther east than was formerly the case. The surface of the ground at the southeastern corner of the city walls is thirty-six feet above the old level. The public highway is not difficult to travel, of course, but we desired to take unusual paths and so climbed up and down in steep and stony places. Opposite the lower end of the Temple Area are the striking old tombs known as those of Zachariah, Saint James, and Absalom. The first-named, about thirty feet high with a pyramidal top, is thought by the Jews to be the burial-place of the Zachariah of Second Chronicles, while the Christians refer it to the Zacharias mentioned in Matthew. The Grotto of Saint James is a series of tomb-chambers cut in the rock, fronted by a porch and Doric columns. A sixth-century legend says that Saint James lay concealed here without food from the time of Christ's arrest until the resurrection. The Absalom Monument is a solid rock cube about twenty-one feet high and nearly twenty square, surmounted with a conical spire. The entire structure is forty-eight feet in height from base to top. Jews, who despise a son's in-

fidelity to his royal father, have for many centuries thrown stones at this memorial. The Tomb of Jehoshaphat behind Absalom's Monument is another series of rock-hewn chambers.

On the eastern side of the Temple Area opposite the tombs just mentioned, a column is built horizontally into the upper part of the city wall and protrudes from the surface at both ends. A Mohammedan tradition says that on the Day of Judgment Christ will take his seat at this place, and Mohammed will be seated across the valley on Olivet. A bridge of horsehair, some say a wire, on which all men must try to cross, will be drawn between these points. The wicked seeking to go over will fall into perdition below, while the righteous will make the passage successfully. There is also a tale to the effect that, three or four hundred years since, Jerusalem was captured by a Bedouin Mahdi from Transjordan. The Arab leader seated himself on the high projection outside the wall with the intention of rehearsing to his followers what would take place there at the time of judgment. Becoming dizzy, he fell headlong from the rock and lost his life.

The brook Kedron exists only after heavy rains. During most of the year, the bed of the stream is dry. The hills on both sides of the valley are honeycombed with graves and tombs. Multiplied thousands of Mohammedans on the western side, especially about Saint Stephen's Gate, and of Jews, in vast cemeteries on the eastern side almost halfway up the Mount of Olives, are buried in what they regard as a most sacred place. Multitudes

of Jews, especially those who are so fortunate as to end their days in Jerusalem, have no more ardent hope than that they may be laid where they will be able to be among the first to hear the last trumpet sound, and to be quickened when the prophecies of Ezekiel and Joel, as they understand them, are fulfilled and 'every bone comes to his bone.'

I suppose that all who have knowledge of Jerusalem have heard of the Golden Gate. It is a trifle north of the middle of the Temple Area and faces Gethsemane across the valley. This walled-up portal is not to be confused with 'the gate called Beautiful' of the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which was in the inner court of the Temple. The edifice has two ornate Byzantine arches and it both projects from and surmounts the wall into which it is built. The Emperor Heraclius entered this gate after his victory over Chosroes II in 629. It was closed save for a small aperture, in 810, but the Crusaders opened it twice yearly, on Palm Sunday and at the 'Feast of the Raising of the Cross.' An old Moslem tradition ran to the effect that on some Friday a Christian conqueror would enter the Golden Gate and would overcome all foes. It seems strange to see animals grazing about among the Moslem graves in front of this portal. Following the path northward through the cemetery, the Herodian Tower is passed, a structure thirty feet high and a hundred and ten feet below the surface of the ground. One would not easily suspect, as he travels on the level area north of the Golden Gate, that a deep ravine once lay beneath his path. At the gate itself débris is gathered to a

depth of perhaps forty feet. Eighty yards farther north the present surface of the ground is a hundred and twenty-five feet above the old one.

I have described some of the scenes which attend the Nebi Moussa parade as it comes out of Saint Stephen's Gate near the corner of the Temple Area. This is the only open portal of the city on its eastern side. A little north of the gate is a pool which supplies a bath on the inside of the wall. From Saint Stephen's Gate the wayfarer descends the hill until he comes to the valley road. If he turns southward down a steep grade to a bend in the highway, on the right at the turn eastward is a large flat rock where tradition has it that Saint Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was stoned, while Saul of Tarsus held the clothes of those who put him to death. A little farther on, at a turn south, the Church of the Virgin is on the left-hand side. This building is below the road level, and a long flight of steps descends to it. The first church known to have occupied the site was built in the fifth century. The legendary burial-place of the Virgin Mary is here and forty-seven marble steps go down into the building, whose porch is the only part aboveground. The tombs of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin, and the sarcophagus of Mary, are exhibited. From the court in front of the church a passage leads to the Grotto of the Agony, the alleged place where Jesus prayed until there were 'great drops of blood falling down upon the ground,' and where He spake the immortal words, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.'

A few steps south of the Church of the Virgin is the

tiny garden with ancient gnarled olive trees and flowerbeds called Gethsemane. Beside it is a new and beautiful Basilica of Gethsemane, completed in 1925, but lacking historic interest and the mellowness which much time gives to sanctuaries. The rugged trees, aged as they seem, do not date back to the time of Jesus. Several of them are some centuries old and may possibly be the descendants of olives which the Master knew. The violets of Gethsemane may be found nowhere else in Palestine. The Franciscan Fathers keep the venerable place with scrupulous care. Leaves of the ages-old olive trees are pressed and used as souvenirs. Oil made from their fruit and rosaries of the olive pits are highly prized.

My own best memory of Gethsemane is connected with a service on Thursday night of Holy Week during my first visit to Palestine, in 1927. It was the practice of the American Colony at that time to meet during the early part of that night in the Russian Garden, as much a part of Gethsemane as is the Latin enclosure which it joins. We walked down the hill from the northern suburb of the city, entered the grove silently, and gathered in the long shadows cast by moonlight. A Christian leader of the city, Mr. A. C. Harte, quietly presided. A single torch enabled Brother Jacob Spafford to read in reverent tones the stories of Gethsemane and Calvary. Prayers were offered by ministers of the Gospel. Miss Bertha Condé, an American lecturer, recited a choice poem. It fell to my own lot to pay brief tribute to 'A place called Gethsemane.' Several of the most beautiful hymns of Calvary and the Cross were sung by rich, well-modulated voices of



OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM AT HEROD'S GATE

the Colony choir. Profound emotions were stirred as tense moments passed. After the last deep chord of the music had tremulously entered into memory, the large company present tarried in silence for a few moments of tender meditation. Then, still without conversation, and with well-nigh noiseless tread, they took the way back to the homes from which they had come. An hour of worship in Gethsemane is never forgotten, nor can its impressions cease to influence the mind.

At the northeast corner of Jerusalem's wall, on the site of the camp of Godfrey of Bouillon, is located the Palestine Museum of Antiquities for which Mr. Rockefeller gave half a million pounds. It contains monuments and relics of great value. Herod's Gate, not far westward, is probably so called because the house of Herod Antipas was once shown in the vicinity. A little way above the Gate of Herod is Jeremiah's Grotto, where tradition has it that the prophet wrote the Book of Lamentations. The good road here is above the site of the ancient moat, and soon reaches the entrance to Solomon's Quarries discovered in 1852. From these vast excavations underground, called by Josephus 'royal grottoes,' were taken the immense quantities of white stone out of which the Temple of Solomon was constructed. Josephus describes this edifice as 'a mountain of snow,' and the Book of Kings tells us that 'there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.'

The trip around the walls of the Holy City is over, and its towers are told, when the traveler returns to Damascus

Gate. This largest and finest of the present portals, with its sculptures and battlements, its curtain walls and towers, is the center of increasing activity. Shops inside and outside, pilgrims coming and going, animals and men jostling one another, combine to give the vicinity an air of life and motion. Northward on the road from Damascus Gate to far-off Damascus City are places of great interest, Government offices, Gordon's Calvary, Saint Stephen's Church and Monastery, Saint George's Cathedral, Anglican, the Tombs of the Kings, burial-place of the first-century Queen Helena of Adiabene and her descendants, and not far beyond this instructive excavation the comfortable hospice of the American Colony.

CHAPTER VIII

Giants and Wee Men of Palestine

EVERY land has had its mites and its men of might. In Canaan this was literally the case. This land of ups and downs has been the abode both of giants and of 'wee men.' The latter, dwarfs of about five feet in stature, have been described by R. A. A. Macalister and others. Excavations at Gezer, easily visited about halfway between Jerusalem and Jaffa, have revealed the manner of life of these 'little people,' who are not to be regarded as mythical Pixies or Brownies, but were dwellers in the land during perhaps the later Stone Age, Neolithic times.

The Horites or Horims, to whom reference is made in Genesis and Deuteronomy, whose name may possibly have been derived from a word meaning cave-dwellers, lived in tiny, low, wretched houses and caverns. Their homes were often mere cells of less than a dozen feet square with roofs rarely more than seven feet high. Sometimes there were several rooms joined by rude passages. Light came from a hole in the roof which was also the door of the dwelling. The walls were of rough stones loosely piled together. These mean abiding-places were surrounded by such squalor and filth as the lowest poverty and ignorance of modern times can hardly represent or comprehend. The evidence shows this primitive race as superstitious, vicious, cruel, and short-lived. At a

time when great civilizations with mighty works of art and architecture flourished not far away, these skin-clad, rheumatic, short-lived wretches knew next to nothing, possessed little or nothing, invented nothing, and made no progress. It is evident they were but little above the wild beasts which they pelted away from their communities with stones, many of which have been found in piles in their homes ready for such use. Everything they believed, did, or enjoyed was apparently exceedingly rudimentary, common, and vulgar. Sanitation was lacking and odors around their dwellings were awful. Houses fell upon their occupants, and others were built upon the ruins without removal of the bodies of the dead. At Ta'annek was found the body of a woman and several children. The mother still had in her hand a knife with which she had probably been preparing food for her family when disaster overwhelmed them all. The succeeding structure was built upon the surface of the ruins of her dwelling, leaving the remains of the inmates to be discovered thousands of years afterward.

Any who wish information concerning the human sacrifices, pig offerings, and possible swine-worship of the dwarfish aborigines of Palestine, and their well-nigh total depravity, should read the records of Gezer. Very probably it is to them that the great prophet of Israel refers when he excoriates 'a people which dwell among the graves and lodge in the vaults; which eat swine's flesh and broth of abominable things is in their vessels.' The Horites were finally conquered and enslaved or destroyed by the Amorites, a Semitic people who passed on to the

Hebrews the traditions of these miserable creatures. The Amorites had swords and spears and wore helmets, all of bronze. They were bigger and more powerful than the little Horims and they destroyed them and their flint weapons without mercy. A few were driven back into the wild recesses of the hills, from which hiding-places they descended sometimes in forays upon the cattle and sheep of their foes. However, records show that the Amorites, who sacrificed first-born children, the aged and infirm, and sometimes young men and maidens on their high places, marked by standing stones, were not much less beastly than were the wee natives whom they had conquered.

‘There were giants in those days,’ as well as beast-like pygmies. It is interesting to note that it was during the same or approximately the same period, which some authorities place at more or less than five thousand years ago, that the southern end of the country possessed inhabitants of quite another type. It was a bright and lovely day which witnessed a little group of kindred spirits taking luncheon beneath a great tree in what is said to be one of the largest and best-cultivated olive groves in the world. The place is near Beit Jibrîn in South Palestine, a little above a line drawn between Hebron and Gaza, and almost exactly halfway between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. We ate delicious Joppa oranges, eggs, and sandwiches, a meal fit for princes. Then we started out to view the historical relics which are numerous in that region, but concerning even the existence of which the average traveler is not informed, proba-

bly because he gives his journey through the Holy Land merely time enough for the most essential or the easiest observations.

Beit Jibrîn village is not mentioned in Biblical records. Not far off westward, however, is Khirbet Meraash, Mereshah of the Old Testament, birthplace of Eleazar and of Micah. The town once stood about a mile south of the present location, belonged to Judah, and was fortified by Rehoboam. Phœnicians colonized there during the reign of the Ptolemies, and the place was important in Macca-bean times. Various experiences of destruction and rebuilding occurred in the days of Judas Maccabeus and John Hyrcanus. The Parthians demolished Mereshah, but it reappeared on the present site as Baithogabra and was rebuilt in the second century of the Christian era, by Septimius Severus, as Eleutheropolis. It became the see of a Christian bishop, but was overcome by the Saracens in A.D. 796, and when reëstablished became the house of Gabriel, or Beit Jibrîn.

Going back to the days of the name Baithogabra, it is found that this word in Hebrew means 'House of the Giants.' It is probably, therefore, connected in significance with the Old Testament Anakim, original dwellers in this part of the country. 'There we saw the giants, the sons of Anak,' ran the report which the spies made to Moses, and they added timorously, 'We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.' While we may not believe in the existence of a gigantic race, such as it seems that no land ever had, it is perfectly evident that southern Palestine once had instances and

even tribes of unusually tall men. Various names for them of old were Rephaim, ghosts; Emim, dreadful ones; Zamzummin or Zuzim, stammerers. They terrified their adversaries by their size or rudeness, and evidences of their existence appear in a series of remarkable underground dwellings in the territory between Hebron and Ashdod.

I do not know when I have been more amazed and impressed by any work of man than when I entered for the first time a troglodyte dwelling chiseled out of chalky, cream-colored limestone, and realized its vast dimensions and its indications of the residence there of strong, capable inhabitants of very ancient times. These houses are often grouped in colonies. Their entrances are from caves in the hillsides and are usually inconspicuous. In the days of their perilous use, the approaches could easily be concealed from enemies. The rooms of these subterranean residences are generally circular, each with a bell-shaped dome, the latter often having in its center an opening for air and light. I recall a hall whose white walls and generous orifice gave it a bright and almost ethereal atmosphere. It was more than forty feet in height, and was seventy feet or more in diameter. Larger chambers are found, even to the extent of a hundred feet across and fifty feet in height, and one such room has been discovered which, though now fallen in, is said to have been originally four hundred feet long and eighty feet from floor to dome. This people required head-and-arm room, and liked good air and freedom of movement. Some of the caves have rooms in suites. Ten or fifteen chambers are

not uncommon and the number goes as high as sixty. Oil-presses and cisterns for water are among conveniences which are noted. The size and extent of their work are such that its entire execution must have required the labor of centuries.

It is not easy to imagine just what was the character and what must have been the life of the tall men of Beit Jibrîn, a name which some authorities say is merely a corruption of the Hebrew words 'Beth ha-Gibborim,' 'The House of the Mighty Men.' Two of their cavern-dwellings had springs. Some of the houses were connected by passageways, and circular stairways often led down into them. One of the rock-caverns of Beit Jibrîn is a burial-place, which is among the most unique houses of sepulture which I have ever seen. It is entered by a tunnel about two feet in dimensions each way. This passage is long and dark, and had to be traversed by crawling, or on hands and feet. Within is a long, spacious hallway, crossed by two galleries and supported by ante-chambers. The central portion is divided by pillars and decorated by cornices. Niches, small and square in shape, and designed to contain cinerary urns, are cut into the whole wall-space.

Unfortunately, the remains found in the homes and burial-places of the big men furnish few additional facts, and we have no intimate knowledge of their character and deeds. Very probably they were much above the civilization of the wee folk of Gezer — it may be as superior in intelligence if not in virtue as they were greater in stature and better housed. This race, as in case

of the Horites, seems almost wholly to have disappeared before the Amorites, and few were left at the time of the coming of the Hebrews to live in that part of Palestine. Traces of them are noted, however, in the Sons of Rapha among the Philistines of Gath in the days of David. Goliath and his brethren were conspicuous among the small-boned 'Mediterraneans.' The 'wee men' and the 'mighty men' alike were displaced by no worthy people in the Amorites, who, in addition to their traits which I have already mentioned, were so lazy, unclean, dishonest, unmerciful, and wholly execrable, that their successors were commanded to extirpate them completely. 'Of the cities of these people thou shalt save nothing alive that breatheth: but thou shalt utterly destroy them, that they teach you not to do after all their abominations which they have done with their gods.'

It should be mentioned that in their time the Israelites probably succeeded the Sons of Rapha and the Edomites in the use of the villages of the giants, and the fact that crosses are seen in the caverns indicates that in much later periods some of the cave-dwellings were used as places of Christian worship. Doubtless thrilling stories of these strongholds may some day be recovered. Not far away from them are many tombs of the Phœnicians, which date from the Macedonian centuries, from the fourth to the second before Christ. The finest is the Painted Tomb, Khirbet ez Zemmar, discovered in 1902, and giving examples of Greek art at the time of Phœnician colonization. Vases, a tripod with libation cup, the three-headed Cerberus, hunting scenes, griffins, fishes,

eagles, and other objects are represented, together with inscriptions.

The visitor to Beit Jibrîn will be much interested in the Mosaic House, which is upon a hilltop not far east of the town, so called because remains are seen here of three separate ancient mosaic floors. They are protected by a building which is in charge of the Department of Antiquities and will repay a little time devoted to their study and appreciation. One of the floors is said to represent the work of A.D. 200, and was part of a Roman villa. It displays the art of that period. A second mosaic of somewhat later origin depicts the seasons, with suitable representations of their typical fruits, and with animals, trees, and scenes connected with war and the hunt. The third mosaic was once part of the floor of a Christian church. Its Greek inscription is a tribute to the builder, and the work is dated about A.D. 500. These memorials of progress in artistic conceptions and in technical methods are justly prized. It seemed to me a painful comment upon the ravages of time that these beautiful works should be found in the open country beneath the soil of a barren ridge of land.

The trip to Beit Jibrîn is not a difficult one. It may be made on the same day of visits to Bethlehem and Hebron. A better way is to take Bethlehem, Hebron, and Mamre on one day, and on another occasion to visit Beit Jibrîn alone or with some other place, as for instance Beth Shemesh, or Amwas—which was identified by the Crusaders, erroneously it is quite generally believed, with the Emmaus of the New Testament story. Either

or both of the latter places are near the road used in returning from southern Palestine to the capital.

When we had finished our inspection of Mosaic House and its relics, we took an old Roman highway and drove northward, passing extensive ruins. The supposed site of the Philistine city of Gath lies to the westward on a high hill. The Valley of Elah is entered at a point about halfway from Beit Jibrin to the Jaffa-Jerusalem Road. Here imagination pictures, and Brother Jacob Spafford, of the American Colony, rehearsed in charming style, the tale of the famous contest between Israel and Philistia in which figured a mighty giant and a shepherd lad. As the story progressed, we could almost see the opposing armies and could hear the hoarse challenge of the brass-clad monster who defied the forces of Israel and offered to meet any opponent. Then came forth a ruddy youth with a shepherd's sling, disdained and cursed by the Philistine, but victorious in the name and courage of Jehovah. Probably to the end of time young and old will not only find entertainment but many a thrill of emotion in accounts of David, both as boy and man, and particularly in the narrative of his conquest of the boastful giant, Goliath of Gath.

Beth Shemesh and its excavations, elsewhere mentioned, we visited on the way to Bab el Wad (Gate of the Valley), where we turned into the highway from Jaffa to Jerusalem at a point halfway between the two cities. We drove upward along the Wady Ali through regions of both old-time and modern significance, completing a circuit of about a hundred miles from the American

Colony to Hebron, Beit Jibrîn, Bab el Wad, and back to the city. Not far out of Jerusalem a jackal walked across the road in front of our car, awaited our approach, looked us over curiously, and then slowly ambled off about his business without making any comment.

CHAPTER IX

Southern Palestine

THE British Mandate for Palestine runs southward in a wedge, the lower point of which is the Gulf of Akaba. This V-shaped projection below the Dead Sea is, however, no proper part of the historic country, and the tour of southern Palestine comprises the trip from Hebron to Beersheba and westward to Gaza. It is the land of Judæa, the limits of which were never precisely defined, and of Idumea. The Wilderness of Judæa runs along the western side of the Dead Sea. Its roughness serves to emphasize the fact that the Judæan lands are far more barren and sterile than are those of the other two principal divisions of the country. The central mountain range of Palestine parallels the wilderness to a point twenty miles or more south of Hebron. The Shephelah is a strip of hill country, noted for its border struggles, which flanks the Mountain of Judæa on the west, and from which descent is made into the Plain of Philistia, the southern portion of the Maritime Plain on the Mediterranean Coast.

Slightly off the main road from Bethlehem to Hebron are three large reservoirs, called Solomon's Pools, which give rise to long glimpses into history. In the Book of Ecclesiastes is a passage referred to Solomon, which says, 'I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.' While the origin of these

sources of water-supply is not positively known, it is not improbable that their first construction may have occurred during the early Jewish monarchy. Pontius Pilate, Suleiman the Magnificent, the Turks before the Great War, and finally the present Government of Palestine have all been associated with the utilization of these pools of spring and rainwater, from which the needs of Jerusalem are partially supplied. The walls are of solid masonry. The one lowest in the valley is the largest and finest, having average dimensions of fifty-nine by one hundred and ninety-four yards. Ain Saleh, the 'sealed fountain' of the Song of Solomon, one of the sources of the contents of the Pools, is near the carriage road. It is covered by a building of two chambers, the inside one containing the spring. Farther south on the Hebron Road other reservoirs of the Jerusalem water system are passed and near them the Allenby waterworks and pumping-station of 1918. On a hill to the right is a village with a Russian Hospice which is the Beth Zacharias of First Maccabees and is thought by some to be the home both of Zacharias and of John the Baptist. Ain Karem, about four and a half miles westward from Jerusalem, is the place most authoritatively associated with the Baptist's career.

One of the villages seen on the way to Hebron, on a left-side hilltop, is Halhul, mentioned in Joshua. The mosque in this town is called Neby Yunis (Jonah), and Moslems believe that the prophet Jonah was buried here. The Jews consider Halhul the burial-place of the prophet Gad of Second Samuel. At a place called Haram Ramet

el Khaleel are some imposing ruins containing courses of immense stones like those of Herod's Temple. A good Roman well and the remains of a basilica, probably built by Constantine, are also in the Valley of Terebinths which is one of the possible sites of ancient Mamre and its great oaks. The Spring of Sarah is near-by.

Who that approaches Hebron with knowledge of its history but thinks of the 'grapes of Eshcol'? I was looking for them on each occasion of a visit to this ancient place. The story of the spies whom Moses sent into Canaan to see the land and to report concerning its quality and the character of its inhabitants is one of the romances of the Israelites. The twelve men who went up from the wilderness of Zin, when they arrived in Hebron found it, by contrast with the lands through which they had passed, a jewel of verdure with trees, springs of water, and fertile fields. Even today a similar journey would result in the same experience. The spies 'came unto the valley of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it upon a staff between two.' I recall from childhood a picture of these men carrying an enormous bunch of grapes, and for this reason was the more delighted to see in the environs of Hebron spacious vineyards whose fruit is now scarcely less famous than in the days of Moses. Pomegranates and figs, still popular products, were also carried back by the prospectors of Canaan.

In another chapter I have spoken about the giants of southern Palestine. I did not see any excessively big men in Hebron, but the spies found in the land which they

visited 'the Nephilim, the sons of Anak, who come of the Nephilim.' Ten of the twelve prospectors were terrified by these possible foes, but Joshua and Caleb not only thought Canaan 'an exceedingly good land,' but called it 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' Macalister's wise comment is that this statement was not made to a crowd of beef-fed excursionists, but to half-starved wanderers traveling from oasis to oasis over infertile lands. The two courageous spies also proclaimed their faith that giants are conquerable. 'Rebel not against Jehovah,' they said. 'Neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us.' Their message was despised by the people, but was sustained by Jehovah. While the infidelity of the people prevented their going into the promised land, their successors did finally arrive under the leadership of Joshua, who rewarded his comrade; 'Joshua blessed him; and he gave Hebron unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh for an inheritance.' The record in Judges is that Caleb drove out the three sons of Anak and possessed the land.

Entering Hebron through its rich vineyards is a pleasant manner of approach to one of the most ancient of earth's cities. In the Book of Numbers it is said Hebron was built seven years before Zoan. The name Hebron is of post-Mosaic origin, and was previously Kiriath-Arba. Mamre near Hebron was the place where the heavenly visitors appeared to Abraham, as recorded in Genesis. Here Abraham bought a field from Ephron the Hittite, and in the Cave of Machpelah within this plot he buried Sarah his wife. Abraham himself and Isaac and Rebecca found this a resting-place. Jacob was also brought here

for sepulture and Leah his wife. The tomb of Joseph is shown outside the cave.

Hebron is a Moslem city about three thousand feet above sea-level, containing more than seventeen thousand people, with about five hundred Jews. While it has an admirable site at the junction of two valleys and surrounded by hills seven hundred feet higher than the Mount of Olives, I could not think it especially attractive in its architecture, in the care of its streets, or in the appearance of its citizens. A short time there is long. One remembers that Joshua destroyed Hebron; David ruled in it seven years; Joab slew Abner at its gate; Absalom was born and rebelled here; Rehoboam, Judas Macca-bæus, and the Romans fought over its remains; the Mohammedans, Crusaders, soldiers of Saladin, and the British alternated in its control.

The chief object of attention in the city of Hebron is the mosque over the Cave of Machpelah. Though built by the Crusaders on the traditional site of splendid ancient monuments mentioned by Josephus, its sacred enclosure is forbidden to non-Moslems except by special permission authorized by the Grand Mufti. The Jews may come on Fridays, may mount to the seventh step of the southern entrance, and may push petitions to the saints interred within through a small aperture in one of the blocks of the wall, which has partially decayed. Inside the structure is a large square sanctuary whose roof is supported by four pillars. A nave and two aisles are of equal width. Two octagonal chapels out of the ante-chamber contain the cenotaphs of Abraham and Sarah.

Near the prayer-niche on the south wall of the mosque, covered by a rug, is the sealed entrance to the cave below. The cenotaphs of Isaac and Rebecca are in the center of the mosque and are said to be above their tombs. In their present form the cenotaphs are over seven hundred years old. They are very large, those of the Patriarchs covered with gold-embroidered green silk brocade, and those of their wives with crimson brocade.

Ingress to the Cave of Machpelah has been barred for many centuries. The Crusaders entered in 1119, and, after carefully inspecting the remains, closed and clamped down the flagstone which they had removed. The clamps are still in place. A round opening in the floor of the mosque on the west side leads to the depths below, which are lighted by a suspended lantern. The traditions and histories of this burial-place all point to its genuineness.

Before leaving Hebron, we toured some of the streets and shops. The weaving of goat's-hair sacking was quite a novelty. Skin bottles (wine-skin) are made here, and a large number of them curing in a factory-yard were a gruesome sight, looking like fat sheep or goats, with heads, hair, and feet removed, and covered with dark grease. We saw shoes being made out of camel leather and soled with portions of old rubber automobile tires. They looked as if they might be both serviceable and comfortable, if not exactly handsome. A traveler who wore a pair of them in England elicited some amusement. Glass beads, bottles, and lamps are other local products. The grain shops are well supplied and worth looking through. Children here beg more shamelessly than in

most other places in the land. Outside Hebron about a mile is an aged and partly dead tree known as Abraham's Oak. It is a specimen of *Quercus Palæstina*. Tradition makes this the site of Abraham's dwelling. A Russian Hospice is near. On my first trip to Hebron, the little party who visited the place enjoyed beneath the trembling shade of the aged tree a very delicious luncheon and a lively conversation. This proves to be one of the sites where one really gets something akin to a consciousness of antiquity.

A road to Gaza which was once much frequented by travelers goes by way of Beit Jibrîn, but the good surfaced highway is to Dhaheriyeh, Beersheba, and westward. As we go by the latter route, about ten miles below Hebron the country begins to break away toward the Negeb or Parched Land of the South. About twelve miles from Hebron, Dhaheriyeh¹ is one of the places pointed out as perhaps the Debir of the days of Caleb. Othniel is said in Joshua and Judges to have captured Debir for love of Achsah, daughter of Caleb. She was promised by her father in marriage to the conqueror of this redoubtable stronghold, which bitterly resisted the invasion of the Israelites. Throughout this region are evidences of much more numerous population in former times, and of early cultivation of fields whose soil has been allowed to wash away or deteriorate.

About fifteen miles from Dhaheriyeh is Beersheba, where in nomadic days Abraham entered into a covenant with Abimelech, King of Gerar, concerning the use of its wells. Two accounts are given of the name Beersheba,

one that it means 'the well of the oath,' the other 'the well of the seven,' referring to seven sheep sent as a covenant gift by Abraham to Abimelech. Six of the old wells found there today supply good water, and the oldest of them at least is considered as having existed from the Abrahamic era. It is said by the Arabs to be the work of Ibrahim el-Khalil, Abraham the Friend. This town is the southern end of Canaan proper, as is signified by the phrase 'from Dan to Beersheba.' It may be commented here that the short distance indicated by this measurement of the extreme length of the country, about a hundred and fifty-five miles, illustrates clearly the smallness of the arena on which have been staged the exploits of Palestinian history. Note also that an almost straight line between these two end towns of the country runs through most of its famous sites — Capernaum, Nazareth, Samaria, Shechem, Shiloh, Gilgal, Bethel, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron.

Beersheba was visited by Elijah when fleeing from Jezebel to Horeb. The place is not mentioned in the New Testament, but was the seat of a Roman *præsidium*. A Christian bishop resided there at one time, but by the fourteenth century the city was deserted, and was not restored until the last years of the nineteenth century. It is now a small town where the Bedouins trade, and in whose vicinity agriculture produces crops of some abundance a little more than half the seasons on an average. Attempts at large-scale agriculture have been made without satisfactory returns. In the spring the country is green and lovely, but most of the year it is dry or burnt,

and presents a very desolate appearance. Among the relics here are foundations of a Greek church. There are small irrigated gardens and but indifferent accommodations for travelers.

South of Beersheba lie Khalasa, in early Christian days a large town, Ruheibeh, ancient Rehoboth, where the Patriarch Isaac dug a well and the remains of which show that it was once quite a prosperous village, and the ruins of Anjeh, with early Christian history. This is the country of Amalek, whose inhabitants, then numerous, worried Israel, not only when in the desert seeking entrance to Canaan, but many times later. It is not improbable, however, that the Amalekites proved to be a buffer, keeping wild tribes from the south out of the land. The country is not now interesting, nor is most of the road from Beersheba to Gaza possessed of much attractiveness. After crossing the Wadi Sheriyah, crops begin to grow better, and are in the hands of fellaheen, rather than Arabs. The story of Gaza belongs to the remarkable history of Philistia. By the route taken, Gaza is not over eighty miles from Jerusalem.

CHAPTER X

Philistia and Samson

IT WAS not the mighty troglodytes of the south nor the dwarfish Horites of the later Stone Age around Gezer who gave Palestine its name. Nor did the Canaanites or Amorites achieve this honor, nor does it belong to the Hebrews. When the promised land was apportioned to Israel, the territory allotted to Judah included, in addition to the country east and south of Jerusalem and the hills westward, a portion of the Maritime Plain south of Jaffa. This strip of fertile land along the Mediterranean, to and beyond Gaza as far as the wilderness, was inhabited by a people whom Judah could not exterminate, drive out, nor completely conquer. Almost constant struggles arose between the two races, and lasted for centuries. The foes of Israel were the Peleset or Pulesti, and their land, in the Hebrew P'lesheth, was Philistia, in Greek Palæstina, our Palestine. The Holy Land was named by rivals and enemies of the Jews. Palestine means the country of the Philistines.

A visit to Gaza brings the pilgrim into the heart of traditions very different from those of the land east and northward. It is not entirely certain to what race the Peleset or Philistine people belonged. They were of seafaring origin, and may have been one of the fragments of the empire of the Sea-Kings of Crete which was driven away when invaders captured the island and sacked the

great palace at Knossos. When the central power was destroyed, ruined men in large numbers scoured the seas and sought asylums on Mediterranean shores. If the Philistines were not from Crete itself, they may have been a tribe driven out of some Cretan colony on the coast of Cilicia. The one certain fact is that this people had received the culture of Crete, were versed in its arts of peace and war, and were strong and resourceful. Very naturally they remained near the sea, and in the Maritime Plain of Palestine they established five cities which formed a famous league. Naming them from south to north, the League of the Five Cities was composed of Gaza, Ashkelon, Gath, Ashdod, and Ekron.

It was the last great Egyptian soldier-king, Ramses III, whose record tells us that about twelve hundred years before Christ he stopped the vast army of Peleset, Thekel, Shekelish, Denyen, Weshesh, and other remnants of scattered tribes who, with wives and children in creaking ox-wagons behind armed forces on land, and attended by a great fleet on the sea, rolled down through Syria 'with fire prepared before them, forward to Egypt.' While the Kingdom of the Nile by no means retained its ancient vigor, it was too strong for these advancing hosts. The Pharaoh prepared his forces, met the enemy, and defeated them by land and sea, but while he saved Egypt, he was not able to drive the most vigorous of the invaders out of Palestine. The Philistines had found their country and kept it, despite Egyptians to the south and Hebrews who invaded the land from beyond Jordan.

It was comparatively but a handful of people who

finally established themselves in the five cities of Philistia, and who met the young, aggressive nation of Israel in the low hills of the Shephelah, often defeated them, and ultimately overwhelmed and slew Saul and his three sons at Mount Gilboa, 'and they put his armor in the house of the Ashtaroth, and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan.' The latter stronghold in northern Palestine, though far from their homeland, was held by the Philistines for more than a century, as American excavations there have shown.

Why were the men of Philistia able to accomplish such heroic feats? The answer is twofold. They were not the boors which the word 'Philistine' implies to us. They possessed Cretan knowledge and craftsmanship. They also controlled iron against the bronze weapons of the Israelites. 'Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel; for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears: but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe and his mattock.' Since they held the coast-line, the men of Philistia were able to keep the Hebrews from getting considerable supplies of iron and of iron weapons, and this was an advantage to them almost comparable to that of rifles against bows and arrows. The new metal which was beginning to change the conditions of the world made the Philistines 'iron men,' and enabled them to give continual trouble to their foes. At length the scattered and divided Hebrews were compelled to form a closer union, and the career of David, the great King, became possible.

The one town of the Philistine Pentapolis which is now of size and importance, though far smaller than anciently, is Gaza, once the capital city, a place of seventeen thousand people, separated from its Mediterranean seaport by three miles of sand-dunes. It is the first stop on the rail line from Egypt, and is abundantly watered, having some fifteen wells. There is a small harbor and some trade. Situated on the ancient caravan route from Assyria to Egypt, the place has seen the pilgrims, traders, ambassadors, and armies of forty centuries. Thutmose III, fifteen hundred years before Christ, made it a base for the hosts he launched against Syria. The Tel-el-Amarna tablets record the vassalage to Egypt of the King of Gaza. It was one of the chief strongholds from which the Philistines made themselves troublesome to the men of Israel.

Perhaps it may be safely said that more people today think of Philistia in connection with the exploits of Samson than remember it for its Cretan culture. This rollicking popular hero, whose name literally means 'splendid sun' or 'sun-man,' was born in Zorah of the tribe of Dan and was a Nazarite — that is, one consecrated to Jehovah, who was to abstain from intoxicants, let his hair grow without cutting, and keep himself from contact with the dead. He is listed as the twelfth of the judges of Israel, 'and he judged Israel twenty years.' The stories of Samson will always be told, and they are delightful to children and to adults who love wonder-stories. His destruction of a lion, whom 'he rent as he would have rent a kid; and he had nothing in his hand,' led to the later finding of honey in the carcass of the dead beast. This gave

Samson the riddle, which he told at his marriage feast and which made trouble with his wife's friends, who could not solve the mystery and sought the answer by treachery, 'Out of the eater came forth food, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.'

The tale of the hero's revenge on the Philistines when they robbed him of his wife is spectacular. Who cannot see the three hundred foxes tied in pairs with tails on fire, whom Samson turned loose into the standing grain and among the shocks of his enemies, destroying their harvest? It is a gruesome account which describes the bound Hercules casting off his ropes, seizing the fresh jawbone of an ass — a dry one would have been too brittle for the feat — and slaying a thousand men of Philistia. This mighty wonder-worker is said to have been once confined in Gaza, but at midnight he arose, 'and laid hold of the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and plucked them up, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of the mountain that is before Hebron.'

The most marvelous of all the deeds of Samson was that which closed his career. By the treachery of Delilah, the hair of the strong man, to which his surpassing power was attributed, had been shorn. His might left him, and his foes laid hold on him and put out his eyes. They took him to Gaza, bound him with fetters of brass, 'and he did grind in the prison-house. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again.' Then the lords of the Philistines gathered together to offer a great sacrifice to Dagon — was he a fish or a corn deity? They came to rejoice be-

cause their god had delivered Samson, their enemy, into their hands. They brought the giant from the prison-house to the temple, and made sport with him. The house was full of men and women, and the great roof held multitudes. When the merriment was at its height, Samson, who was leaning against the pillars, called on Jehovah to remember him and strengthen him just once more. Then, seizing the two middle pillars of the temple, and asking the privilege of dying with the Philistines, 'he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein.' His brethren came and brought him for burial between Zorah and Eshtaol in the burying-place of Manoah, his father. Whatever one may think of the historicity of these marvels, they do give a sort of romance to the land of Philistia, and to its chief remaining city. Modern discoveries at Knossos, in view of the probable descent of the Philistine people from the Cretans, make the final and crowning feat more intelligible, for we may now picture Samson as handling, not built columns, but those made of cedar or cypress-wood, resting on a stone base, in accordance with building methods in the island empire.

Gaza was fought over during the seven centuries before Christ by Assyrians, Syrians, Jews, Egyptians, and Macedonians. Armies of Alexander the Great besieged it for two months before they took the stronghold by storm. It became an important Roman center and one of the early Christian communities settled there. The conversion and baptism by Philip of the Ethiopian eunuch is said to be related to the vicinity. The rite may

have been performed on the road between Gaza and Jaffa at the Halib or the Hessy. A tradition names Philemon, to whom the New Testament Epistle was addressed, as the first Bishop of Gaza. The town was taken by the Moslems A.D. 604, and is revered by them as the burial-place of Hâshim, grandfather of Mohammed. The Crusaders conquered the city and held it until after the battle of Hattin when it fell into the hands of Saladin. Napoleon took it in 1799. Three battles of the Great War were fought there, the third of which led to the evacuation of the city when General Allenby broke through the Turkish lines at Beersheba, and then pushed back its weak forces toward the town whose mosques and other buildings were badly injured during the fighting. One of the relics of this contest is a cemetery containing three thousand British graves.

One sees in Gaza some Egyptian characteristics in the appearance of the shops and in the costumes of the Moslem women. An alleged tomb of Samson is shown, and also the place whence he carried away the city gates. The large mosque was originally a Christian church of the twelfth century, dedicated to Saint John. Another mosque, restored during the nineteenth century, is the reputed burial-place of Mohammed's grandfather. The Greek Church displays a tomb of Saint Porphyry. The scenery around Gaza, which is about a hundred feet above sea-level, is not unattractive, and in spring and harvest months is beautiful. Town wells are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet deep, mostly of brackish water.



A HARVESTER OF GAZA IN THE LAND OF THE PHILISTINES

The site of Ashkelon is directly on the seacoast. This was the chief seat of the worship of Derketo, the fish-goddess. Ashkelon became independent a century before Christ and enjoyed its chief prosperity as a protectorate of Rome. Herod the Great was born here, and he embellished the town with baths and colonnades. Richard Cœur-de-Lion began to rebuild the old fortress, but was hindered by the jealousy of other princes. No certain remains of Philistine origin are found, though some ancient structures are probably deeply buried in the sand. The few ruins confirm the descriptions of William of Tyre that the place was originally a half-circle with the sea as chord, and surrounded on the land side by ramparts. Parts of old walls and gates survive, and there are cisterns of excellent water in the orchards at the northern end of the place. A small village near-by rejoices in possession of vineyards and fruit trees.

Ashdod, another of the cities of the Philistine Pentapolis, is now a mud-brick town of four or five thousand people. It is on the railroad about halfway between Gaza and Jaffa, eighteen miles from each place. The Arabic name is Esdud. It stands near a hill of reddish sand, which was perhaps the acropolis of what may at one time have been the chief city of Philistia. Like the other places on the main route between Syria and Egypt, the city was much fought over in turbulent centuries. This is the place which Psammitichus invested for twenty-nine years before he took it from Assyria — the longest siege in history. It is possible that the principal eminence is the Mount Azotus on which fell Judas Maccabæus, the

hero of the Jewish wars, when in 161 B.C. he was overwhelmed by hopeless odds.

Once the Ark of the Covenant, captured by the Philistines, was brought to the temple of Dagon in Ashdod. The news of this event caused Eli, priest and judge of Israel in Shiloh, to fall from his seat and die. This place is noted for the ministry of Philip the Evangelist, and bishops later resided here. Ruins may be seen of ancient masonry and columns and of mediæval structures. Three miles westward is the old seaport with remains of a castle. As in case of the other cities of Philistia, the environs of Ashdod are fertile and fruitful.

The other two cities of Philistian fame are not so easily located. Was Gath at Yebna, at Tell-es-Safi, at Beit Jibrîn? As you please. No one knows. The site has perished from the world's ken. Likewise, is 'Akir, five miles east of Yebna, Ekron? Maybe; maybe not. Ekron is described in Joshua as farthest north of the cities of 'the five lords of the Philistines.' Joshua did not capture this center, on which a cluster of towns and villages depended, but Judah held it for a time. It was the seat of the worship of Baalzebub, the god of flies, whose oracle Ahaziah consulted to his destruction. It was from Ekron that the captive Ark was returned to Israel, doubtless the more gladly, since its residence there had been even more disastrous to this city than to Ashdod or Gath. The immediate vicinity of 'Akîr, which is a station on the railway, is not particularly attractive, but south of it is fertile and well-cultivated ground.

From childhood those who were brought up in Jewish

or Christian homes have been familiar with stories of Goliath of Gath. For this reason only, the name of the city of the Gittites is familiar to many moderns. It was located somewhere near the borders of Judah, and since it so long defied the Israelites, it must have been a vigorous center of Philistine power. At Tell-es-Safi, one of the possible identifications of Gath, specimens of pottery have been discovered which are of late-Minoan origin, and which tend to confirm the view that the Philistines were of Cretan extraction.

Strange, is it not, that the remains of the early dwellers in the beautiful land of Philistia, the name-land of Palestine, should be so very few and so uninforming? Perhaps some day in the future, in the lowlands beside the sea or possibly elsewhere, monuments or tablets may be discovered which will furnish better knowledge of the personnel and life of a people who have had so great a share of influence upon history. It is a strange reversal of facts which makes the word Philistine imply uncouthness, ignorance, and obstructiveness. The Philistines of old had some knowledge of art. While but a single common noun and a few proper names of their language remain, it is certain that they possessed a culture, craftsmanship, religion, and commerce which required technical expression, and it is believed that they had some part in the evolution of the alphabet. It is now known that the Minoans, the forefathers of the Philistines, were using a linear script in writing which excelled the attainments of Egypt or Babylonia in that art centuries before the Phœnicians acquired it. Some authorities go far enough

to say that, because the Philistines brought the Hebrews the culture of the old Sea-Kings of Crete, it is to them we owe the Bible, the literary and religious treasure of the Christian nations. Why does not some group of scholars study more intimately the entire Maritime Plain of Palestine, and especially that center of ancient civilization, Philistia, a place worth visiting more than once by even the casual tourist?

In the center of Palestine's seacoast, sometimes placed in the lower end of the Plain of Sharon and in certain periods located in Philistia, is 'The Gateway of Palestine' as it was long called, the port city of Jaffa. This town was Joppa in Scripture, and has been Yafo to Hebrews, Iope to Greeks, and Yafa to Arabs. It is now a place of above fifty-one thousand people, and, with the neighboring Tel Aviv, its northern partner, nearly a hundred thousand souls dwell near the ancient harbor. While Tel Aviv is almost completely Jewish, Jaffa contains thirty-five thousand Moslems and above nine thousand Christians. I never landed from a ship at Jaffa, but each time I have visited the place I was reminded of my father's tales of his experiences in getting ashore in the shallow harbor when the sea was anything but gentle. Haifa has now taken much business away from the southern port, but its trade is still of considerable value.

The tribe of Dan never succeeded in capturing and holding Jaffa. Originally a Canaanitish town peopled by Amorites, it became Philistine when the Cretan wanderers or other sea-pirates settled on the Mediterranean coast. The Phœnicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Baby-

Ionians, Persians, Macedonians, Jewish Maccabeans, Romans, and all the other conquering peoples who swept into Palestine during remote centuries, at times were overlords of Jaffa. All that is said elsewhere in this book about the great trade- and war-route of antiquity applies to this locality. The history of this small city contains vast numbers of the most illustrious or notorious names of the past. After the time when Judas Maccabæus destroyed its fleet and his brother Simon captured the town, Jewish influence became strong.

Christianity at its very dawn was introduced into Jaffa, which soon became the seat of a Christian bishop. The Saracen conquest of the seventh century changed conditions, but Godfrey entered the city without opposition during the First Crusade. After various changes back and forth, in 1197 the brother of Saladin massacred twenty thousand Christians in Jaffa. Other vicissitudes were suffered, including struggles with the Egyptian Sultan Beibars and the French Napoleon. The latter slew four thousand of the garrison in 1799, and it was thought by many to be a judgment upon him when his own army was decimated immediately afterward by plague. During the World War, Jemal Pasha, the Turkish commander, ordered the complete evacuation of the town. Only the managers of orange groves were permitted to remain in order to care for the trees. The place was like a city of the dead, but it came to life when the Egyptian Expeditionary Force arrived, and it began at once to enter upon a new era.

Sitting on the veranda of the Cliff House and enjoying

the views of the lovely sea while partaking of excellent refreshments puts one *en rapport* with the environment of a city whose historic roots sink so deeply into the past. You are on a rocky headland about a hundred and thirty feet high, outside of which is a reef built by the tiny bodies of mollusks and from which small boats obtain a protection which is perilous to larger vessels in stormy weather. Jaffa has some broad palm-bordered avenues and many mosques, churches, convents, but few ancient ruins of any certain derivation. Everybody visits the house of Simon the Tanner, meanly located well up the hill in a poor old mosque surmounted by the El Fanar Lighthouse. Saint Peter's vision of the clean and the unclean animals, the account of which is found in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, is traditionally located on this site. The present building is above older structures of unknown origin. This is, of course, also the place to which the centurion Cornelius was directed to send from Cæsarea and get Peter to come and instruct him concerning the way of the Lord. The story itself is one of the most unique and interesting in the New Testament, but I found that it required a great stretch of imagination to orient Saint Peter in the ugly setting which time has now given to the narrative.

A more agreeable locality is that of the alleged house, well, and tomb of Dorcas, or, as the Greek word is in Aramaic, Tabitha. This member of the first Christian company of Joppa, 'full of good works and almsdeeds which she did,' was the subject of a miracle of Saint Peter, and the memorials concerning her life are found at the

large Russian settlement. The beautiful trees and gardens at this place make a visit there one to be treasured in memory. I was especially impressed by the ancient rock-cut tomb into which one descends from the open by a series of steps and around which are remains of an old Jewish necropolis. Greek and Hebrew inscriptions and Jewish emblems are cut into the tombs in this picturesque burial-plot. With the memory of a good woman and of a charming scene in our minds, we drove up the broad fine road to Jerusalem, about forty miles, in record time, obtaining, as we went, splendid views of Sharon and of the hill-country of Judæa.

CHAPTER XI

Nebi Moussa and the Grand Mufti

IT IS now a good many years since the days of Turkish control of Jerusalem. In the old time a fear arose that during Easter Week, when the Holy City contains so many Christian pilgrims, an attempt might be made to wrest the government out of the hands of its Moslem rulers. This is said to have led to the establishment of the annual Nebi Moussa pilgrimage, which begins in Jerusalem on Friday of Holy Week with a mighty concourse of Mohammedan devotees from many regions. These enthusiasts parade through the city and down the Jericho Road to the reputed Tomb of Moses. There a week of celebration, of receptions, and of the feeding of multitudes is managed without cost to poor followers of the prophet.

Perhaps it seems strange to some that the Mohammedans should have a pilgrimage in honor of Moses. The fact is, however, that Moses is one of the Moslem prophets, as indeed is Jesus. It is not Moses, Jesus, or Mahomet who has so cruelly divided humanity and who must bear the responsibility for certain terrible chapters of history. Ungodly hatred and awful conflicts have been caused by misguided followers of great personages and teachers. Moses is honored by Jews, Christians, and Moslems. His burial-place we have thought unknown,

and in our Western lands we sometimes repeat lines of an old poem,

But no man built that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod
 And laid the dead man there.

However, perhaps fourteen miles or about two thirds of the way from Jerusalem to Jericho, a little to the right down the sloping hills, may be seen the buildings and white domes of the place which the Mohammedans honor as the Tomb of Moses and to which the Good Friday pilgrimage is made.

Twice I have had exceptional opportunities to view the Nebi Moussa procession. Once by the courtesy of Mr. E. W. Blatchford, of the Near East Relief and later in diplomatic service, our party was perched upon the high walls about the property of the Austrian Hospice. There the street is narrow and we had a close-up of the participants during several hours of marching. On the last occasion we had the good fortune to get seats on the high bank to the north of the road just outside of Saint Stephen's Gate. The latter location enabled us to see the hosts of sight-seers who were present to view the performance and to enjoy the associations and pleasures of the day.

I was told that the Nebi Moussa starts in the Mosque of El Aksa. Of course only Mohammedans are permitted in the Temple Area at such a time. It is said that the Grand Mufti ascends the elegant pulpit placed in the

mosque by Sultan Saladin. After certain ceremonies have been conducted, the procession begins, accompanied by the sacred banner which will be brought back to Jerusalem on the following Thursday. What else on earth is like this picturesque, colorful tide of zealots, dancing, waving banners, clapping hands, shouting and singing over and many times over Arabic words to the effect, 'We shall be delivered by the sword'?

One of the features of this spectacle is mock sword combats, sometimes between men carried on the shoulders of other men, and sometimes by fierce-looking contestants in the cleared center of the street, surrounded by a cheering ring of their fellow enthusiasts. Preparation is made for a deadly fray. Much flourishing of weapons takes place, with contortions and whirling of bodies. You are sure, from the baleful and fanatical looks and gestures which you 'view with alarm,' that throat- or abdomen-cutting is about to be indulged. Suddenly one of the men leaps at the other and strikes viciously, but his opponent deftly side-steps. Then the other thrusts wickedly, but does not reach his intended victim. Then both rush fiercely at each other striking madly and the two old weapons ring dully from the deftly caught blows. It is a terrific struggle and a harrowing sight for apprehensive spectators, but happily no blood is drawn.

Nebi Moussa days have not always been as innocent as they are of late. I have been told that years ago, before British control, passions aroused and let loose by the excitement of the occasion resulted in tragedies. Indeed,

it is reported that as many as three hundred killings have taken place in connection with this affair, but very likely the story is much exaggerated. I do know that the authorities are careful to take all possible precautions that extremists do not get out of control. I was once in the same building where the Governor was staying, and recall that he not only remained on duty in the city constantly, but that he was very anxious lest some unfortunate outbreak should bring loss of life and discredit to the administration. That this result is prevented is due to the fact that police on foot or mounted — fine-looking and nattily uniformed Arabs most of them are — are injected into the stream of celebrators and accompany them, keeping a watchful eye on the group in front. Make no doubt that they would use their rifles and other weapons promptly, if trouble should arise.

The few years that elapsed between my experiences of Nebi Moussa changed the spirit of the marching host in one respect. The first time I saw the procession, some of the more ignorant and bigoted hurled hateful epithets at onlookers around us. I was told that they were reviling the Christians. They certainly sounded as if they were, nor did their actions belie such a charge. When I last witnessed the pageant, the Jews were the objects of aspersion and contempt. This, of course, was due to the misunderstandings and enmities which had caused fatal riots but a few years before. The jealousy and mutual dislike of Hebrews and Arabs are not deep-seated enough to prevent some friendships between the races which aspire to power in Palestine, nor do they often fail to

preserve outward decorum and coöperation in public undertakings, but it is likely that a shrewd observer was not far astray when he remarked, 'Once the British withdraw, if ever they do, all bets are off.'

The Nebi Moussa procession is never in a hurry. It takes itself seriously and has all day for its business. Sometimes everybody is held up for many minutes, while perhaps two or three hundred men form a big circle, clasp hands, stamp, sing, and shout. Some ride each other around the ring, making this episode a regular circus. There is much repetition of the same cries, hand-clappings, and songs. Dum, dum, dum go the drums, and instruments of miscalled music, if anybody does name it that. One could wish to see more smiling. The Arab is generally too serious, even in his harmless merry-making. As a matter of fact, however, his somber fierceness is more apparent than actual. A great deal of this program is good-natured fun-making, and with new clusters of swaying banners of crimson, purple, green, and gold, brilliantly embroidered, and with new crowds of performers, indulging in the same old pranks and in occasional new ones, the hours go by tumultuously, noisefully, brilliantly. It is one of the most showy, theatrical, and intensely colored scenes witnessed by any audience.

Saint Stephen's Gate is on the eastern side of the city. The road comes out of town on a high level, but is cut through the masses of débris which have gathered about the mighty walls, and makes its way down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, past Gethsemane, then south-eastward around the foot of Olivet on the road toward

the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Vast throngs of spectators gather in the square and on the hillocks outside the wide portal. Our seats were above the rendezvous where we could observe what was going on in the motley crowd. What a mixture, medley, and babel of races, garbs, tongues, and doings! The traveling seller of dubious drinks carries around a two-story container, and clashes harsh cymbals to call attention to his wares. Coney-Island confectionery and eating-stands are well patronized. Nuts of many kinds are popular, and odd-looking circles of bread and cake. Much dust is stirred up by passing feet and must give sweetmeats and solid food a stronger if not richer taste.

It would seem not only that anybody from anywhere, but that everybody from everywhere, is in the Nebi Moussa multitude. It was interesting to see the coin-bordered head-dresses of many women, city-dwellers being mostly in black. Country-women wear colors a great deal and their faces are not covered as are those of their fashionable sisters. Often they draw the end of a veil or some other portion of their clothing about their mouths if they think a strange man is gazing at them. The faces of Bedouin women are tattooed in blue. Many of them are barefooted, with henna-colored toe-nails as well as finger-nails and hair. Flowered veils are in evidence, and children are often as many-hued as the rainbow. In the throng I saw, as I do not recall observing when I first visited Palestine, several Nubians. These men are not colored: they are fast-black, and, like the American Negroes, they smile, showing teeth whiter by

contrast with the darkness of their skin. Syrians, Mesopotamians, Arabians, Egyptians, walk about in groups, as do Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Americans. I saw a few Jews, too, probably known as friends of prominent Moslems. Occasionally a person from the South Americas, or from India, Japan, or China, passes through the riot of robes, dresses, uniforms, and tailored suits which adorn peoples, who at all events are no nudists. They are clothed, are self-possessed, and are apparently quite indifferent to varieties of dress and toilet.

Nebi Moussa is a great day for children, especially outside the city, where there is more room and where they may wander about in and out of the crowds of visitors. Mothers have tiny babies strapped to their backs and older ones astride of their shoulders. Many of the children carry their little brothers or sisters, sometimes when the one above looks almost as big and strong as the one beneath. On our high platform an incident happened which brought the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. An adventurous child kept crowding too near the edge from which there was a sheer drop of perhaps twenty feet to a stony bottom. A fall would be perilous or perhaps deadly. An American woman, resident in the city, showed much concern and called to someone to protect the child. A veiled Mohammedan lady exclaimed, and her words were translated for me, 'O you darling, to care so much for one of our children: God bless you for that.' Arab or American, Christian or Mohammedan, child life is precious, and interest shown in the welfare of a babe is a tie that binds.

The procession came and passed in a manner so deliberate that it reminded me of words descriptive of another event which, 'like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along.' But this snake was very much alive, for the sun was not yet down. At last came the great group of magnificent standards and the sacred banner. As the finale, accompanied by attendants and riding a magnificent black Arab steed, came the dignified Grand Mufti, head of the Moslems of the city which from the origin of Islam has been greatly venerated by Mohammedans. In the beginning of their faith the prophet taught his followers to turn toward Jerusalem when praying. The substitution of Mecca as the direction of worship was a later arrangement.

I greatly desired an interview with Haj Amin el Husseini, Grand Mufti and head of the Supreme Moslem Council. I had a promise of such a privilege from mutual friends, but the experience was to come sooner than I expected, and to my great surprise at Nebi Moussa itself. Our little party was returning from a delightful adventure in Transjordan on the Wednesday following the procession. After we left Jericho for the trip up the mountains to the capital, we began to meet little bands going back to their distant homes from Moses' tomb, keeping up their spirits on the way with the same dreary music, more thump-thump than tune, which we had heard all the week. As we came in sight of the Nebi Moussa dome, this time on the left of the road, Abdallah, whose courage is equal to any wise attack on reservations and proprieties, said, 'Why not see the Grand Mufti

now?' 'What,' I said, 'at the sacred place, during this strictly sectarian ceremony? Would not our coming be resented, and would we not be forbidden to enter the Presence?' Abdallah's reply, translated into American, might be, 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' or, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' We turned off the highway into the deeply rutted dust of the road and drove to the sepulcher. Soon we arrived in a state, if not in state, for the wind blew the desert dust over us in clouds.

I shall never know what Abdallah told the attendants at Nebi Moussa in order to gain admission for us. I do not believe he claimed to be introducing the King of England or the Pontifex Maximus, but short of that I have my suspicions. We were invited to enter, and with little delay. The audience chamber contained no ladies, but a number of important Moslem personages. There was no furniture save for matting and divans on three sides of the room. We were given seats, Mrs. Leete, Mrs. J. E. Wright, and myself, on the comfortable cushions beside the man whom we had seen on the fine mount in the great parade. He is called Haj because he has been to Mecca. He belongs to the wealthy and noted Husseini family, he presides over the supreme Moslem Sharia (Religious Law) Council, and is Grand Mufti. He speaks English with considerable fluency, and we enjoyed a pleasant conversation which propriety will not permit me to report. The Grand Mufti is not tall, but is well proportioned. His complexion is light and fair. He wears a beard, has bright and kindly eyes, and was wrapped in a long robe.

After this courteous Moslem leader had talked with me quite freely about his people and their ideals, I found courage to remark to him that I should like to remember the visit by aid of a photograph, if I could secure one. I thought he might have a supply on hand, but he had in mind a kodak, and he said, 'When you are ready.' Mrs. Wright had a camera with her, and the prelate stepped to the other side of the room, to get the best light, and we secured an excellent and speaking likeness. Think of it! This would not have been possible a few years since. An American woman was permitted to photograph the leader of the Mohammedan faith at the shrine of Moses during the sacred week of Nebi Moussa! Stranger still, prophetic of coming days of broader religious relationships, three Christians were received in a very friendly way by the most exalted leader of the Moslems during the observance of the very pilgrimage which was originally instituted as an anti-Christian movement.

CHAPTER XII

Visions from the Mount of Olives

MANY indeed are the people to whom the most revered of high places is the little eminence known as the Mount of Olives. This *mons sacra* is one of the haunts of Jesus which has not yet been wholly covered up with masonry. Portions of its sides and summit are fragrant with memories of the holiest of men. It lies 'before Jerusalem on the east,' as Zechariah accurately said, just beyond the Valley of the Kedron. Its top rises twenty-six hundred and eighty feet above the surface of the Mediterranean, but is almost four thousand feet above the plainly visible waters of the Dead Sea. The site of the Hebrew University, the hill Ras abu Kharûb, part of Mount Scopus, the elevation north of the city where Josephus says that the Emperor Titus camped during his siege, is slightly more lofty, and presents one of the good views of the city. It is the height called Olivet, however, known to Arabs as Jebel et Târ, which has been made most famous in history, and especially in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

The Mount of Olives, which is so named but once in the Old Testament, is indicated in at least five other passages. It is 'the mount that is before Jerusalem' and 'the mountain which is on the east side of the city.' This is the place of 'the ascent of the olives.' Olivet is fresh and green

when the country all about it, save on the banks of the Jordan, is sere and dead. It is said that two millenniums ago the top of the hill was crowned with giant cedars, and not only olives, but pines, myrtles, figs, and date-palms adorned its sides. The ravages of Titus and of others laid waste forests and fruit trees, and even the oldest of the rugged olive trees do not date back to the days of Judæa's sublime epochs.

Most visitors get little thrill from the poor village of Kafr et Tûr, or from the buildings which adorn or disfigure, as one may think, the Hill of the Olives. The Arab town contains the Chapel of the Ascension, despite Saint Luke's identification of the place where our Lord parted with His disciples: 'and he led them out until they were over against Bethany.' You are shown an alleged impression in marble of the right foot of Jesus; modern evidence of ancient imposture, which may date back even to the time of Constantine, who is said to have erected a chapel here. The Jews locate in this spot the tomb of the prophetess Huldah, and the Crusaders believed that Saint Pelagia came here from Antioch in the fifth century, to do penance and work miracles. The Moslems own the modern chapel, about a century old, and the site is venerated by them. Other buildings on 'Olivet's fair brow' are Latin churches of the Creed, and of Pater Noster, Lord's Prayer. Peter the Hermit is said to have preached on the spot where Jesus taught His followers to pray. The Hall of the Lord's Prayer possesses tablets containing this wonderful utterance in thirty-two languages.

The Russians have a large compound on the eastern

side of the native village, on the summit of Olivet. Within this space, beyond a cypress grove, are a church, the archimandrite's house, with mosaics of the ninth and tenth centuries, and a lofty tower, from which is obtained one of the finest views in the land. The so-called Tombs of the Prophets, down toward the southwest, also belong to the Russians. These burial-places are rock-hewn, of ancient Jewish origin, and were probably used also by the early Christians. Evidence that the Hebrew prophets were buried here is quite inadequate.

So much for the geography of the sacred mountain. It was a fair April day when, in the best of company, a conveyance took me northward from Jerusalem for the most recent of my visits to the Mount of Olives. We passed the buildings of the American Colony, turned from the Nablus Road, crossed the Kedron Valley, climbed Mount Scopus, and looked with sorrow on the British Military Cemetery, where rest in solemn rows and blocks, with uniform headstones irrespective of rank, the bodies of over twenty-five hundred victims of the Great War. Gravelled walks and plants decorate this place of honor, from which we ascended to the new Hebrew University, with its fine buildings, noteworthy collections, and beautiful prospect. We passed the German Hospice and Sanatorium founded by the once-Empress, and at the gateway of the Russian compound we dismissed our driver with instructions to meet us later at the bottom of the hill. We wished to visit on foot the buildings and open spaces of the hilltop, and to see from the bell-tower one of the world's most captivating and enthralling panoramas.

The churches in the vicinity did not long hold nor greatly impress our minds.

It was a good thing that the fresh breeze which was blowing when we essayed the climb up the Russian Tower was not more vigorous than it was, else we had not completed any considerable portion of the ascent, and might have lost a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The winding flights of steps and open landings of this structure are not the place for the most timid hearts, but the event is worth whatever tremors and pains it may cost. When we had reached the place of broad prospects, we found ourselves in the center of a circle of rare beauty. One beholds Mount Scopus immediately northward, and farther off and to the westward, as it is also seen from the Ascension Tower, stands Nebi Samwil, a lofty height associated traditionally with the history of the prophet Samuel. Behind these objects of interest is a background of hills dotted with historic villages. From this quarter, throughout the long centuries, came most of the foes of Jerusalem, since in ancient times the city was almost impregnable from any other direction.

The westward prospect from the Mount of Olives is that of Jerusalem. The City of the Great King is quite near, a half to three fourths of a mile distant. It lies across the Kedron Valley, the bottom of which is about three hundred and fifty-five feet below the mountain-top. The entire eastern wall of Jerusalem is in plain sight. The center of the picture is, of course, the Temple Area, on Mount Moriah, the site of the place of worship which David was not permitted to build, but which was erected

by his son Solomon. Zerubbabel's temple and Herod's also were once here, and Hadrian's was close by. Now the area is centered in the Dome of the Rock, miscalled the Mosque of Omar, while at the southern end is El Aksa, The Distant, meaning the farthest sanctuary to which Mohammed traveled.

The Dome of the Rock, when seen from the right perspective, is one of the most impressive of buildings, but the view from Olivet takes in not only Mount Moriah, but Mount Zion with its Tomb of David, and northward the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. About the structures named and farther away are others of less fame, while in the distance is the new city, and encircling hills, 'the mountains round about Jerusalem,' on its westward side, beyond which lie the Plain of Sharon and the great blue sea. No other views of the Holy City are as complete and picturesque as are those from Scopus and Olivet. In the right light of sun or moon, or even through a mist which conceals the dreariness of stone walls and rude earth, the domed and towered temples affect the imagination like a dream of the New Jerusalem let down out of heaven to adorn and beautify the earth.

Turning southward, from our mountain height is visible the road to Bethlehem and Hebron. Bethlehem itself may be seen from high places of Scopus and Olivet at suitable times. The highway which leads there starts from the Jaffa Gate and the Citadel, and winds downward through valleys green with spring vegetation and glistening in the sunshine. To the southeast and east lies

the Wilderness of Judæa, place of mysterious desolations and mystic memories. Then comes the wide plain of the lower Jordan and of the sea whose depths are lowest of all on the surface of the earth. The far eastward vision is that of the Trans-Jordan plateau, with Gilead's mountains on the north and Moab's peaks on the south.

Whatever may be said about the site and present glories of the Hill of the Olives, it is its history which constitutes its chief interest and attraction. Above all else, in the opinion of many, the intimate connection of this spot with the life of Jesus Christ gives it an altitude in the regard of men not given to the loftiest of mountain peaks. Here Jesus loved to resort, with His disciples, or in solitary communion. On the slopes of Olivet He sat foretelling events to come, the destruction of the Holy City, the trials, persecutions, and final triumph of His followers. Here He met the concourse from the city when He entered as its Lord. At the base of this mountain Christ was betrayed, and from some one of its high hillocks He was lifted up into heaven. Surely a significant and sacred object of pilgrimage and trysting-place this is for increasing multitudes of seekers after God.

Much difference of opinion has arisen as to the exact spot from which Jesus viewed Jerusalem and, looking down upon its stately walls, its imposing towers, and its majestic temple, mourned over its transgressions and its hastening doom. There is an open field on one of the southern slopes of Olivet, not far from the present road from Bethphage and Bethany, where one obtains a magnificent near view of the whole city site, especially of the

Temple Area. It may as well have been just there as anywhere, and certainly it is not far from this vantage-point that the coming King paused on the occasion of His triumphant entry, 'saw the city and wept over it.' We walked into this green pasture, sought its most sightly eminence, and looked across the valley at the high places of Moriah and Zion. Two thousand years seemed to roll away and on the winds of the past came this lament of the One surpassing Lover of Israel: 'If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, when thine enemies shall cast up a bank about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall dash thee to the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.'

CHAPTER XIII

The Other Side of Jordan

WHICH is the other side of Jordan? An old hymn designates the other side as opposite Eden, but the name Transjordanica indicates a more definite location, namely, that opposite Palestine on the east. My purpose is to consider some features of the territory on both sides of the much revered river.

Before the British took charge of government in that vicinity, it was not easy to go down from Jerusalem to Jericho without falling among thieves. The thieves are still there, but they are not as busy as they are around Chicago and the town you live in. The road is still down, down, down, nearly two thirds of a mile drop if one could fall straight instead of driving twenty-one miles on the highway. A good road it is, too, since it was modernized, with many windings by which the mountain grades are made possible. At the start, after passing Gethsemane, the way is upward to Bethany, where was the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, and the house of Simon the Leper in which the woman broke the costly alabaster cruse of ointment and poured its rich contents on the head of Jesus. The dark hole with twenty-two steps called the tomb of Lazarus and the alleged house of Mary and Martha are hardly worth a small coin to the keepers. Jesus was somewhere here, however, and also must more than once have traversed the way which is made famous

by the Parable of the Good Samaritan. The spring called the Apostles' Fountain, about five miles from the city, has doubtless refreshed many pilgrims for centuries — who knows but the immediate followers of Jesus among the others? The so-called Good Samaritan's Inn, halfway to Jericho, very probably does not mark the spot where an unfortunate traveler received a good man's kindness when others passed him by. On the trip through the wilderness old trenches used by the soldiers of the Great War may be seen on the hillsides.

Three Jerichos, ancient, old, and new, are interesting, but not particularly attractive. Ancient Jericho is just west of the copious spring known as the Fountain of Elisha, and is the source of many valuable archæological discoveries. Herod the Great died in the Jericho of his day, and the ruins of his palace were found near the remains of a great reservoir, also constructed by Herod, and known as the Pool of Moses. The water-supply kept here was used in an irrigation system which made the fields about it productive. Present Jericho, mostly inhabited by dark-skinned Bedouins, has a few good buildings, and the land about it, watered by Elisha's Fountain, is fertile and abounds with tropical vegetation. Gardens and fruit trees give to this town from a distance the appearance of an oasis in a desert.

The Place of Baptism, one of the important fords of the Jordan, is about four miles below the Allenby Bridge, a steel structure which replaced in 1919 a wooden one destroyed by the Turks. It is thought by many that the Israelites crossed into the Promised Land by this ford,

and that the parting of the waters by Elijah and Elisha was at the same point. The beautiful legend of Saint Christopher is also associated with this locality. The most significant event connected with the place is the baptism of Christ. Therefore, great numbers of pilgrims come here for the same rite, especially on Epiphany, January 6, and during Holy Week. It was once my good fortune to be present when a large company of Copts from Egypt were camped by the side of the stream. I saw them when they came from their tents upon the bank after they had donned white robes for the sacrament. I remember seeing a child, covered head and all, plunged into the stream in such a way that the sacred water came into contact with the entire body. I recall watching a very old man, as he seized the overhanging branch of a tree and let himself down by means of this bending support until even his hands were covered. How he ever managed to hold to the limb and clamber back ashore by its aid I cannot understand, but the feat would have done credit to a trained athlete. The baptismal service as a whole was very solemn and affecting. Many of this throng had trudged for great distances. It was the experience of a lifetime to them. A Moslem who is fortunate enough to visit Mecca could not be happier. Well I knew that the white robes would be dried, folded carefully, carried back home, and kept to become the burial-garments of their possessors.

A little boat rowed by a thrifty Greek bore us across the swift, dark stream which averages but a hundred feet in width. The banks of the river, except for an occasional

opening, are a tangle of tamarisk, poplar, and willow trees, with rank shrubbery. In a tiny refreshment garden near the Place of Baptism at the time of my first visit I saw stuffed animals, specimens of species taken in the jungle, hyena, jackal, wild boar, and porcupine. Jeremiah witnesses that lions were once found here. The river teems with fish, and the bird-life of the Ghor, as the Valley of the Jordan is called, is abundant.

We crossed into Transjordan by the Allenby Bridge, about five miles east of Jericho. Beyond this is a low plain. Apples of Sodom, described by Josephus, grow here. The leaves are big, round, and leathery, and the fruit looks like a rather large green apple, but it consists of nothing much but skin, and pops when you squeeze it. The ancient name of the Trans-Jordan was Gilead. Its capital is Ammam, one of the Philadelphias of history. This country is part of the British Mandate, but is governed by Emir Abdallah, autonomous prince, with a British Representative as adviser. The High Commissioner for Palestine has the same office across the Jordan. As we traveled upward from the lowlands, the valley through which we passed became narrow and the sides steep. We saw masses of pink oleanders along the stream. A few miles brought us to a spot where, partly buried in the alluvium and undergrowth of the bed of the stream, we saw the noted Turkish gun called 'Jericho Jane.' During the Great War this piece of artillery shelled Jericho, doing considerable damage before it was silenced. The sides of the valley are pitted here and there with caves such as are found in many parts of this stony coun-

try. These were doubtless in prehistoric times the homes of cave-dwellers.

We did not stop at Es Salt on the outward journey, but passed on to the clean and quite prosperous-looking Circassian town called Sweileh. There we turned northward on the road to our first main objective, Jerash, or Gerasa of the olden day. As we went down into the first of a series of immense valleys, I could think of nothing so much as vast, inverted green basins. These depressions and their wide-sweeping, treeless sides are singularly impressive. The road was not much to boast of, but, with the exception of a few stony portions, was negotiable without serious discomfort. Bedouins we saw sometimes at a distance and occasionally nearer by, but the towns, save for one Turkoman village, are quite small, and it is mainly an open grazing country. Sometimes ruins were passed, for this was once the Roman province of Arabia, and remains of the civilization spread abroad in imperial centuries by the city on the Tiber are still in evidence.

The approach to the river or brook Jabbok gave us a real sensation, because of the beauty of the scene and on account of the story of what was experienced here by the Patriarch Jacob. The surrounding mountains are of sandstone which in exposed places is often brightly colored. We rode on ridges very high above the lovely valley and gazed down flower-starred slopes and rocky steeps at the winding stream. We reached the bridge in the vale about noon, and decided that it was time for luncheon. Descending from our car we went across a field to the side of the Jabbok, a pleasant shallow brook ten yards or

more across. There the blossom-laden oleanders of dark green foliage were a dozen or more feet high. We found a smooth and grassy plot, and spread out the viands we had brought, which included sandwiches, eggs, and as usual on such trips delicious big Jaffa oranges. In the balmy sunshine, surrounded by the rich fields of the valley, we ate our fill and rejoiced in the delight of living. We thought of the strange experience of Jacob in wrestling beside this brook until he gained strength for his duties and difficulties. The Scriptures record other incidents connected with the stream. Jacob and Esau were reconciled here, and when the Israelites seeking to enter Canaan contended with the children of Ammon, they smote their opponents and 'possessed their land from the Arnon to the Jabbok.' The death of Absalom, caught by his hair and hanged in a tree after the collapse of his rebellion against his father, King David, has also been located in this vicinity.

When we came down the hills toward the bridge before luncheon, we saw across the stream an automobile standing at the left side of the highway. An Arab was guarding the machine, and he explained that the car had broken down and that the owner had gone to the city for parts. The watchman had been without food for two days and was about famished, as there had been no passers-by who could supply his wants. Abdallah, with his usual kindness of heart, divided with the man, and we also furnished a portion of our refreshments. The Bedouin was greatly pleased, and with the apt felicity of his people in expressing gratitude he said to Abdallah, 'You had the right father and mother.'

Our next task was to ascend the hills on the other side of the valley, going northward until we came to a region of olive and oak trees and soon to a splendid pine forest, such as is not often seen in this denuded portion of the world. In one of the great valleys threaded by a rippling brook, we saw a handsome old aqueduct and mill-race with a picturesque archway. Shrubbery and vines added beauty to the structure. Another hill and valley were added to our conquests, and at last we saw the Triumphal Arch beside the Hippodrome of Jerash, one of the cities of the ancient Decapolis.

Modern Jerash is a Circassian town dating from 1870. It covers less than half the territory of ancient Gerasa, and is built in an old-clothes style of architecture, largely of stone taken from the ruins of the rich and wonderful city of the past. The Wady Jerash divides the site into two parts. The place was prosperous soon after the days of Alexander the Great, under Antiochus and during the reigns of the Ptolemies and Trajan. At one time a population was here of sixty or seventy thousand people, a great number for those days. Two facts make the remains of Jerash exceptionally interesting. The ruins are so numerous and so well preserved as to give the visitor a fascinating example of a Roman city whose typical forms are still standing. One gets a clear picture of the arrangement of the public buildings, temples, theaters, baths, circus, market-place, as well as of the walls, towers, gates, and streets. The other unique feature of this historic monument is that its buildings display clearly the process by which structures, rites, and ideals of pagan origin were rebaptized into Christian institutions.

The ruins of Gerasa are too extensive and complete to be described adequately in anything less than a volume. The triumphal arch on the south side of town is thirty-nine feet high with a central and two side portals, ornamented with acanthus-leaf patterns. It is supposed to date from the second century of the Christian era, but the builder is unknown. The great hippodrome beside the arch is a hundred and seventy yards long by sixty wide. On its northern end, either originally a part of the structure or separate from it, is a circus with four surrounding rows of seats. This building is two hundred and fifty-nine by eighty feet in dimensions. A little farther north is the southern gate of the city. The walls have been fully traced and include in a kind of semicircle a tract a mile or more in extent from west to east, and three fourths of a mile from north to south. A long colonnaded street runs from the forum to the northern gate. It is paved with massive stones in which may be seen deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels of seventeen hundred years ago. Looking at this roadway, I thought, Those were the days of the real rough-riders. The columns of this noble avenue have Ionic or beautiful Corinthian capitals. Elevated sidewalks were on each side of the street, with crossing-stones at intervals.

The remains of Gerasa, wonderfully preserved despite the havoc of earthquakes, are of two classes. The older Roman buildings are of excellent architectural work. They comprise a theater, a peristyle temple of Zeus, baths, a nymphæum with an elaborately decorated fountain, a great temple of Artemis, some of whose col-



JERASH (GERASA) IN TRANSJORDANIA

umns with their capitals are standing, and other structures of worship and of utility. In the midst of this wealth of classical material are found Christian buildings, the largest of which, dedicated to Saint Theodore, was erected just at the close of the fifth century of our era. It is located in the heart of the city by the side of the temple of Artemis, and was brought to light by the excavations of the Yale-British Expedition of 1928. The Department of Antiquities has enumerated remains of ten churches in the city. It is easy to trace the walls, chapels, and apses of some of these well-equipped houses of worship, with provision for the rite of baptism, for the anointing of candidates for church membership, and for catechetical instruction. If quite a little time is not given to this large area of significant relics, the effect upon the mind is one of confusion. Exquisite carvings, mosaics such as that in the church called the Basilica of the Bridge, which contains two verses of the Greek version of the eighty-fifth Psalm, and many choice columns and capitals, demand and repay thoughtful consideration.

We know that Jesus entered the country beyond Jordan many times, but whether He ever visited the region about Jerash it is impossible to say. Our little group returned well satisfied with the excursion to Gerasa, going back to Sweileh by the up-the-hill-down-the-valley road by which we had come. This up-and-down experience, though on a vastly greater scale, reminded me of car-rides at the American fairs and amusement parks. Sometimes the ascents and descents were so precipitous and

sudden that it seemed as if we were about to attempt to loop the loop.

We left Sweileh for the capital of Transjordan, Ammam. This is Rabbath Ammon of the Old Testament and the Greek and Roman Philadelphia of the Decapolis. It is a Moslem town with some Circassians, and has about twenty thousand population. This is the heart of an agricultural state which claims around two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a station on the railway from Damascus to Medina and is about seventy miles by automobile road from Jerusalem.

Ammam — accent on last syllable — contains impressive Roman and Byzantine remains, and tombs of Moabitish and Hebrew origin. Opposite the Philadelphia Hotel, quite an imposing inn in which we took quarters, is a well-preserved theater of the Roman period, said to be the largest in the land, possessing three tiers of seats and thirty-five steps. The dimensions are two hundred and twenty-eight by one hundred and twenty-four feet, and beneath the terraces are vaults. The structure seated three or four thousand spectators and was doubtless used for gladiatorial combats. At Madeba, about twenty miles south, are valuable ruins of a fifth-century church with an old mosaic map of Palestine. Several undetermined historic sites have been located by aid of the Greek names on this unique map.

I much desired to meet Abdallah Ibn Hussein, Emir of Transjordan, and one of the notable characters in Lawrence's thrilling story of *The Revolt in the Desert*. He is a son of former King Hussein of the Hedjaz and brother

of Feisal, King of Iraq. Feisal and Abdallah were leaders in the campaign conducted during the Great War by Colonel Lawrence in conjunction with General Allenby by which Arabia, Transjordan, and Damascus were conquered and held by the Allies. The Emir's palace is on a high hill, Kala'a, in the northern end of the town. We were greeted at the entrance of the modern official residence of the ruler by a uniformed functionary with whom our guide Abdallah dealt as persuasively as usual. We were politely ushered into a reception-room where several well-dressed gentlemen awaited audience. The word America is a great open-sesame in many parts of the world, especially if joined by such complimentary statements as I am afraid our skilled conductor made about us. Certain applicants for audience were kept waiting on our account, and some were turned out of the presence that we might be admitted. We were conducted into the inner office and were introduced by the usual skilled interpreter to the King's son, war hero, and present ruler of an attractive and quite productive country.

The Emir is not tall, and is doubtless a bit heavier than he was in the hard-riding, abstemious days of the Arabian campaign. He is possessed of affable dignity, and he is doubtless as worthy of the reward he received for his services during the War as anyone who might have been selected for the place of honor and of responsibility which he occupies. Abdallah's eyes are keen and watchful, like those of intelligent Arabs generally, but his smile is readier than that of many of his people. He was gracious enough to say that he welcomes visitors to his realm and

to its historic monuments. He declared that his country is progressing in wealth and culture, and he spoke with evident enthusiasm of some of the ambitions of those whom he governs. Abdallah is courteous to women and displays friendly interest in those who call upon him, bearing himself in everything with a kind of poise, not to say distinction, which befits his station. We noticed in leaving that the new palace is rather more garish than becoming to its ancient environment and lofty situation. Among the retainers of the Emir is one of the blackest, straightest, and handsomest Nubians we saw in the East.

That rulers of near-by Moslem states, if unwise or inordinately ambitious, might constitute a serious embarrassment to the Government of Palestine was indicated a few years since when the Emir of Transjordan came to Jerusalem to counsel with the British Colonial Secretary. Abdallah, in company with Governor Ronald Storrs, visited the Mosque of Omar. No sooner had he arrived there than an excitement arose. In a few minutes two thousand or more Moslems had crowded into the Haram. One of the company took up the shout, 'Thanks be to God that the son of the King is among us! Thanks be to God that the day of tyranny will soon pass!' This leader denounced Zionists, British, and all infidels, and only the good judgment of Abdallah, together with an effective remonstrance by the Governor, prevented an unpleasant and perhaps a disastrous outbreak.

The day after our visit to Emir Abdallah, we traveled pleasantly back on the green tablelands and down the valleys toward the Jordan. When we neared the vicinity

of Es Salt, our guide made one of his many thoughtful suggestions. He asked if we would like to go to the tomb of the Old Testament prophet Hosea and see one of the finest views of the Jordan Valley. Of course we would, and so the car was turned off the smooth highway for difficult country roads and rocky trails which many guides would avoid unless offered substantial inducements, and of whose existence we should have been left unaware by the ordinary director of tours. We bumped over the ground for more than an hour and then arrived at the top of Jebel Osha', the highest mountain in this part of the country, the elevation being around thirty-six hundred feet. Here is an old sepulcher of the usual type of such memorials, built of rough stones, oblong, with a whitewashed dome. Within this building is shown the sarcophagus of a giant, a structure originally, we were told, thirty yards long. The people were afraid to come with their offerings to the grave of such a tall man and so the burial-case was somewhat shortened. We saw cloth, pillow-cases, baby blankets, and various bottled liquids which have been brought to this place by sufferers from diseases and by their friends, who believe that healing may be found through gifts and prayers offered at the tomb of the prophet.

We shall always be grateful that we had the privilege of beholding the great green Ghor of the Jordan from such an amazing point of vantage. Here the fertile valley is wide and luxurious. Many miles of it are visible. The atmosphere was so pure and luminous that the vegetation below and the hills above stood out as if etched by the

pencil of a master artist, as indeed they were. At our left far below were the hill-encircled waters of the Dead Sea. Opposite our eminence, in the foreground, was the Quarantania of the Crusaders, the traditional Mount of Temptation, where, though without evidence, it is said that Jesus was tempted in the wilderness for forty days. Beyond that, above the bare hills, could be seen the tip of the Mount of Olives. Northeastward in full view stood out the hills of blessing and cursing, Gerizim and Ebal. One is looking up the deepest gorge of a planet no other part of which, not covered with water, sinks more than three hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Here is a great trench from two to fifteen miles wide whose base opposite Jebel Osha' is more than four times lower than is any other similar depression on earth and which sinks southward to the Dead Sea but a few miles away. Northward up this cut across the valley are the Mountain of Judæa and the hills of Samaria and Galilee. Far away above the sources of the sacred river, standing with its white crown bared to the sun, is glorious Mount Hermon, by some thought to be the summit on which Jesus was transfigured.

We descended from our vision of a landscape picture which cannot adequately be described, and paid a brief visit to the steep hill town, Es Salt. This unusual name is from the Latin *saltus*, a grove, and refers to forests in the neighborhood. This town is somewhat less than half Christian and the majority Moslem, and is noted for the fine grapes which are gathered from the extensive vineyards which surround it. When we had descended

to the plain and had recrossed the Allenby Bridge, we drove to Jericho for refreshments, which we found at a passable hotel. Then we rode between the blossoming mimosas, past the orange, banana, and palm trees of the ancient town, across the broad valley up to Nebi Moussa, and then back to our Jerusalem home.

CHAPTER XIV

Jerusalem to Nazareth

NEARLY all who pay more than a running visit to the Holy Land, and even some who have only a few hours to spend there, take the charming trip from the City of David to the boyhood home of Jesus. It is a good road in these days — one bordered by history, attended by pictures of loveliness, and beginning and ending amidst sacred associations. They who start from the imposing King David Hotel, or from some other place of entertainment on the western side of town, circle the city walls until they meet the Nablus Road which runs northward from Damascus Gate. Our trip began from the American Colony, north of the city, and we were soon upon the highway on some of whose stone blocks Saul of Tarsus doubtless trod when he traveled toward Damascus. When the one-time Emperor William II was about to visit Palestine, the Turks, among other preparations for his coming, vastly improved the old Damascus Road.

To the right as one leaves Jerusalem stands Mount Scopus, where Titus, destroyer of the city, pitched his tent in the year of devastation, A.D. 70. On the left a village soon appears which is supposed to be the site of Nob, home of the priests in very Old Testament times and location of the Tabernacle in the days of Saul. Gibeah, chief town and fortress of Benjamin, is on the right, while to the westward on a high hill, six miles north of the

city, is Nebi Samwil, by some believed to be Mizpeh, where Samuel judged Israel for twenty years and the traditional place of his birth, death, and burial. Many modern scholars locate Mizpeh at the ruins Tell-En-Nasbeh on Ramallah Road to the northward. Nebi Samwil, twenty-seven hundred and thirty feet above sea-level, is the place where the Crusaders caught their first sight of the object of their journeyings and sacrifices, Jerusalem. They named the place of this vision, Mons Gaudi, Mount of Joy. During the Great War the British occupied this height for some time before the city was captured. The summit was raked by the guns of the Central Powers. When I first visited Jerusalem, I was informed by eye-witnesses that with the aid of glasses they could see plainly from the city the destruction wrought by this bombardment. One of them told of the ruin of the mosque which crowns the eminence, and said that he happened to be looking when the tall minaret was struck by well-aimed missiles and collapsed. The tower had been replaced when I visited the town, and from its top I saw one of the most extensive and thrilling landscape cycloramas of Palestine.

Travelers who wish to do so may stop at Ramallah to visit excellent boys' and girls' schools established by American Quaker philanthropy and influence. Three fourths of a mile eastward and eight miles from Jerusalem is El-Bireh, ancient Beeroth, which has the remains of a church of the twelfth century and a bountiful spring. It is claimed that here the parents of Jesus going home from the Passover missed the lad of twelve. They went back

and found him amazing the doctors in the temple with his queries and with remarkable answers to their questions. This is the scene which is represented in Hofmann's beautiful painting in Dresden, copies and reprints of which are so widely scattered. Not far from Beeroth to the northeast about five miles is the Moslem village which replaces ancient Bethel. The earliest recorded name of this place was Luz. Bethel, meaning House of God, was so named by Jacob after he had received there his vision of the ladder from earth to heaven. In Bethel, in the days of Jeroboam, the King set up golden calves for the people to worship and was punished for his idolatry.

The journey is now over plain and ridge into a fertile valley, past Jiffna, the Gophnah captured by Vespasian, A.D. 68, to Ain Sinia and Yabrud, picturesque villages. The ruined Crusader castle of Baldwin lies on the right. The Valley of the Robbers, with trickling springs, was formerly as unsafe as it is entrancing. Ascending to the Plain of the Maidens, on the right appears Seilum, Shiloh, important when Eli and Samuel lived, and at that time the home of the Ark of the Covenant. Just before the thirty-eighth kilometer from Jerusalem, the site of Count Raymond's Crusader Church of Saint Giles appears on the left, and very soon from a hilltop is a good view of Mount Hermon, the snow-ribbed monarch of the north.

The Plains of Lubban and Askar bring the road into the Mountains of Samaria. Ebal and Gerizim are before the eyes, the one on the north a mount of cursing and the

other on the south a mount of blessing, the places where the Israelites when they came to the promised land were to be tested as to their loyalty to the commandments of God. It was on Mount Gerizim that the Samaritans built their temple about 772 B.C., but it was destroyed in 190 B.C. by John Hyrcanus. These mountains are really high, rather ungainly hills, with natural shoulders opposite one another and near enough together so that vocal communication may occur between groups upon them as in the narratives of Deuteronomy and Joshua.

Jacob's Well at the base of Mount Gerizim, kilometer 63, is one of the attested sites of the Holy Land. It is the scene of the story recorded in the fourth chapter of Saint John's Gospel. The village of Sychar, from which came the woman with whom Jesus conversed concerning the water of life, is identified with 'Askar, a town about half a mile to the north. The Well of Jacob, which is the only one in the neighborhood, is about seventy-five feet in depth and over seven feet in diameter. On two occasions four years apart I tasted the water and found it good. This source of refreshment is said to have been dug by the Patriarch Jacob when he was at Shechem. The stones lining the well appear to be very ancient. The Greek Church has covered the spot with masonry, and the room in which the well-mouth is enclosed is overdecorated with pictures and symbols of worship. Inside the building, cards and printed folders were offered for sale, and outside, various alleged antiquities were urged upon us. The Tomb of Joseph about half a mile away is held to be authentic by Moslems, Jews, and Christians.

The road from Jacob's Well to Nablus, ancient Shechem, passes between the two precipitous hills. The village of Balata, on the eastern side of Nablus, is the site of excavations by the German Archæological Institute. Large city walls and gates, a pyramid, temple, and granaries have been discovered. Beneath the fortifications are remains of a city said to date back to the Bronze Age. Shechem was the capital of the Kingdom of Israel until Omri transferred it to the near-by city of Samaria. In later times it became Flavia Neapolis, after the name of the Emperor, and Nâbulus or Nablus are corruptions of this title. A Christian bishop is said to have resided here in the earliest century of the faith. The Crusaders under Tancred captured the city from the Mohammedans. The location of Nablus is a charming one at the bottom of a valley which is about eighteen hundred feet above sea-level, with Gerizim rising eight hundred feet higher than the town. The place is the water-summit of the valley and springs pour their contents down both slopes and spread fertility and verdure everywhere. Travelers have paid many glowing tributes to the environmental enchantments of this city of above seventeen thousand souls, most of whom are Arabs. Very few Jews, perhaps five hundred Christians, and the tiny remnant of the Samaritans also abide there.

We took time to pay a visit to Khaim Ishak, High Priest of the Samaritans. One hundred and fifty men, women, and children, more or less, are all that may be found of a once numerous people. Their origin dates to the time when Sargon captured the capital of the North-

ern Kingdom, 722 B.C., carrying away many thousands of the inhabitants and replacing them with colonists from several lands he had conquered. Esarhaddon brought in others and the newcomers intermarried with the older Hebrew stock. The mixed race thus produced, and whom Judah and Benjamin refused to permit to join them in rebuilding Israel, became the Samaritans, whose pitiful group of descendants keep up the ancient customs of their fathers. They venerate the remains of their temple on Mount Gerizim. The feasts of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles are celebrated, the former with the bloody rites of crude centuries.

The Samaritan quarter is in the southwestern part of Nablus. We made our way over pavements none too clean, between walls and up steps which resound to the footfall, under heavy arches and through gateways until at length we arrived at our destination, a poor synagogue where we were met by a son of the High Priest and by one or two others of his group. We were shown the Samaritan Pentateuch, alleged to be one of the most ancient manuscripts of Old Testament Scriptures. I have been told that the earliest copy is never shown, even if a genuine original actually exists, but the document we viewed, and which is kept in a carefully locked case which opens on silver hinges, though gold would work more quickly, looks aged enough. The parchment seems to be dried and crumbling, and some of the letters of the text seem about to fall off, as indeed many have done.

After our curiosity about the chief treasure of the Samaritans, its antique roll of the law, had been satisfied,

we were taken out of the synagogue and thence to a room at the top of a flight of stone steps, where Khaim Isaac — for that is what Ishak means — was awaiting our arrival. Anyone who meets the Samaritan leader, or who sees his likeness, does not need to be told that he is evidently related to Israel. He has the distinctive features, especially the high nose, of the Jew. His office is hereditary in the family to which he belongs. As the High Priest speaks excellent English, our group of four sat on cushions beside him and enjoyed a pleasant conversation. The Samaritans are very poor, we were told. They are not many, because they have few women and children. They are very loyal to the tradition which has come down to them, to the sacred Book which they preserve and revere, and to the practice of their holy religion. Their great need is a worthy temple. I was asked to intercede with Mr. Rockefeller to make them a gift which would enable them to build a satisfactory shrine and place of worship. I inferred that help from any other source would be agreeably received.

It is still true, and one of the confirmations of Scripture, that the Samaritans are not popular. The Jews are not the only ones who do not like them, for a Greek Christian spoke to me about them very contemptuously as being great beggars and untrustworthy. One of our ladies requested a little favor of the younger men which would require a trifle of postage in return for quite substantial gifts presented them. They took the money^⁹ and then haggled about the little service, especially over the cost of it, until Abdallah told them they ought to be ashamed,

and threatened to bring them no more patrons. However, Khaim Ishak himself was very gracious. He expressed himself as being deeply religious and as having a kindly attitude toward all the people of God. Before we left he presented each of us with an illustrated booklet which contains the story of the Good Samaritan, with pictures of his helpfulness to the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and who fell among thieves. I know two little families of children in America who were pleased by these books, the possession of which is at least presumptive evidence that there was once one good Samaritan.

The village of Sebastieh, old Samaria, is the next and near-by place of interest. The town was founded by Omri, King of Israel, and was the capital until captured by Sargon. Herod the Great beautified and fortified the city. Aside from the Crusader Church of Saint John, the alleged tombs of Saint John the Baptist, Obadiah, and Elijah, there are remains of the old Senate House, and Harvard excavations have unearthed portions of the castle, of Herod's temple, built in honor of Augustus, and parts of a stadium and of the large city gate, flanked by two round towers.

From the next ascent to which the road leads, an expansive view is obtained of the region from Mount Carmel and the Mediterranean to Hermon. We are beside the railway, and are soon in the foothills near Esdraelon, northern Palestine's great plain. At kilometer 100, a round knoll on the right is said to be Dothan, where the brothers of Joseph put him in a well, which may perhaps be the very opening now called the Pit of Joseph. The

Plain of Dothan is a trifle higher than the surrounding fields. Jenin, a little farther on, supposed to be the Engannim of Joshua and meaning 'Spring of the Gardens,' is traditionally the scene of the cure of the ten lepers described in Saint Luke's Gospel. One sees no lepers now among the four thousand or more people of this largely Mohammedan town, which possesses a charming brook and a railway station.

As the road skirts the Mountains of Gilboa, attention is given to the locality where Saul fought his last battle and where he and David's loyal friend Jonathan ended their lives. The attack on the Midianites by Gideon and his band of three hundred chosen followers occurred below Gilboa. The road to Ain Jalud, Gideon's Fountain, starts to the right only a little north of Jenin, and the Jews have a settlement at the spring which is called Ain Harod. Beisan — whose mighty mound, Tell el-Hosn, is the Old Testament Bethshean, and the classical Scythopolis — lies eastward down the valley.

Passing on the right Zerin, Jezreel, once the home of Ahab and Jezebel, Little Hermon, the Hill of Moreh, named in Judges, is in clear view. In going toward El-Fule, another railway station, Mount Carmel is plainly visible to the left at the other end of the Plain of Esdraelon, while before the eyes are the mountains of northern Galilee in the lower heights of which lies Nazareth. After passing El-Fule, Sulim or Shunem, home of the Shunammite woman of the Second Book of Kings, is on the right, and just beyond, north of Little Hermon, is Nain, the place of the raising of the widow's son. Mount

Tabor is now very near, with sloping sides and capped with a tableland a quarter of a mile long and more than four hundred yards wide.

A Jewish colony, Balfouria, is on the right. This place, purchased in 1925 by the American Zion Commonwealth, bears the name of the author of the Balfour Declaration. After passing another settlement of like character, Tell Adas, the road begins the ascent toward Nazareth. The home of the Witch of Endor is in sight from the highway. An abrupt eminence near at hand as the machine mounts upward is the Hill of Precipitation. This is one of the places pointed out as the spot where some residents of the town, angered by the plain speech of Jesus, essayed to cast Him headlong from the summit, 'but he passing through the midst of them went his way.'

A wonderful journey of ninety miles from Jerusalem is ended when the boyhood home of Jesus is reached. Seen from the plain, Nazareth stands high on a rocky hilltop, the road winding upward to reach it. From another point the town seems more level and its true height is not realized. An account of the population of Nazareth, nearly nine thousand, shows that fifty-five hundred are Christian in adherence, the Orthodox leading, and the rest, save for less than a hundred Jews, are Moslems. The town is not mentioned in the Old Testament, but there are evidences to prove early Jewish habitation. Christianity came after the time of Constantine, but this faith suffered by the Mohammedan Conquest of the seventh century. The Crusades resulted in the establishment of a number of churches, and the episcopal see was transferred thither

from Scythopolis. Turks expelled the Christians in 1517, but the Franciscans established themselves in Nazareth a century later. Napoleon entered the town in 1799 and the British in 1918. The Hotel Galilee and the Austrian Hospice are places of entertainment which I have used during five interesting visits. Franciscans and others also receive guests. Despite the placid appearance and nominal Christianity of Nazareth, an American woman of my acquaintance was warned that it was not at all wise to indulge in her habit of wandering about the streets at unusual hours.

On two of the Sundays of our latest journey through Palestine, we were in the Hill City of Galilee. One of these was Palm Sunday, which began in Jerusalem but was mainly spent in Nazareth. We attended a service in the Church of the Annunciation connected with the Franciscan Monastery in the southern part of the town. While the Catholic ritual contains elements which I have never carefully studied and do not fully comprehend, I have never found it impossible or difficult to enter into the spirit of worship in any Christian Church. Familiarity with the life of Saint Francis and recollections of the lovely vale of Umbria and of its fragrant memorials make a Franciscan sanctuary seem congenial. A very considerable company of people, including many children, joined in the offices of praise and prayer appropriate to the thought of the Triumphal Entry on the first Palm Sunday of history.

The Church of the Annunciation is a prominent structure built in 1730, in size seventy-two by fifty-five feet.

It has a nave and two aisles with dividing pillars. The site is declared to be that of the home of Joseph and Mary, and a grotto beneath the high altar is represented as the place where an angel spoke to Mary, saying, 'Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee.' This grotto is cut into the rock, which is faced with marble. It contains two chambers, one of which has an altar with the inscription, *Verbum caro hic factum est* — Here the word was made flesh. Above the altar is an attractive painting of the Annunciation. The floor was once covered with mosaics, remains of which may be seen. It is said that the first church on this site was built in the fourth century by Saint Helena. Portions of the structure are shown in the apse under the high altar. The Crusaders also built a church here covering the ancient ruins. The apses of the later structure are visible in the present edifice and the museum of the monastery contains among other relics five capitals displaying scenes in the lives of the apostles.

It happened that in the afternoon of Palm Sunday preparation was going on for a wedding of some importance in Nazareth. It was our good fortune to witness a public felicitation of the bridegroom. This occurred in an open space not far from the center of the town. The man involved was seated on a horse in the midst of a throng of two or three hundred men. He was obliged to sit for several hours in a quite formal attitude, holding up before him alternatively a tiny child and some flowers suitable to the occasion. The circle of alleged friends, all of whom were later to be feasted by him, danced,

stamped, sang, and shouted their congratulations. They repeated the same words over and over tediously, and as mirthlessly as Arabs alone seem able to make their expressions of sentiment. We were told that such a marriage as was being celebrated was a costly affair, considered from the standpoint of the bridegroom's resources. No wonder the central figure of the group seemed more uncomfortable and worried than fortunate and happy. He appeared to be looking at no one in particular, to be hearing little that was of interest, and to be thinking nothing very cheerful. If he had spoken, it would not have been surprising if he had exclaimed, as did another unfortunate, 'If it were not for the honor of the thing, I should prefer to get off and walk.'

Nearly all who visit Nazareth see the Church of the Annunciation and the Franciscan Monastery, the Grotto of the Annunciation, with its beautiful painting, the alleged House and Workshop of Joseph, not far northeast of the monastery, the synagogue which is said to be the place where Jesus preached the sermon on account of which He was taken out of the city by enraged hearers to be cast down the Hill of Precipitation, and the Chapel of Mensa Christi at the western edge of the town where tradition has it that Christ dined with His disciples after the resurrection. The Holy Family, by François le Fond, in the House of Joseph, is a fine painting which the traveler should not miss. Postcards of this artistic work are popular remembrances to friends at home.

Those who care to do so may inspect certain private homes in Nazareth, and will receive every evidence of

hospitality. In one house of the better class, the owner of which is a tradesman, I was plied with many questions concerning America and Western social and religious ideas and customs. A home among the lowly greatly interested two American ladies in the company of Abdallah and myself. We were shown the single large room of the house, in half of which animals and fowls reside, and in the other half, on a level perhaps two feet higher, the family abide. The verbs in the foregoing sentence were chosen for their appropriateness. Relatively speaking, the creatures of lower order are better off in such quarters than are the humans. The housewife showed quite proudly her primitive mill for grinding grain, and we were all taken to the public oven in the neighborhood not far away where bread is baked on coals at a price far below the dreams of avarice.

Nazareth is a place of many children. One Sunday morning, that of the Greek Easter, I was wakened very early by children playing just outside one of our windows. Their voices were musical, as those of happy boys and girls always are. As I listened, I thought, Here it is that in the long ago a child played among his fellows who 'grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.' As he became older, he 'advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men.' This child was destined to become more thought and talked about than any boy who ever lived, and he did more than any other to establish the divinity of child life.

Two places in Nazareth are definitely and closely as-

sociated with the boyhood of Jesus. I am not thinking of the alleged House or Workshop of Joseph. I do have in mind the Spring of the Virgin, often called Jesus' Spring, Gabriel's Spring, and Mary's Well. It is a copious source of water, and is the only spring which Nazareth can boast. Continuous traditions have throughout the centuries clustered about this spot to which today mothers and children in large numbers come for water. It has always seemed to me a marvelous feat which Eastern women accomplish gracefully when they carry homeward, balanced on their heads, often without a steadying hand, great jars of water from their springs or wells. The Spring of the Virgin is one of the most thrilling of all places to witness this achievement. The bearers of water-jars in Nazareth, if not always handsome, are erect and dignified, and sometimes they are young and beautiful. So, it may well be thought, was Mary when to and from this very spring without reasonable doubt she bore the water for her household attended by a lad whose words were sometimes so unusual and significant that it is recorded, 'His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.'

Nazareth is a town of hills and valleys, and under its best conditions is possessed of much beauty. The most attractive spot is a certain high place on an eminence above the town. Whoever stands there, as I have more than once discovered, will find himself held in the thrall-dom of a scene rich, not only in physical loveliness, but in historic significance. The broad Valley of Esdraelon, with Tabor and Gilboa on the left, Megiddo and the

Mountains of Samaria southward, and Carmel's proud promontory to the right westward, is viewed from this place of vantage with a completeness which is equaled by not more than two other points of observation and which is surpassed by none. However, the chief interest in the hill-crest above Nazareth is not its sightliness. We may be confident that no boy ever grew up in this locality whose feet did not press the paths leading to this summit and tarry on the height, while their owner reveled in the free atmosphere and the wide prospects which characterize the place. Jesus stood on this hill. With a boy's fresh enthusiasm He beheld the very landscapes and natural monuments which have persisted throughout the centuries between His own age and ours. He who wishes to be certain that he is near the haunts once actually frequented by the Son of man may attain that confidence beside the Well of Mary and on the sunny ridges which lift themselves above the roofs and towers of Nazareth.

CHAPTER XV

A Day and Night on Mount Carmel

MORE than one day and night may be profitably spent on the long bold ridge which juts out toward the Mediterranean on the western end of the Plain of Esdraelon, and which is the Mount Carmel of the history and traditions of Elijah. I have visited the mountain several times. One of my days there included a very rough climb by automobile up to the Place of Burning, El Mouhraqa, named as the site of the altar of Elijah.

The record is that here four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, when challenged by their stern opponent, the one prophet of God, despite strenuous efforts to bring down fire from heaven to consume the sacrifices on their altars, failed utterly to establish the power of their deity. The false leaders, discomfited, were taken down to the river Kishon and were slain. The visitor is shown a *tell* or great mound in the valley beside the river which is said to be the place where this judgment was executed.

Abdallah, as I have remarked elsewhere, never hesitates to put his car through its paces. We surely had a ride up that mountain, back and forth, over stony places, winding slowly aloft to the convent and chapel on the summit! There we found two Carmelites, one of whom, Brother Leopold, spoke perfect English, having spent thirty-five years in Madras. Alack! we heard afterward that this ruddy and genial man was in this lonesome spot

as discipline for some infraction or other of the rules of his Order. He showed us every courtesy, displaying a few curios, some of these of Phœnician glass, which he had gathered in his travels and on the mountain. We enjoyed the flora of the garden and of the surrounding wild, and the views afar which glorify such a place of vantage.

Mount Carmel is considered by many to be the finest eminence of Palestine. It is so well watered by heavy dews that the surface continues green throughout the year. The length of the mountain is some fifteen miles, and its width varies from three miles to five. Valleys lead down in various directions to the plains which almost surround it and to the vast sea into whose waters it so boldly projects its northern point.

The city of Haifa, a community of above fifty thousand souls, is charmingly located at the base of the outer and northern end of Mount Carmel. On various occasions I have enjoyed the hospitality of this town and the sight of its bright little harbor, substantially improved of late. The shore-line of the bay is a segment of a circle at the other extremity of which is the ancient fortress of Acre. Traveling on the well-paved hillside road of Haifa, and continuing to mount gradually upward, one comes at length to the cradle of the Carmelite Order. This foundation, once piously attributed to the fearless Elijah himself, dates from the days of the Crusader Bertrand, Count of Limoges. The knight, with ten comrades, founded a monastery on Mount Carmel in the year 1156. Originally a group of hermits, the members were changed from

eremitical to community life and were recognized as mendicants by Innocent IV in 1245. The Order is found, though not numerous, in the United States and also in Europe. When I last visited the Monastery of Elijah, the Carmelites were preparing for a great gathering and council, to be attended by representatives from all lands. The church was being thoroughly improved and embellished by really artistic decorations. Under its high altar is a cave in which Elijah is said to have lived. The terrace at the top of the monastery gives the beholder a remarkable series of pictures. Northward across the bay is the town of Acre, with the Syrian coast and Tyre in the dim distance. Westward is the mighty sea, the cradle of the civilizations of old. Southeastern objects are Esdraelon and the mountains of Samaria, while to the east are the hills of Galilee beyond which lie Tabor and Hermon.

In Haifa, at various times, I met interesting people. Among these was Shoghi Effendi, eldest grandson and heir of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, the Master of Bahá'ís, by whom he was named first Guardian of the Cause. Our little party drank Turkish coffee one afternoon on a terrace in the lovely gardens at the Carmel-side home and shrine of the eclectic Babist sect, a pantheistical religion which is said to have over a million disciples in Persia. A part of the education of Shoghi Effendi was acquired at Oxford, and he has knowledge not only of the language but of the lands of the West.

Here also I made the acquaintance of two pupils of the learned German professor, Franz Delitzsch. One of these

men is a noted Hebraist, teacher, and author, W. M. Christie. His accounts of the genealogies and language of Jesus have been noteworthy. He has made important contributions to the knowledge of the League of Nations concerning Palestinian and Syrian peoples and their needs. Doctor Christie told me of recent interest in Christian literature on the part of Jewish teachers. Many copies of the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, have been purchased and are used in Jewish schools of Haifa and vicinity. It was only a few weeks before my visit with him that a very remarkable paper written by this erudite scholar on the Renaissance of Hebrew was read in his absence by the chairman of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, the Victoria Institute, at a meeting of the Society held in the Central Buildings, Westminster, London. The author reported in this monograph the almost complete passage from Palestine of Yiddish-Jargon, Ladino, and other corruptions of the language of the Jews. He stated that ninety-eight per cent of the Jewish population in the land now speak pure Hebrew, which is no longer a dead or even a dying tongue, nor is it still reserved for the sanctuary as too holy for common use. This renewal of its ancient speech Doctor Christie regards as a significant symbol of the revival of Israel, both as a nation and as a factor in the world's history.

The other student of Delitzsch with whom I conversed in Haifa was Pastor M. Schneider who is connected with the Karmel-Mission. This is a society of German evangelicals whose main buildings are located, as are some

Catholic and Jewish hospices, well up on the mountain-side, though the educational work of the Mission is conducted down in the city. The good man who saved this organization from disaster during a financial crisis, and who has been a constant supporter and guide of its devout labors, is exceedingly gentle and retiring in demeanor, but is as firm in his convictions as he is in his fidelity to the interests of his people. I shall long remember the tranquillity of the Karmel-Missionsheim, with its wide outlook over the sea and its serene insight into Christian experience. On the morning after the first night we passed within the high walls of this resting-place, I was singularly impressed by the simple devotions which followed the early meal. Marked reverence attended the reading of Scripture and brief but earnest sentences of thanksgiving and of petition. The guest who had been asked to conduct this service proved to be an American missionary to Deraa, Syria, some twenty-five miles east of the Sea of Galilee. In conversation with this still youthful man, I found that he was much enamored of his task as a Christian evangelist and teacher and very much encouraged about the success of his undertakings.

What is there about evangelicals of the German and Bohemian type which gives one such a sense of quietness and strength? The people who dwell in Karmel-Missionsheim and most of those one meets there are low-spoken but not sad. They are serious but not solicitous. They are practical but not worldly-minded. They seem to have no haste, no anxiety, and no discomfort. One has a feeling that their thoughts are elsewhere and not only present.

They seem detached from, as well as attached to, their environment and duties. Whenever I have associated with them, I have found myself thinking of the words, 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

I came away from Mount Carmel determined to return again, and I did so, not so much on account of the traditions of Elijah, nor because of the charm of the environment, as in the desire to tarry once more in a place and among a people of profound and placid faith. Is it not true that 'the world is too much with us'? It is well sometimes, if only for a night, to get away from earthly sounds and thoughts. Karmel-Missionsheim is a place elevated above tumultuous experiences and ambitions. Passages of the divine word are displayed upon the inner walls and divine works in nature are seen through the casement windows. After the light in our rooms went out, and we betook ourselves to cots of ease, the stars of heaven shone above hearts trustful and calm. Sweet was our dreamless slumber, and the succeeding dawn awoke us to another day of confidence and joy.

On leaving Haifa for Nazareth, the road traverses the most beautiful Galilean country, the northern end of Esdraelon, or Jezreel. The land of this region is largely owned by Zionist colonies. Mount Carmel is on the right for a long distance. After about five miles are traveled, the Kishon River is crossed by a bridge, and a little farther on, the village Haritiyeh is passed on the left. This town is believed to be Harosheth of the Gentiles, residence

of Sisera, who, despite his nine hundred iron chariots, was defeated here by Barak and was slain by Jael, as the story in the Book of Judges tells us. The Song of Deborah pictures the victory in lofty figures: 'From heaven fought the stars, from their courses they fought against Sisera. The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.' The plain is open and is a field on which a great battle must have been a thrilling spectacle.

Every part of this valley is historic ground. Passing on the left the German colonies Waldheim and Bethlehem, scenes of many contests appear across the plain. One of these is El Mouhraqa, already mentioned as the traditional site of Elijah's triumph over the prophets of Baal. The *tell* on the riverside, said to be the spot where the false leaders were executed, is now in plain view. Just beyond the mountain at the head of the pass leading to the Plain of Sharon is the imposing mound Armageddon, Megiddo, where military combats almost without number have taken place. Imagination does not have to be excessively keen in order to people these peaceful fields with marching hosts whose burnished armor and resplendent banners gleam in the sunlight, and whose hoarse war-cries fill the air with terror.

I fear I have not said enough about passing travelers who are met on the highways of Palestine. Esdraelon is a great thoroughfare to and from the Far East, from Damascus, and from other parts of Syria. Not only donkeys, herds of cattle and goats and flocks of sheep, but camel caravans are often seen from a distance or

passed on the road. I never fail to be impressed by the dignity of the chief Oriental beast of burden with his loads of merchandise and of humanity. When I look at a camel's eyes, I think of the old fable which accounts for the wisdom of this creature. Mohammed, it is said, entrusted his favorite camel with the one hundredth name of Allah which he alone knew. The secret was passed on to succeeding members of the camel family, and to the consciousness that he possesses the sacred secret is attributed the serenity and assurance with which each animal of the tribe looks upon the world and associates with man.

Before arriving at Nazareth, near the highest part of the road, is the village of Yafa, the Japhia of Joshua. Traditionally this is the home of Zebedee and of his sons James and John. In making a circuit toward the environs of Nazareth, excellent views of Mounts Tabor and Little Hermon appear on the right. As the road ascends, a towerlike Greek Chapel and the Latin Chapel of Mary of the Fright mark the legendary spot on which Mary stood when the people of Nazareth proposed to cast Jesus over the brow of the hill. Driving into the city, it is natural to pause again at the Spring of the Virgin, Mary's Well, one of the wholly authentic sacred places of Palestine, where among the women and children coming for water and bearing it away in jars gracefully poised on their heads are, I remember, some attractive faces not unbecoming to such an environment.

CHAPTER XVI

The Plain of Sharon

IT IS quite safe to say that most Palestine pilgrims do not tour its western seashore. Probably this trip, despite its charms, will never be popular until the roads along this part of the Mediterranean coast are a great deal better than they are now. Some may say, Is not the seaplain of Palestine the famous thoroughfare of ancient tradesmen and armies? Certainly, but when Egypt used this route to Assyria and when Persia and Babylonia carried their wares over it to the Nile, travel methods were quite different and time had relatively little value.

My own experience in getting from Haifa to Jaffa is that this rather than Jordan is a rough road to travel. But why should one complain about present conditions when an official guide-book not a generation old says about the journey, 'This is a fatiguing trip, taking one and a half or two days by carriage and two to three days on horseback'? How marvelously different are the conveniences of today compared with those possible to my own father when he laboriously rode an Arabian steed through the Holy Land. Despite rocks and ruts it was only a matter of a few hours for our American-made automobile to get from Mount Carmel to the ancient seaport of Jerusalem. It should be noted, however, that much of this road is dirt, mere field paths, and impassable in wet weather.

Behold us, then, possessed of a keen desire for scenes which not everybody witnesses, rounding the northern end of Carmel without pausing to ascend the mountain again, and gliding southward on a strip of land, at first not over two hundred yards wide, between the promontory and the smiling sea. We were determined to glide or bump onward toward the glories of Sharon regardless of consequences to axles, tires, and bones. As a matter of note it was the latter which suffered most from the day's adventure.

The Maritime Plain, south of Phœnicia, is divided in Palestine into two nearly equal stretches of coast-line, Sharon on the north and Philistia on the south to Gaza and beyond. The Plain of Sharon, which may be dewy, as the hymn makes it, or may be not, is a fertile tract of land which, while very narrow at the northern end, increases its breadth as it extends toward Jaffa and Ramleh and is from eight to twelve miles wide when nearing Philistia's greater expanse. The length of this seaside lowland is about fifty-five miles, and formerly its name was restricted to a still smaller strip of country, the region between the Crocodile River and Jaffa.

As we proceeded on our journey down the coast, we soon found ourselves near quarries where stone was being obtained for the completion of the new harbor at Haifa. A large amount of rock had been taken out, and the work was proceeding so rapidly that it was evident that the expensive and much-needed good port for Palestine would soon be ready to afford safety and regularity to Mediterranean vessels. Since Jaffa does not possess a harbor

which can be approached in bad weather, it is the more fortunate that progressive Haifa, an attractively located city at the western end of the great Plain of Esdraelon and at the juncture of Syria and Palestine, should be made a secure and well-appointed place for the entry and departure of shipping. I recall with no feeling of pleasure standing on the dock at Haifa in former days and seeing the boat I wished to take come in a little way, think better of the rough waves and the slight protection of the harbor, and then deliberately turn her back and race away. We were compelled to take a speedy drive to Beirut to catch the steamer.

Quite a little time may profitably be spent in Athlit, a mediæval fortress, nine miles below our starting-point, which occupies a rocky point jutting into the sea. Here, in the early thirteenth century, came the Knights Templars and established the *Castellum Peregrinorum*, or Castle of the Pilgrims, whose remains represent a tower, magazines, a decagonal church, a hall of the palace, cisterns, and tombs. The isthmus on which the buildings stood was separated from the mainland by a glacis, a double ditch, and massive walls supported by towers. This stronghold became the chief seat of the Templars of Palestine, and its relics are a memorial of heroic if misguided zeal and of the Christian fidelity of an order whose record in the Holy Land is without proof of disloyalty to the cause which it maintained.

The fortress of Athlit was a creation of architectural genius of its type, and its ruins have been called the most impressive for massive solidity of all those found in Syria.

Near the headland on which it stood, King Louis IX of France, Saint Louis of the Crusades, was shipwrecked. After the fall of Acre, its garrison of Templars fled to Athlit and the Castle of the Pilgrims was the last place of power to be abandoned in the final Crusade. The winds that sweep over the rocky wedge into the Mediterranean on which this stronghold stood ought to be able to relate many a tale of chivalry and disaster, of idealism and tragedy.

Not far from Athlit on the southward journey, we passed vestiges of another Crusaders' fort and a number of unimportant villages and ruins. Then came Tantura, the Dor of Joshua and Judges, and the Dora, perhaps the most southern town, of Phœnician settlement. Here were obtained in ancient times large quantities of murex, a purple shell-fish, from which was extracted the famous dye of Phœnicia, known as 'Tyrian purple.' One of Solomon's twelve purveyors was stationed at Dor which was a prominent place during the early Syrian rule of the Romans. Numerous coins of the city have been found, labeled 'sacred Dora.' It was the seat of a bishop of the province of Palæstrina Prima, but was ruined and deserted by the fourth century of our era. The modern village of Tantura is a small place about which in various directions are heaps of rubbish, with massive remains of foundations, columns, and a considerable tower. Old caverns and tombs have also been discovered, but one must use more imagination than surviving material warrants in order to re-create in mind the likeness of what was known to Saint Jerome as a 'once very great

city.' The money of Baron Rothschild established at Tantura a glass factory for unemployed Jews, but it did not survive because the sand there did not prove to be suitable for glass-making.

It is but a short ride from Tantura to Zichron Yakob, one of the earliest and most important of modern Jewish settlements. The colony was established in 1882, and cultivates a large tract of land, nearly five thousand acres, the chief products being those of the vineyard and the olive orchard. The buildings of the town are plain, but appear to be comfortable. The population is around fourteen hundred persons.

After leaving Zichron Yakob, we were soon in sight of the tiny stream, Nahr es Zerka, the Crocodile River of Pliny. Occasionally and not long since a specimen of this reptile has been seen in a habitat from which most of its fellows have long since been killed off, or have disappeared for other reasons. None of the rivers of Palestine, except the Jordan, amount to enough to justify the name. Most of them are brooks which dry up in summer and some are trickling streams which, however, have their value to plant and animal life. The Crocodile River is perennial, as are the two other chief streams of Sharon. Its banks are lined with papyrus. A thirteenth-century writer accounts for the presence in this water of the reptile from which it is named by the tale that a rich man of Cæsarea brought to the marshes here many cockatrices from Egypt, fierce beasts which he wished to have devour his brother, with whom he had a quarrel. The brother was wise, and made the deceiver go first into the stream

to bathe. The beasts dragged him down, and his body was never seen again. Those who had consented to the deed made it known, 'and thus was the traitor lost, and his brother saved.'

We obtained a good view of the properties of Benyamina, a Jewish colony founded in 1923, and containing about one hundred families. Here is a flower garden, a perfume factory, and an agriculture experiment station. Near this settlement the site of the chief city which this portion of the land has ever known comes into view. Cæsarea was once the Roman metropolis of Palestine. It was built by Herod on the site of Strato's tower, a small town and landing-place. The new harbor became the chief Palestinian port and the city took precedence of the older Jaffa, thirty miles farther south, holding its supremacy until the Saracen conquest of the seventh century. At that time Jaffa began to reassume her ancient importance, though Cæsarea was a place of some strength even in the days of the Crusades. During its early prosperity the Herodian kings and the Roman procurators dwelt in Cæsarea, which Tacitus describes as the head of Judæa.

The Acts of the Apostles in a dozen places refers to Herod's capital. Philip, after the conversion and baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, went to Azotus and from that town of Philistia 'preached the gospel to all the cities till he came to Cæsarea.' At a later time this evangelist, one of the seven men appointed by the early Christians to administer their alms, lived with his four daughters in Cæsarea, where he entertained Saint Paul on one of his

journeys. This was not Paul's first experience in the city, however. As a new convert to Christianity his life was endangered by the Grecian Jews in Jerusalem and 'when the brethren knew it, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus.'

Cornelius, the God-fearing centurion, with whom Saint Peter had important relations, was a citizen of this town. Thither the Apostle, in answer to his message, supported by a remarkable vision, came to see this officer of the band called Italian. After their interview, Saint Peter preached in the house of Cornelius to the kinsmen and near friends whom the centurion had assembled, as well as to this man and his household. The result was the conversion and baptism of his hearers.

The terrible death at Cæsarea of Herod Agrippa I, who had killed James and sought to slay Peter, is recorded in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Acts. Saint Paul, after his success at Corinth, passed through the city on his way to Jerusalem, Antioch, Galatia, and Phrygia. It was here also that the Apostle was sent by Claudius to Felix the Governor, when his preaching had divided the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem and had placed him in peril of his life from a group who had sworn to kill him. Felix kept him in charge for some two years, after which his successor, Porcius Festus, by his unfriendly attitude impelled him to appeal to Rome. Before the Apostle was taken to Rome for trial, he delivered in Cæsarea his famous defense before King Agrippa and Festus. As a result it was declared that Paul had done nothing worthy of death and bonds, and Agrippa said to the Governor, 'This man

might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.'

The Jews of Cæsarea were practically exterminated during the war with Rome. Vespasian was crowned as Emperor here A.D. 69 and the city was the metropolis of Palestine after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70. Origen, next to Augustine most noted theologian and most prolific author of the ancient Church, was the head of a flourishing school in Cæsarea from A.D. 231 to 232. The institution rivaled that of Alexandria, and Origen's instruction became famous throughout the East. Eusebius, father of church history, was probably born in Cæsarea where he was bishop, 315-318. The Moslems conquered the town in 638. It was captured and plundered by the Crusaders in 1102 and it was reported that in the booty which they took was the Holy Grail. After other vicissitudes, Sultan Bibars destroyed the city in 1265.

Cæsarea is no more. Kings and governors, evangelists and apostles, prelates and scholars, and the citizens of a once populous and powerful community have departed. A wretched village of few inhabitants and various ruins of past greatness are the survivals of the mighty city, whose remains, the most extensive in Palestine, have long been used as a stone quarry for Jaffa, Gaza, and even Jerusalem. The walls of the ancient city are traceable as well as those of a smaller later town. A part of the foundations of the cathedral stand on the site of a temple built by Herod in honor of Augustus. The amphitheater held some twenty thousand spectators. Portions of a

hippodrome with an obelisk of rose granite, of colonnades, churches, and temples, are among the relics which the vandals of the centuries and the sands of the sea have left in view.

From Cæsarea the road strikes into the very heart of 'the garden of Palestine,' circling eastward and southward, and then turning westward to the coast at Jaffa. During this trip we passed through the region where once were David's 'herds that fed in Sharon.' A comparison with Carmel found in the prophecy of Isaiah and a passage in Josephus indicates that the plain was once a forest. It is now wholly an agricultural region adapted to the growing of grain, fruit, and vegetables and to the pasturage of flocks and herds. It is well watered. We crossed two streams of some size, those called by the Crusaders the 'dead' and 'salt' rivers. Fields of wheat, barley, maize, millet, sesame, spelt, lentils, beans, peas, marrows, tomatoes, peppers, melons are quite extensive. The wheat yield of the Sharon Plain is reported by the Zionist agriculturists to be the best in the land, about twelve per cent higher than that of the rich fields of Jezreel. We could see in favorable places apricots, pomegranates, figs, pears, mulberries, and many vineyards. Accounts of Sharon always mention flowers, doubtless because of their profusion, variety, and beauty. I could not help wishing that I were able to wander over this lovely tract and to examine carefully its floral treasures.

In the Song of Solomon occurs the expression, 'I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.' Christians of many

centuries have applied these words to Jesus, although, while he must have seen it from high places on which he stood, there is no known evidence that he ever passed through the Plain of Sharon. What was the 'rose of Sharon'? Much controversy has occurred on this subject, though agreement is quite general that the reference is not to the flower commonly called by this name. The Revised Version of the Scriptures defines the Hebrew word used in the Canticle and in Isaiah as 'the autumn crocus.' Delitzsch held that the rose of Sharon was an autumn papyrus. Celsius and some of the Jewish rabbis have contended for the narcissus as the flower indicated. The lily and the anemone, which like the narcissus grow profusely in several varieties in this and other parts of Palestine, have also been suggested. One authority says dogmatically that the white narcissus is the rose of Sharon and the blue iris the lily of the valley. Any one of these and of other flowers which the sunshine sprinkles upon the fertile soil of Sharon in the springtime might have inspired the poet's simile. This ground displays practically all the species found in the lowlands east of the Mediterranean. Among the most striking varieties are the scarlet, purple and white anemone, blue iris, white narcissus, mauve cyclamen, yellow charlock, pink-streaked asphodel, red adonis or pheasant's eye, blue-violet squill, primrose-tinted scabious, and the crumple-leaved white cistus.

As we came toward the lower end of Sharon, we saw an extensive mirage. Indeed, it appeared as if we were driving into a vast stretch of water with no way to get around

on dry land. The images reflected changed with our progress, however. As we came to fields which had seemed aqueous, we found them covered with grain rippling in a gentle breeze which was blowing over the plain. After this novel experience we found ourselves passing the neighborhood of numerous Zionist settlements, southern Sharon and northern Philistia, one of the richest portions of Palestine, having quite largely passed into Jewish ownership. We were interested in Tel Aviv on the north side of Jaffa. This is a city of forty-six thousand population, almost the same size as its ancient neighbor. The town was established on barren sand dunes in 1909, and is the first city in the world built and populated exclusively by Jews. It is a modern place named after a Hebrew settlement on the Euphrates during the Captivity. The streets are wide, buildings are fine, water and electrical supplies adequate, schools and public institutions well equipped. As to the prosperity of Tel Aviv extreme statements are made. The economic situation has bristled with problems, but the citizens seemed to me to be carrying on with confidence.

After spending a little time in Jaffa, which I have described elsewhere, we drove back to Jerusalem, part of the way to which lies through the lower tip of Sharon. Leaving the city we passed through the great orange belt which surrounds Jaffa with loveliness. A road to the left goes to Lydda, reputed birth or burial-place of Saint George. The First Book of Samuel states that the ancient Israelites were wont to go to Lud or Lydda to have Philistines mend their plowshares and other implements, be-

cause 'there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel.' The home of Æneas, who was healed of palsy by Saint Peter, was located in Lydda, as the story in the Book of Acts informs us. It is said in this account that the healed man was seen by 'all that dwelt in Lydda and in Sharon.' The Church of Saint George occupies the site of a Crusader church and is above the alleged tomb of the slayer of the dragon.

The little city of Ramleh is about fourteen miles from Jaffa. It has a population of perhaps seventy-five hundred and is about two thirds Moslem. The identification of this place with Arimathea, home of Joseph in whose tomb Christ was laid, is without historical proof. The town was probably founded by Suleiman, Caliph of Damascus, after the destruction of Lydda in A.D. 716, and when it was the headquarters of Richard Cœur de Lion it was the second city of Palestine. Napoleon resided here in 1799, and his room is shown in the Convent of the Franciscans. Among the sights of Ramleh are the large Crusader Church of Saint John, called the best example of the work of its period, and the Franciscan Church and Convent, dedicated to Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. The Tower of Ramleh, also called the 'Tower of the Forty Martyrs' and the 'Tower of the Companions of the Prophet,' Mohammed, is a structure eighty feet high, which affords a good view of the surrounding country. Abdallah tells the Tale of the Forty Martyrs in a very thrilling manner.

On a hill to the right of the excellent road we were traveling appeared the ruins of Gezer, mentioned in the

Tel-el- Amarna tablets, and the site of the troglodyte and Amorite discoveries of Macalister. Soon after leaving the Plain of Sharon, we passed through the Valley of Ajalon, famous for the victory of Joshua and for his command to the sun to stand still. Latrun, about seventeen miles from Jerusalem, has been named as the home of the 'penitent thief.' Amwas near-by was identified by the Crusaders as the Emmaus of the New Testament. This claim is rejected by a majority of people because Amwas is too far away for a 'Sabbath-day's journey from Jerusalem,' the distance stated in the narrative of Saint Luke. Judas Maccabæus here fought and conquered Gorgias, general of Antiochus Epiphanes, 166 B.C. Coming next to Bab el Wad, Gate of the Valley, we were again on the road by which we had returned to the capital after our visits to Beit Jibrîn and to the excavations at Beth-shemesh. Taken altogether the journey from Haifa to Jerusalem by way of the Plain of Sharon, though fatiguing, proved to be one of the most unusual and entertaining of our experiences in the Holy Land.

CHAPTER XVII

The Borders of Tyre and Sidon

THE only foreign country to which Jesus ever went was Phœnicia. After one of His discourses He 'withdrew into the parts of Tyre and Sidon,' into the 'borders,' Saint Mark says. In connection with this visit, the narrative is recorded of the healing of the daughter of the Greek or Syro-Phœnician woman whose dialogue with our Lord is one of the most unique episodes in New Testament literature.

Phœnicia is connected with the Holy Land because Jesus went there, and with the history of Palestine because, as part of the Mediterranean littoral, it was involved in the adventures of trade and in the trials of war in which the whole coast participated for many centuries. Even today, though as part of Syria Phœnicia is under French Mandate and its neighbor to the south under English protection and guidance, there are constant trade and cultural relations between them. It should be recalled also that until the Philistine conquest, and again under the Persian rule, Jaffa and Dor were Phœnician.

The trip which I am bringing before you, if complete, begins at Haifa and should go to Beirut. The latter place I have reached both by this coastal route and from Damascus and Baalbek over the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon Mountains. The Bay of Acre must be circled when one starts from Haifa. This beautiful little body of water

might be compared to a crescent resting on one of its ends — a figure not inappropriate for a region containing so many Moslems. Another view of it is that of a sickle, the handle of which on the southern end is Mount Carmel and Acre the outer end of the blade.

The road from Haifa to Acre is on the seashore, and is subject to tidal changes. I have gone over it when it was with difficulty that we could escape the incoming waves on our left-hand and the deep sand through which an automobile cannot plow its way on the right-hand. Two river mouths have to be crossed, that of the quite considerable Kishon which drains the Plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel, and that of the Belis from the hills of Galilee. Rude bridges of temporary character permit the crossing of these streams. This is Jewish ground now. Leaving a large Hebrew colony on the eastern end of Haifa and the large cement plant there, for a distance of ten miles the shore frontage and the hinterland are Jewish property, nearly nine thousand acres. Naturally the plain around the bay is sandy for some distance back of the waterfront, covered except on the shore itself by the clumps and tangles of shrubbery and rushes usual in such an environment. I have invariably seen fishermen and their nets and ropes along this beach, for the bay is a good place for their art. The drive is a beautiful one, whether the sea is placid or covered with great waves rolling in from the Mediterranean and breaking on the rocks and sands. On one occasion I saw at the upper end of the bay as splendid an exhibition of mountainous white-crested surf as I have witnessed in all my travels. The

entire bay is almost continuously in view, with the heights of Carmel up which the city of Haifa climbs boldly at one end and the grim old walls of Acre at the northern extremity.

Acre is a fortress town of great antiquity, which looks the part. The name is found in the list of cities conquered by Thothmes III in the fifteenth century before Christ. Several letters among the Tel-el-Amarna tablets show that the fortress of Acre was held by the Egyptians in the fourteenth century before Christ. Acre was one of the principal ports of the Phœnicians, and its inhabitants could not be dispossessed by the tribe to which the incoming Israelites assigned it. The record in the Book of Judges is, 'Asher drove not out the inhabitants of Acco, nor the inhabitants of Sidon.' The Asherites had to content themselves with dwelling among the Canaanites as fellow citizens. The town became Ptolemais when it was taken by Alexander the Great. The Maccabeans could not capture the fortress, but the Egyptians and Armenians did so.

Saint Paul visited Ptolemais, 'saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day' on his way from Tyre to Cæsarea and to his trials in Jerusalem. The place became a Christian bishopric in early days. It was taken by the Moslems A.D. 638, by the Crusaders in 1103, and remained in Christian hands, except for Saladin's brief conquest, 1187-1191, until the Crusaders were expelled from Palestine in 1291. During the thirteenth century, this was one of the most important cities of the Levant, having some twenty churches. At the end of the Crusades, it was and

remained a heap of ruins until its rebuilding at the end of the seventeenth century. Napoleon failed to conquer the town in 1799, a British fleet assisting in the resistance made to his army. It was besieged successfully in 1831 by the Turks, was taken by Egypt in 1832, but in 1842 an allied fleet captured the fortress and Ibrahim Pasha was driven out of Palestine. It passed into the hands of the British in 1918 as a result of the destruction of the Turkish forces in the country.

A striking feature of the approach to Acre is what is known as Napoleon's or Cœur de Lion's Hill. It is the scene of King Richard's camp in 1190-91 and the place from which Napoleon directed his siege operations in 1799. This broad flat eminence faces the town in a way which leads one to think that from such a place of vantage artillery fire and sallies ought soon to reduce its defenses to dust. The thick walls of the fortress evidently made it a stronghold of great power of resistance. We drove out upon the peninsula through the environs and defenses and to the entrance to the citadel. This large structure is built upon foundations of the great castle of the Crusaders. It is now, and long has been, used as a prison, and here for many years, among others, were incarcerated the founders of the Bahá'í Movement. We entered a little garden where a young British soldier showed us about, gave us some of the flowers grown in the grounds, and took us to a high place on the building from which a delightful view is obtained. The mosque, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, is a good example of late-Arabic art. A museum contains Phœni-

cian glass and other antiquities. Baths are here which are said to be the finest in Palestine. The population is perhaps twelve thousand. It is a pity that travelers come as near it as Haifa and do not visit this quaint, historic, and impressive spot. It should be recalled that according to Pliny the Belis River near Acre, already referred to, is the place where the Phœnicians learned the art of glass-making.

The beauty of the highway from Acre to Beirut is that in so many portions of it one is in sight of the sea on one side and of the hills of the Lebanon on the other. The road is a good one, with few very rough places, and it not only winds in and out in conformity with the coast, but undulates pleasantly up hill and down dale with occasional level strips. On ascending to the borders of Syria, we discovered, as at other times and places, that the French put travelers entering their Mandate through more small tribulations than seem necessary. One of the most picturesque features of the eastern Mediterranean is the three-headed promontory, the precipitous middle point of which is the celebrated Scala Tyriorum, or Ladder of Tyre. The ancient road over this 'White Promontory' runs close to the declivity. Portions of it have been hewn in the very light-colored rock. Stairs have been cut into steep places. It is doubtless for this reason that Josephus and the Jewish Talmud name this road the 'Tyrian Stairs.' In a valley between two promontory headlands are ruins of two old town sites.

As we drove northward six miles from the 'Promontorium Album,' as the ancients called it, we traversed a

narrow plain with a number of springs and wells and soon arrived in the environs of a small city of six thousand or more inhabitants which is a very poor representative of 'the glory that was Tyre.' The vicissitudes of time make great changes. The Book of Joshua speaks of the town as a 'fortified city.' 'The stronghold of Tyre' Second Samuel says. The site, now a peninsula, on the north end of which the present Sur is located, was originally an island in the sea. The word 'Tyre' means the 'Rock,' and the surface of this island, which may have been a hundred forty-two acres in size, was without water and destitute of vegetation. Some uncertainty exists as to how much of the original territory has fallen into the Mediterranean as a result of convulsions of nature which the region has suffered. One who desires to view all that is left of the ancient splendor of the island fortress may go out in a boat near the shores of the peninsula on a calm day and see huge submerged blocks which once were part of the break-water and magnificent fallen pillars of rose granite.

Tyre had two harbors, one Egyptian and the surviving one Sidonian. Part of the town, some think the older portion, was on the mainland. It was densely populated and many-storied. Strabo says its houses were loftier than those of Rome. It was a center of manufacture, trade, and commerce. What Jerusalem means to religion, Athens to philosophy, and Rome to government, that, it has been affirmed, Tyre was to commerce. Glass, for which Phœnicia was noted and which was probably invented there, if not in Egypt, was a Tyrian product as

was the famous crimson and bluish-purple dye named for the city and extracted from the murex, a shell-fish found in the sea at Dor and elsewhere in large quantities. The silk garments made in Tyre were a new luxury and extravagance in Cleopatra's time. The ships of 'the great sea-peddlers,' as the Tyrians have been called, are said to have gone westward to all lands as far as Spain, and even to have circumnavigated Africa. Whether Tyre or Sidon was the chief city of Phœnicia is a matter of dispute. The claim that Tyre was the more famous of them appears indubitable.

As in the case of every Mediterranean city the history of Tyre is an eventful one. Hiram, its king in the days of David and Solomon, aided both these monarchs in their building operations. Ahab's wicked wife Jezebel was a descendant of Ithobal, King of Tyre. The city was besieged by Shalmaneser, but the Assyrians were unable to capture the fortress by five years of effort. The Hebrew prophets have much to say about the might, the traffic, the beauty, the wisdom, the riches, the pride, the iniquities, and the doom of the island city. Isaiah describes Tyre as 'the bestower of crowns, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.' He predicts that the stronghold shall be laid waste. 'Thy borders are in the heart of the sea,' said Ezekiel, 'by thy traffic hast thou increased thy riches: therefore thus saith the Lord Jehovah: Because thou hast set thy heart as the heart of God, therefore, behold, I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of the nations; and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wis-

dom, and they shall defile thy brightness. By the multitude of thy iniquities thou hast profaned thy sanctuaries; therefore have I brought forth a fire from the midst of thee; it hath devoured thee, and I have turned thee to ashes.'

Nebuchadnezzar's coming against Phœnicia and his thirteen years long investment and conquest of Tyre was regarded as a vindication of prophecy. Persia as well as Babylonia came to dominate the city. The great disaster of all was when Alexander came, built an enormous mole out to the island, slew eight thousand citizens and sold thirty thousand into slavery, and for some time diminished Tyrian trade and power. In the reign of Augustus, however, and for several centuries afterward, prosperity was again the lot of Tyre. There is no proof for the statement of certain writers that Jesus visited the city. Saint Paul passed a week there while his ship 'unloaded her burden.' The stop was during the Apostle's journey from Ephesus to Jerusalem.

An episcopal see was located in Tyre by the early Christians, but the Moslems captured the city in the seventh century of the Christian era. The Crusaders entered in 1144 and the place remained in Christian hands for a century and a half. It then became involved in the evil fortunes of the kingdom of Jerusalem and on the day of the fall of Acre in March, A.D. 1191, at the time of vespers the Tyrians embarked in their ships and left their city empty and defenseless. The Saracens entered without effort or glory of conquest, and without ability to use the site to much advantage. Since that time no great

prosperity has returned to the mistress of commerce. However, Tyre had outlived its early associates, Thebes, Babylon, and ancient Jerusalem. The Grecian cities had come to fame and had fallen. Tyre's own greatest colony, Carthage, had been gone for fifteen hundred years. Rome was still in existence, but was a much more recent city than the town on the rock. The present struggling community, Sur, dates from 1766, when the Metawila occupied the district. The rose-tinted monoliths of the ruined cathedral are the principal relics of antiquity which are visible.

Along the way from Tyre to Sidon, which is about twenty miles north, the mountains approach nearer the shore. They bend outward toward the sea from a distance of five miles to an average of about a mile away and then turn backward toward Sidon until the plain there is two miles in width. As this description of the topography indicates, the drive up this part of the coast is one of scenic beauty. The flora does not differ greatly from that of northern Galilee. The constant vision of sea and sky, of plain and mountain range, presented by the borders of Tyre and Sidon, is one of the delightful memories of travel. The crossing of the Leontes River is an incident of this part of the ride. Sarepta, the Zarephath where Elijah once resided, is one of the ancient sites which are passed.

Sidon or Zidon, though more prosperous than Tyre in the Persian period, and perhaps at a few other times, especially when its rival was besieged or otherwise afflicted, has not the significance of the latter from a Bibli-

cal point of view, nor is its history as thrilling. The name means 'fishing' or 'fishery.' The place is ancient. In Genesis, Sidon is called the first born of Canaan, a foreshadowing of the early use of the name. Joshua twice speaks of 'great Sidon,' and the name Sidonians is often used as the generic term for Canaanites or Phœnicians. From the time of Solomon to Nebuchadnezzar's siege of Tyre, Sidon is not much mentioned in the Bible, but the older city profited by the affliction of its southern neighbor. Sidon enriched itself for a time by its slave-trade, seizing and selling even Palestinians. A revolt against Persia, 351 B.C., ended in the temporary destruction of the town and the burning of forty thousand of its inhabitants.

This is the most northern city mentioned in connection with the journeys of Jesus, but it is not certain that He visited the town. He was familiar with the character of the Phœnician cities, however, and declared them more accessible to truth and less unwilling to turn from their evil ways than were the places in which He had labored. 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin. Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which were done in you, they would have repented long ago in sack-cloth and ashes.'

Saint Paul stopped at Sidon on his way from Cæsarea to Rome. He had friends there, and the kindly Roman centurion in charge of the Apostle, one Julius, permitted him to go to these fellow Christians and refresh himself.

On the seashore near Sidon is one of Jonah's six tombs. Another is between Bethlehem and Hebron, another at

Aleppo. Whatever happened to this prophet in the sea, he seems on the land to have been a much-buried individual. This leads me to say that the most noteworthy remains of ancient days to be found at Sidon are its tombs. A necropolis south of the town discovered in 1855, yielded numerous sarcophagi and wall paintings. The most beautiful sarcophagus I have ever seen is the famous one of Alexander, now in the museum at Constantinople. This splendid specimen of carved stone is one of seventeen sarcophagi found in a Sidon olive grove in 1887. Many rich tombs of various centuries, some of kings of Sidon, have been opened and such articles as the iridescent 'tear-bottles' of Phoenician glass found in the graves are much prized by collectors. Outside the old city walls is a heap of murex shells from which Tyrian purple was once extracted.

A bishop of Sidon was a member of the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. During the Middle Ages the town was held by Franks and Moslems alternately at least four times. The British occupied it in 1918. It is now the principal town of the southern district of Great Lebanon under the French Mandate. The population, about ten thousand, surround a castle which dominates a promontory. Two harbors, as at Tyre, once were filled with shipping. Today the southern or Egyptian port is gone and the northern one is half filled with silt. Sidon is the refreshment stop for tourists between Haifa and Beirut. One gets fine fruit and various sodas and other liquids there. The chief attraction of Sidon, aside from its vaulted streets and the regular cries of its muezzins

calling hours of prayer, is the sight around the city, as far as the eye can reach, of groves of oranges, lemons, loquats, apricots, and bananas, a present asset and future hope of the inhabitants.

Beirut, sixteen miles north, if you will, or back to Haifa. I have taken the trip both ways and have also driven over the beautiful Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon ranges from Damascus to Beirut, detouring to Baalbek in order to see the temples and mighty stones which represent Solomon's extravagance as a builder. We are now out of bounds as to the title of this book, but must take a peep at the great port of Syria and of the whole Levant. Beirut is a charmingly situated town of around a hundred thousand people. It occupies a triangular promontory of six by five miles, backed by the Lebanon range of mountains. The bay is Saint George's and is the fabled place of the slaying of the dragon. The known history of Beirut begins with the time of Thothmes III and presents the usual picture of success and failure, glory and despair, which has been the lot of maritime cities. The overland route to Bagdad starts from Beirut. The harbor is visited by hundreds of ships annually. It is the port of entry for foreign goods and the chief place from which Syrian products are exported. Among the latter are fruits and seeds, native foods, manufactured articles including textiles, metal and woodwork, cocoons, wool, hides, and animals.

Beirut is the seat of an American University of high grade, many of whose graduates have become valuable leaders, not only in Syria and Palestine, but in all the

lands of the Near East. Two features of the environment I can never forget. One is the broad acreage of gray-green olive trees through which we entered the town. I believe that the olive groves here are among the two or three best in the world. The beauty of the city as one beholds it from the water is another unforgettable sight. I never saw this vision of loveliness to better advantage than when we were setting out on a Levantine trip which, all the way up the coast and through the island ports to Smyrna and Constantinople, proved as delightful as we had been warned it would be unpleasant. As our steamer drew away from the wharf and headed out of the Bay of Saint George, we looked back at the gardens, the red roofs, and the leafy groves of Syria's administrative, commercial, and cultural center. Beyond and above the rich contents in the foreground of the picture was the high range of the Lebanon, surmounted by the snow-capped Sunnin. Long I watched this retreating but ever wonderful masterpiece, and thought, This, like many another of earth's marvelous scenes, is more than art: it is the work of God.

CHAPTER XVIII

Underground Palestine

WHAT has been said of some of the old families, that the best part is underground, many scholars hold to be true concerning Palestine. It is certainly a fact that archæologists are digging out of the soil of this repository of historical remains most instructive and important chapters from the annals of humanity. It is believed that, despite what has been accomplished in a century of excavations, future discoveries will far exceed in value to history those which have been made.

On my first visit to the site of ancient Jericho, the heaps of dusty gray earth and the rude stones of a few old walls which had been exhumed looked to me like a hopeless pile of rubbish. Only a few years later, a mass of fragments of earthenware and pots and jars of carbonized foods and fruits were found in this place by Professor John Garstang's Expeditions. This return for much labor and expense justified the effort, of course, but the great reward came still later when the same explorer, in his Marston Archæological Expedition of 1932, discovered virtually intact, with hundreds of well-preserved funerary offerings, the tombs of the kings of Jericho. Many Egyptian scarabs and other relics appeared in the material obtained. The effect upon ancient chronology and history of the knowledge furnished by these objects are well known to the scholars of the world. If one is going to

visit the many marvels in the vicinity of Jericho, it might be well to remember that it has been said that during the hot season this region is a squalid hell by day and a jasper heaven by night.

One of the most instructive of the experiences of my latest tour through Palestine was a visit to Ain Shems, Beth-shemesh of old, on the southern edge of the Valley of Sorek, southwestward from Jerusalem in the highlands of Judæa. On arriving at this place, we were met by the head of the Expedition, Professor Elihu Grant, of Haverford College, and Mrs. Grant, associates at our table in the American Colony. We were shown over the excavations and enabled to witness work going on. Conditions were perfect. The day was clear and not excessively warm. A light breeze was blowing, but was not strong enough to cover us with dust. Workers, fellaheen from the surrounding country, were in large force. We watched them digging, transporting, and dumping the dry, dusty earth. The carriers were women and girls, who took heavy loads on their heads, traveled with them up a kind of ramp which the operations had created, emptied their baskets, and then returned by a side-path to the lower levels. The procession moved closely and continuously, and reminded one of a chain of buckets, except that these carriers were human. The task of excavating an ancient town-site is enormous, often involving the removal and replacing of hundreds or even thousands of square yards of earth. Often, for long periods, it is the dreariest kind of drudgery, unrelieved by the excitement of any worthwhile discovery. The laborers did not appear unhappy.

Arabs are not too cheerful of countenance as a rule, but the rural population about the neighborhood of Ain Shems are only too glad to earn a little actual cash in this manner.

We were not fortunate enough to witness a striking find, but Doctor Grant took us about the excavations and told us the story of the various layers of remains which have been removed and of the structures and treasures which have been uncovered. These are explained and illustrated in the books which he has published. Beth-shemesh is one of the towns named in First Chronicles as allotted to the priests, the sons of Aaron. The place was one of the twelve commissariat centers of the reign of Solomon, as we learn from the First Book of Kings. Amaziah was captured here by Jehoash. The First Book of Samuel contains the story of the return to Beth-shemesh of the Ark of the Covenant stolen from Israel by the Philistines. They had suffered grievous afflictions by reason of their misconduct and were glad to be relieved of the occasion of the misfortunes which had befallen them.

The mound at Beth-shemesh has yielded relics of three types of civilization, Canaanitish, Philistine, and that of Israel. Old city walls have been traced. Portions of a large temple of the Canaanites have been unearthed and remains of a massive fort-like monastery of Byzantine construction. Of course, large quantities of pottery and other treasures of the long past have been dugged and sifted out of the earth. After we had walked about the excavations, we were taken to the house which is used



An Olive-Oil Refinery of the Time
of Hezekiah just Coming into View



A Pantry or Store-Room of about 1200 B.C., with Food-Jars, Once
Sealed

EXCAVATIONS OF THE HAVERFORD COLLEGE ARCHÆOLOGICAL
EXPEDITION AT BETH-SHEMESH

as headquarters. Upon benches in the courtyard were considerable quantities of the material found. We looked it over with the greater zest because of the thought that these objects had been removed from the eyes of men for many centuries. Before leaving Ain Shems, Mrs. Grant and her helpers served us delightful refreshments beneath the vine and fig tree which gave shade to the enclosure.

When I have been in the vicinity, I have not taken time to go over the great mound Tell el Hosn at Beisan, which is the Bethshean of the Old Testament. Bethshean or Bethshan was assigned to the tribe of Manasseh, but it was a stronghold of the Canaanites from which Israel could not expel the natives. When the Philistines conquered and slew Saul and his son, their corpses were affixed to the wall of Bethshean, and Saul's armor was hung as a trophy in the temple of Ashtaroath. The University of Pennsylvania has uncovered from this nine-hundred-foot long hill, about three hundred fifty feet below sea-level in the Jordan Valley, no less than nine levels representing successive historical periods. The remains of two Canaanite temples dating from the time of Thothmes III, nearly fifteen hundred years before Christ, are earliest in time. These are succeeded by levels of the days of Amenophis III, Seti I, Ramses II, and so on, down to Hellenistic, Jewish, Roman, Byzantine, Crusader, and Arabic structures and relics. Egyptian stelæ and sarcophagi have been found, and in 1928 an excellent three-feet high Babylonian stone lion, dating from about fifteen hundred before Christ, was discovered. The neighborhood here is that of Gideon's exploits of

ancient times and of Zionist colonies today. Bethshean is less than ten miles south of the Sea of Galilee.

I have described my experiences in the Wady el Amud, on the coast at Athlit and at Beit Jibrîn. The romance of Palestinian exploration began with the labors of Edward Robinson, an American clergyman whose 'Biblical Researches,' 1841-1856, is the foundation of later topographical efforts in this field. Tobler and Guérin followed, but the establishment of the Palestine Exploration Fund in 1864 and the publication of its surveys gave the greatest impetus to the work. This fund initiated the scientific investigation of the contents of many of the remarkable mounds or *tells* with which the country is dotted. F. J. Bliss directed the excavation of Lachish in 1891 and the south wall of Jerusalem and various Shephelah sites later. Under R. A. S. Macalister the society began the study of Gezer in 1902. French, German, and American explorers followed the careful methods illustrated in these initial undertakings. The British School of Archæology in Jerusalem was opened in 1920 and participated in valuable enterprises at Ascalon, in Gethsemane, and around Tiberias. The time came none too soon when unauthorized explorations and those of incompetent persons were forbidden. Shares of treasure-trove are now required by Government, first choice being exercised by the officials.

Quite naturally the earlier archæological excavations in Palestine were somewhat hasty and incomplete. The full possibilities of many of the most important mounds were not realized. For example, Doctor Macalister, writing

more than twenty years ago concerning Megiddo, reported with apparent finality, 'Tell-el-Mutesellim, Megiddo, has also been excavated.' So it had been, according to the lights of those who had conducted operations there. Yet, in 1932, when the site of Megiddo was purchased by the University of Chicago for archaeological purposes, Professor J. H. Breasted declared that the area had been scarcely more than scraped on the surface, and that great as had been the explorer's rewards at Armageddon they are insignificant in comparison with the wealth yet to be uncovered.

In the absence of Doctor Clarence S. Fisher, in charge of the expedition working on the great Tell, I was shown over the excavations at Megiddo by Mr. Geoffray Shipton, one of the members of the staff. Megiddo is the site of the capital of a Canaanitish kingdom captured by Joshua. Its inhabitants were not expelled, but were placed under tribute. One of Solomon's purveyors and governors lived here, and the stronghold was a protection to the king against Phœnicia and other nations northward. Situated at the upper end of the best pass between the Plains of Sharon and Esdraelon and near Mount Carmel, the fortress on the sheer height of Megiddo held what was always a commanding position on the old caravan route between Egypt and the East. For this and other reasons, among them the proximity of the largest open ground for military maneuvers in this part of the world, this spot has been the focus of conflict of armed hosts from the days of Thothmes III to those of Allenby. Here Thothmes defeated the Syrian princes, Barak over-

whelmed Sisera, Pharaoh Necho battled Josiah, and the latter, mortally wounded, was carried to Jerusalem to die. The Turkish forces were driven out of Palestine by General Allenby in a contest at this point in 1918.

The ruins at Megiddo may date from twenty-five hundred before Christ. The place is mentioned in the Amarna tablets. The labors of Professor Fisher and his staff, sustained by the funds provided by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have resulted in the discovery of relics from Babylonian, Egyptian, Roman, Persian, Greek, and Byzantine times. A monument to King Shishak, mentioned in Biblical history, and other confirmations of events recorded in sacred writ were among results of a prodigious amount of scientific digging and sifting, the vastness of which impressed us greatly. Observations of trifling items are among memories retained from a visit to such a scene as that of the Megiddo excavations. For example, some stalls for war-horses with tie-holes in stone, used many centuries since, brought me a sense of the reality of ancient history which does not always come from the sight of broken walls, columns, and inscriptions. The delightful afternoon tea served in the Expedition home, after we had climbed laboriously about the Tell and had heard the story of its exploration, is a grateful recollection.

In recent years the number of archæological expeditions to Palestine have greatly increased. Nevertheless, the task of bringing its buried treasures to light does not lack further opportunity, for unopened mounds are many and some of the *tells* already studied must be gone over more

carefully if their full message is to be received. The loftiest excavation site is that of ancient Beth Zur, eighteen miles south of Jerusalem, and thirty-three hundred feet above sea-level. The labors of Professors O. R. Sellers and W. F. Albright have uncovered records and remains of twenty-one centuries of continuous habitation, from the bronze age until shortly before the Christian era. A large cistern and a rock-cut tomb, graves with skeletons, scarabs, and more than two hundred coins, were found in the earlier explorations. Many pieces of money recovered are of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, of the period of the Ptolemies and of the time of John Hyrcanus. Some silver pieces are imitations of the coinage of Athens, dating from the Persian period between the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ, and are stamped with the Athenian owl. Part of the other coins are silver and the rest bronze.

Among other excavation sites visited, that of Sebaste, ancient Samaria, stands out prominently because of its commanding situation, because of Saint Jerome's identification of this town as the place of John the Baptist's imprisonment and martyrdom, and on account of its relation to the ministry of Jesus. The town was built on an isolated hill three hundred feet high. Mountains surround it on three sides, and there is a valley view to the Mediterranean twenty-three miles west. The position was well-nigh impregnable to forces equipped with primitive weapons. It is not remarkable that whoever was in possession of Samaria was ruler of the northern kingdom of Israel. The exploration of the site was undertaken

under Harvard University direction from 1908 to 1910. The Palace of Omri was the oldest building whose remains were found. Other relics discovered here I have mentioned elsewhere. The most unusual find was a number of tiles bearing Hebrew texts traced in ink in a beautiful form of writing used in the ninth century before Christ. Except for the striking situs and environment of Samaria, its remains are by no means as impressive as are the imposing avenues, walls, foundations, and lofty columns of Jerash.

Of course, all pilgrims to Palestine go to Jerusalem and are shown at least part of the work which the archæologist has accomplished in and about the capital. I have referred to the remarkable discoveries in connection with the Pool of Bethesda and to many items connected with the city walls, the ancient gates, and various sacred places. The finding of 'Robinson's Arch' near the southwestern corner of the Haram, and of the 'Quarry of Solomon' or the 'Cotton Grotto,' about three hundred feet east of Damascus Gate and nineteen feet below the ground-level, created considerable excitement. Numerous tombs of various periods have been studied and city walls of different ages have been traced.

Inspection and study of the many sites of Palestinian archæology, supplemented by examination of relics found and preserved in the museums in Jerusalem and elsewhere, would occupy much time. One cannot, in such a review as I am making, find space even to mention more than a few of the undertakings of past and present expeditions. I would not close this brief account, however,

without some reference to Tell Hum, Capernaum. This center of events in the life of Christ, situated at the northern end of Lake Galilee, about two and a half miles west of the entrance of the Jordan, is the scene of one of the most attractive of all efforts made in the Holy Land to uncover evidences of past events. For a long time Khirbet el-Minyeh, two miles nearer the river mouth, was a rival claimant for the site of Capernaum. In 1905, Franciscan labors cleared Tell Hum of débris and assured its identification with the second home of Jesus. Masterman has weighed and published the evidence for this conclusion, as has the able orientalist, W. M. Christie, with whom I conversed in Haifa, in his account in the Glasgow University Oriental Society's *Studia Semitica et Orientalis*, 'Tell Hum the Site of Capernaum,' 1920. Taking my stand for a moment on one of the beautiful stones of the Centurion's Synagogue, exhumed with countless others from the soil of Tell Hum, I offer thanks for the acumen of scholars, the generous expenditures of contributors to the science of archæology, and the exhausting labors of excavators by which the historical heritage and the glorious personalities of old are made real to the thought of today.

CHAPTER XIX

Flowers of the Holy Land

A CONDUCTOR of tours of some years' experience told a party of American travelers that there are no flowers in the Alps. He should have said that he had seen none. Had he been with my comrade and myself as we climbed Bel Alp one beautiful June day, he would have seen us pluck from beside the ice near the Rhone glacier, as many others have done, numerous specimens of brilliantly colored blossoms whose hues are the jeweled glory of high places in the mountains.

Visit Palestine in summer days when vegetation has been burned out of its very life as well as out of its beauty, or hear those talk who have never seen the land in its spring garb and decorations, and the impression may be made, as some have erroneously reported, that it is a country without flowers.

Jesus saw and admired the treasures of his native land. It was this attitude which caused Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College, to describe him as the first naturalist among great teachers. She quoted as confirmation the familiar words of the Sermon on the Mount, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Jesus talked of grass, which on the plains and hillsides of

Palestinian spring is full of flowers. He spoke of good soil, and of seeds which produce plants that blossom. The teachers of Greece reasoned in abstractions: Jesus made his sayings lustrous by directing attention to the natural beauty of the environment in which he lived.

My former acquaintance with the flora of Judæa and Galilee was rendered far more satisfactory by the fact that, during my last stay at the American Colony in Jerusalem, my seat at meal-time was on the right hand of Professor John E. Dinsmore, a member of the household who presided at the table where we were sitting. This former teacher in America is the botanist of Syria and Palestine. At the time mentioned, he was revising, by appointment of the American University at Beirut, its publisher, the standard Post's Botany covering the states at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. As a trained observer and scientist, I found him able to give instant information concerning any tree, shrub, plant, or flower in a country whose climate ranges from that of the temperate zone to the tropical.

What a fascinating experience it was to ride with this nature-lover during one of our trips to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The way was enlivened by conversation about plants, with illustrations from the flora which we passed. At a point perhaps a third of the distance down the hills, we stopped and walked out into a small field. I remained in the center of the plot examining specimens which were growing near-by, while my companion, ranging over a radius of not to exceed fifty feet, found and named as he showed them to me the following:

prickly and blue borage, white sage, mayweed, two kinds of pink and one of yellow mustard, rock rose, cow herb, plantain, plain and rayed umbel, spurge, ononis, dandelion, marigold, purple vetch, bugle-weed, pink thistle, straw flowers, and poppy, over twenty varieties upon a few square feet of ground. Most of the scientific names given by the botanist I have forgotten, but the loveliness of the blossoms and the memory of the experience are permanent possessions.

We took the old road to Jericho, and climbed a high ridge from which we had an excellent view of the deep, precipitous gorge Wady el Kelt. This is a continuation of the reputed scene of the Twenty-Third or Shepherd Psalm, Wady Fâra, northeastward of Jerusalem. The stream in this valley is also identified by some people as the Brook Cherith where Elijah was fed by ravens. The Greek Monastery of Saint George, built into the rocky face of a cliff on the opposite side of the gorge, together with its gardens and fruit trees, was in full view. The bare and stony hill on which we were did not look to be a likely place to find any object of beauty, but we did discover wild pinks, lavender, scabious, and white horehound. Of course we saw many flowering plants, some of them cultivated, on the rich bottoms about Jericho. Nature is a fecund mother. Even down on the plains north of the Dead Sea, where salt whitens the surface of the argillaceous ground, and where eroded hillocks and depressions form in wet weather the 'slime pits' of Scripture, some vegetation exists. One plant is the chenopodium from which alkali is made. We saw in this for-

bidding environment a showy pink everlasting whose flowerets are grouped in beautiful clusters.

Another fragrant memory of bright days in Palestine is connected with a trip to El Kubeibeh. This village is held by many to be Emmaus, abode of two Christian disciples who were returning there the day after the resurrection of Jesus, when the Lord drew near and talked with them. 'Their eyes were holden that they should not know him.' An inscription in the Franciscan church at El Kubeibeh says, *Cognoverunt eum in practione panis*, 'They knew him in the breaking of bread.' Part of this little journey of three or four hours each way Mr. Frederick Myers, of the American Colony family, and I made on foot. The rest of the rocky path we did by 'donkey-bile,' this being a term and method of progress which is a source of tender recollection to the initiated. One of the diversions as we went forward was the singing of one cousin of the American 'Rocky Mountain canary' to another as mounts of various pilgrims duetted across wide valleys in true Democratic fashion. We went by way of the height Nebi Samwil, twenty-seven hundred thirty feet above sea-level, reputed burial-place of the prophet Samuel, and we tarried on this eminence long enough to ascend the tower and get the splendid view from one of the chief elevations of Judæa.

Along the dirt road or trail from Nebi Samwil to Emmaus, we took time to wander over the fields by the roadside and to study plant life. We found familiar species, such as clover, geranium, buttercup, gladiolus, cornflower, and pearly everlasting. *Ranunculus* was in evi-

dence, mallow, too, with yellow and pink flax, also an occasional star-of-Bethlehem and blood-drop, while on rocky walls the cyclamen, popular potted plant at home, was growing luxuriously. These names by no means cover the whole list. Hollyhocks were on those fields, but they were not so large and brilliant as those of Wadi Sh'aib just across the Jordan. Abdallah says that the Arabs call the lovely specimens of this old-fashioned flower *cadi's* — that is, judge's or magistrate's cups.

Palestine has its flowering trees and larger shrubs. At Emmaus I saw a hawthorn in full blossom. The little golden balls of the mimosa give beauty to the roadside in many places. I especially recall them near the southwestern end of Galilee, alongside Zionist colonies in middle Sharon, and on the roads of Jericho. Pomegranates bear brilliant scarlet blossoms. Various acacias and myrtles bloom in their appropriate seasons. Azaleas also are frequently found. Streams all over the land are lined with tall oleanders. At the time of my first experience on the Galilean Sea as a number of Bedouin fishermen, singing gayly as they rowed our heavy boat, were taking us from Tabgha to Capernaum, I remember how lovely and fragrant were the oleander-bordered shores. Elsewhere I have spoken of the burgeoning blossoms on the Plain of Gennesaret and beside the mountain torrent along whose side Abdallah and I climbed to the cave where were discovered the scanty remains of the Galilee man.

I have never seen, even in English meadows, greener grass than that of Galilee in the earlier days of spring. The fields which Jesus so often beheld are not only deeply

dyed by this covering, but are often sprinkled profusely with floral gems. One plot of ground which I saw near Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, looked for all the world like a jeweler's emerald cloth, greatly enlarged, on which had been poured diamonds, sapphires, opals, rubies, garnets, and amethysts, with here and there a turquoise, a bloodstone, or a lapis-lazuli. Other fields of this kind I have seen, and also expanses by the wayside in numberless places where bright blossoms were so thickly distributed in scantier and lighter-colored grass and so artistically patterned that it seemed as if the earth were carpeted with immense Persian rugs. Sometimes yellow, sometimes red hues predominated. One field was in bright American red, white, and blue.

On the road from Nazareth to Tiberias I once had two unusual experiences. One of these was an announcement just as we approached the little village called El Meshhed. The guide I had at the time declared impressively, 'This is the birthplace of Jonah and the whale.' Pretty far inland for this big aquatic mammal, some would say. The other incident was the sight at considerable distance in the hollow of a deep valley of a charming little blue lake, not so small either. This body of water appeared to be smiling up at the face of the springtide sun, and we wondered what it might be called. As we came closer, what was our surprise to find that it was not a lake at all, but a field of blue lupine, a plant which we saw elsewhere occasionally, but never associated with such considerable numbers of its kindred. The illusion was as complete as in case of mirages which we saw on the lower end of the

Plain of Sharon and as I have witnessed in Egypt between Suez and Cairo. Sharon, of course, because of its fertility, has many flowering plants. The crocus, narcissus, and lily are at home there as in other parts of the Holy Land, and anemones of every hue, scarlet, purple, and white, grow luxuriously.

As one gathers from many Scripture passages, thorns and thistles of several kinds, as well as cacti, are very common in Palestine, and the blossoms of some of these otherwise unpleasant plants are often attractive. The so-called Christ-thorn has a rose-shaped flower. It is believed by many to be the plant from which the crown was plaited which was placed upon the head of Jesus before his crucifixion. Other species of thorn have been suggested as the one used, however, *rhamnus*, *spina Christi*, the Arabian *nabk*, and one of the *acacias* among the number. A black lily of the *calla* type, found in some parts of the country, is called by natives 'calf of the Negro.'

The fauna of this part of the world is by no means as extensive or as interesting as the flora. Large species, which once were represented, the lion, bear, and others, are gone. A few more than a hundred mammals, mostly insignificant, are found, and about three hundred fifty species of birds, thirty of which are peculiar to the country. As in the days of the Master, it is true that 'foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests.' It is still possible for a father when his son asks for a fish to give him either fish or a serpent. Things holy and precious pearls may today be bestowed on dogs and swine. Sheep

and wolves and wolves in sheep's clothing have not left the scene. The coney as of yore makes his house in the rocks. A small, quick gazelle inhabits high places. The ox and the ass, the camel and the horse, the sheep and the goat, are plentiful, especially the latter-named. The leopard who cannot change his spots has become very rare. The hyena, cheetah, wild-cat, and jackal are in considerable evidence. Rodents, scorpions, bats, and invertebrates are numerous.

Palestine is not a bad place for fishing and even for fish stories. Lake Huleh, the Sea of Galilee, and the Jordan teem with specimens of the finny tribe. I have read an account of a party of fishermen who took five tons of these creatures out of Galilee in a single day. This catch was sold in Tiberias at six pounds for a penny, though quantities of fish are salted and shipped and are marketed in Damascus and Jerusalem. Bass are caught in numbers. Two species of fish in these waters are said to have a remarkable trait. One of these is called Saint Peter's fish. It has long filaments like mustaches. The young are protected and nourished in the mouth of the male, and minnows which are swimming about will rush back to this place of safety when frightened. The biggest tale on this subject, so far as I know, is that of a naturalist — or was he a preternaturalist? — who declared that he found two hundred minnows in the mouth of a single fish.

It must be confessed that Palestine has not too many song-birds. This perhaps accounts for the fact that the singing of birds is mentioned but twice in the Scriptures. Among various winged species which the land contains

are eagles, vultures, owls, bee-eaters, hoopoes. On my way to Damascus I saw a good many storks, which are frequently seen in Galilee, and I scared up partridges both on the Plain of Gennesaret and on the bad lands near the Dead Sea. It is very diverting to watch the big, white-bodied, black-winged storks with their long pink legs and bills as they stilt about in search of the insects and small reptiles on which they feed. They fly high, in majestic, stately circles, and as they descend they drop their long legs from beneath their bodies where they have been drawn up. As they touch the ground lightly, they run a few steps while they fold their wings. No song comes from them.

The bee-eater, whose note is like that of the bluebird, has a back of golden brown, a body and head of brilliant blue, and a golden yellow throat. This beautiful, not uncommon, creature is very much at home near Semakh, where clay banks furnish it very convenient housing. More than a dozen kinds of larks are represented in Palestine and Syria. Gulls, terns, and skimmers are seen on Lake Galilee. Quails in great numbers are sometimes driven over southern Palestine by the winds, suggesting the account in Exodus of the feeding of the Israelites in the wilderness of Sin. Concerning the white pelican of Lake Huleh, Masterman truly observes, 'On the wing it is a strikingly noble bird.' Kingfishers rattle their way about the northern shore of Galilee, and wild ducks fly above the water in their customary formal fashion. Ravens are numerous enough, but no Elijahs are fed by them at present. Sparrows are so common that it would

doubtless take more than two to bring a penny and more than five might be bought for two pence. Among small birds seen are the starling, green and gold finches, linnet, blackbird, song and blue thrushes, wagtail, and the local nightingale or bulbul.

Over against the relatively poor fauna of the land is a flora which numbers well over two thousand varieties. The country nurtures a plant life rivaling or exceeding that of some lands of much greater size. Lake Huleh, probably mistakenly identified with the waters of Merom of Joshua, has its own peculiar vegetation. On the northern edge of this shallow expanse, which is up the Jordan from Lake Galilee about a dozen miles, is a dense mass of floating papyrus, with smaller plants interwoven. This material covers a large space of watery marsh. MacGregor described the reeds as fifteen to twenty feet in height, but they are usually about half that size. The dark waters of Huleh itself are adorned by yellow and sometimes by white water-lilies.

One of the minor industries of the Holy Land is the manufacture of souvenirs of olivewood. My first interest in a country about which I then knew nothing grew out of the fact that when I was a child my father brought home from a trip to Palestine gifts and vertu of this kind. Olive-wood covers are frequently used to enclose sheets of pressed flowers, the more unusual or brilliantly colored blossoms being selected for the purpose. Cards with like floral decorations, suitable for mailing to friends at home, are also sold to travelers.

Many who have visited the Near East more than once

think of the whole territory as poor and desolate. Impoverished it certainly is. Despite the fertility of the Nile Valley, the great multitude of the people there live on less than a pittance. The same is true of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia. One observer says that the eastern end of the Mediterranean is peopled by folk who subsist on a few olives, a bit of coarse bread, and a little impure water daily, with meat on the rarest occasions, except where fish can be secured. This statement contains much truth. The causes of existing conditions are mixed, having factors which are economic, political, racial, and creedal. The Arabs of Palestine and most of the Jews are poor, and for a great part of the year even the landscape is dry, stony, barren, and mean. Most of the great trees of past history — pines, cedars, oaks, and others — have been cut off in the wars which have ravished the land. The eucalyptus has been planted in several places — Petah Tikvah, for example — and the Zionists have extended orange, lemon, peach, apricot, and other fruit orchards into productive if limited areas. Reforestation is making considerable progress. Good flower gardens are found. The tables of the American Colony are decorated with rare and splendid cultivated blooms, assured by Dinsmore horticultural skill. God provides the open places with forms of loveliness without which fields and wastes would be dreary beyond measure. If, therefore, anyone is inclined to say with Mark Twain that Palestine is desolate and unlovely, let him add, as did the humorist who visited the country when it was not at its best, I should much like to see the fringes of the Jordan in the spring-time.

Mountain flowers are part of the glory of high places everywhere. I have mentioned these as adding delight to such sites as the top of Mount Carmel and the hills of Transjordan. The hairpin turns and giddy loops of the ascent of Mount Tabor create somewhat less of apprehension if you are sure of your driver, and if attention is paid to the vegetation by the way. Many regard Tabor, the inverted-basket-shaped mountain beyond Nazareth on the eastern end of the Plain of Esdraelon, as the scene of the Transfiguration of Jesus. Others contend for the claims of Mount Hermon. Mount Tabor, nineteen hundred sixty-eight feet high, since nearly all of it stands erect and in plain sight above its surrounding plains, appears more imposing than do some of the loftiest mountain peaks. The Franciscans have a magnificent new Church of the Transfiguration on the summit of Mount Tabor, and there are ancient ruins. The Saracen Tower is the best point from which to take in one of the most unimpeded and extensive views in the entire land. The whole breadth of the country from the Mediterranean to the Jordan is plainly to be seen, with the Galilean hills at the north and the mountains of Samaria on the south. Look down at your feet, after you have regaled yourself with this vast picture. There in the grass and on surrounding shrubs you may be taught that the tiniest works of the Creator are often as worthy of notice and just as wonderful as are the greatest of his achievements.

CHAPTER XX

The Zionist Crusade

ONE of the most unique and adventurous enterprises of modern times is that which is being carried on by Zionists of the world in their progressive upbuilding in Palestine of a Jewish National Home. The movement is one which not only fascinates the Jew who watches with pride the return of his people to their ancestral soil, but interests profoundly the intelligent Gentile. Students of history, of economics, of racial relations, and of social progress find in this event and in the experiences of its participants a laboratory for the investigation and determination of many human problems.

A crusade it truly is, that of exiled people determined to redomicile themselves in the home of their fathers, a country known to their race for many centuries as *Erez Israel*, 'the Land of Israel.' This undertaking differs from the Christian Crusades in that its method is not militaristic, but that of peaceful penetration. No attempt has been made to seize the holy places of Palestine, very few of which are in Jewish hands. Nevertheless, Zionism is a campaign of conquest whose immediate aims and ultimate ideals are comprehensive and far-reaching. In a way the movement is intensely practical, but together with the economic wisdom shown is something mediæval in its romance and mysticism. Many of the younger colonists have journeyed blithely to a faraway land, seek-

ing novelty and excitement. On the other hand, figures are seen which, by reason of the struggles of the past and of the labors and but partially fulfilled hopes of the present, are unworldly, wistful, pathetic.

The achievements of Zionists since the War must surprise and even astonish those who have not known or realized what has occurred. The movement began long before this time. A pamphlet by Doctor Leo Pinsker on 'Auto-Emancipation' was one of the first incitements to the return of the Hebrews to their ancient home. *Hoveve Zion*, 'Lovers of Zion,' is the name of a Russian movement which became a world brotherhood of Jewish enthusiasts and increased the desire for colonization efforts. In 1870, Charles Netter founded near Jaffa an agricultural school for boys, and in 1878, Jerusalem Jews established north of Jaffa Petah Tikvah, the oldest and one of the strongest of the colonies in Palestine. After the successful foundation of the Russian Rishon-le-Zion, south of Jaffa, in 1882, colonization became rapid, and new sites were located in Samaria and Galilee as well as in Judæa. During the early period of this work it was the generosity of Baron Edmond de Rothschild which gave it much of its sustenance. After a few years of struggle, with some errors and failures as well as successes, it became evident that wider counsels were needed. Theodor Herzl inspired the calling of the first Zionist Congress which met in Basle in 1897 and adopted a well-considered plan of operation. The Basle Program, as it was called, expressed the intention, through the foundation of a Zionist organization, to establish a home for the Jewish

people in Palestine, to be publicly recognized and legally assured as such.

A map of Erez Israel as it is today is a revelation of physical accomplishment on the part of Zionists. The great Plains of Sharon and Jezreel and the upper valley of the Jordan are dotted with their settlements. A good idea of the extension of Zionist activities during the first ten years after the War may be gained from a few figures. In the last eight years of this time the most important of several organizations expending funds, the Palestine Land Development Company, purchased, at cost of about six million pounds, one hundred and eighteen thousand acres of land. Another group which had five thousand acres before the War made this sixty-nine thousand by the close of 1929. At the end of the decade, out of an estimated cultivated and cultivable two million and forty-seven thousand acres of ground in the country, the Jews possessed two hundred and seventy-six thousand acres, around thirteen per cent of the whole, and this in the most highly favored localities. These figures are, of course, higher today and are increasing with the years.

I was filled with admiration as I approached the Zionist settlements and observed the care with which their sites were chosen. I cannot wonder, now that so much of the best soil has been possessed by aliens, that the Arabs are alarmed. They did little with the ground and they sold it on their own terms, yet the outcome is disquieting. On the other hand, the Jews with whom I talked insisted that the Arabs are far better off than they were before the Zionists brought to them opportunities of employment

and trade and better methods of agriculture. Each side has an argument, of course, but the Arabs are facing not only progressive dispossession from much of their land, but the effects of large increases in population. The ten-year immigration of 1920 to 1930 brought in over a hundred thousand new Jewish settlers, to which must be added the natural increase of the former Hebrew population. This means that the ratio of Jews to Arabs in Palestine nearly doubled in a decade, and attained twenty per cent plus. The largest groups of immigrants, more than half the total, came from Poland and Russia. Rumania, Lithuania, Iraq, Turkey, Bulgaria, Germany, and even the United States were represented, the latter by fifteen hundred persons.

On several occasions, when passing the Nesher Cement Works at Haifa, the largest factory in the country, I could not but think what a change is going forward in a land which has always been devoted to agriculture and grazing. More than twenty-five hundred so-called factories are in existence, employing around twelve thousand operatives and producing goods beginning to attain values in millions. The Palestine Electrical Corporation has thousands of patrons in the chief Jewish centers. Nevertheless, one of the leading Zionist aims is to transform city-dwellers into husbandmen. 'The Jews in the Diaspora,' says one of the publications of Keren Hayesod, Palestine Foundation Fund, established in 1920, 'may be compared to a pyramid with a broad, solid base of merchants and traders, and only a narrow, small point of agricultural people. This pyramid must be reversed in

Palestine. The broad economic basis on which all other professions can rest is to be agriculture.' This is sound doctrine, of course, provided there is sufficient space, capital, and devotion to put it into operation.

The story of the Emek, or Valley of Jezreel, as the colonists found it even as late as 1920, indicates the difficult problems faced by Zionist agriculturists in their attempts to settle on ground which contained vast stretches of swamps and of soil filled with malaria and other fatal poisons. The Arabs said of one such locality that if a bird flew over it in the morning, it would fall dead in the swamps before evening. Much of the water was deadly and various malign fevers lurked all about. Inhabitants were few and dwelt at a distance in the hills or in villages of extreme squalor. Various attempts to improve conditions had failed, and when some of the first of the Zionist adventurers came to the vicinity of Nahalal, located not far from Nazareth in this wonderful plain, they looked askance at the marshes and their death-dealing pools. An old native drew near, and they questioned him, 'What are these ruins?' 'A German colony,' was the reply. 'And where are the settlers?' 'Dead.' 'And since then nobody has lived here?' 'There was a second settlement, an Arab.' 'What has become of it?' 'Destroyed.' 'And its settlers?' 'Dead, all dead.' 'And why do people die here?' 'A bad wind here, and bad water there. Anyone who drinks this water swells up and dies after three days.' Dead, dead! A fine prospect. But the pioneers remained, toiled desperately, drained the swamps, plowed, sowed, planted, cultivated, built homes. Today

the Emek has a score and over of larger and smaller settlements cultivating forty thousand acres, smiling with fields of grain and vegetables and dotted with shade and fruit trees.

This is an epic we are rehearsing, but it is poetry wedded to science. The result of the union is agriculture and horticulture based on approved methods. The investments yield an increasing return in the form of produce, of home maintenance and assured income. Not all the work has been successful, and a great part of it is still dependent upon subsidies, but under the conditions the result of the experiment is accounted gratifying. In April, 1930, members of Keren Hayesod settlements had over twelve hundred draught animals, over four thousand dairy cows, four thousand pieces of machinery, and large numbers of poultry. Other Jewish organizations have equipment and possessions which bring the total of draught animals to about five thousand and of cattle to twelve thousand or more. Efforts at reforestation of a land desolated by war and neglect have placed in the ground millions of young saplings of wood-growing and ornamental trees. In the three years from 1927 to the spring of 1930, Jewish orange groves grew from less than two thousand to nearly twenty-six hundred acres with ten thousand eight hundred more acres in young trees. The whole acreage became one half of all the orange cultivation of Palestine. Next to citrus groves come almond plantations, three fourths of the industry, vineyards, one third, together with other fruit, vegetable, and grain crops, bringing the productivity of Zion into rapidly increasing leadership.

The lapse of four years' time between two visits to the country had resulted in such evident extension of the figures I have cited as filled me with amazement. Remember that this does not mean that Zionism has placed all its people on a firm basis of prosperity, or that Palestine has now come 'to blossom as the rose.' The cultivable land, were it all in use, is only a third of the country, much of the remainder being wild and rocky. Moreover, in addition to the possessions brought with them by individuals, the Jewish colonies are sustained by vast funds from those countries in which the Jews are prosperous, the United States of America, first of all, South Africa, England, France, and others. It is estimated that the Jews of the world, perhaps seventeen millions in number, poured into Erez Israel, in order to create a Jewish National Home, something like thirty-five million pounds during the first ten years after the War. The greater part of this sum, of course, went for land, equipment, and expenses of early settlement, but not a little was necessary to keep failures at agricultural labor from starving.

One of the attractive features which I observed in the colonies of Zion was the charming relation between the sexes. Family life among the Jews has always been attended by a good degree of sentiment. Young men and maidens stroll about during leisure hours with a wholesome freedom. Married couples and their children display a natural and intimate regard for each other which is at least much less openly exhibited in many other parts of the world. Women often work in the fields, especially in gardens and groves, but they are not treated as in-

feriors or as beasts of burden, as I have seen their sisters of other races treated. It should go almost without saying that education, social life, and personal welfare are objects of solicitude in the villages of Zion and in their city establishments. The urban work of the colonization plan takes in the development of modern suburbs in Jerusalem, Haifa, and Tiberias, as well as of course in Tel Aviv. A modern school system runs all the way from kindergarten to the Haifa Technical School and the imposing Hebrew University on Mount Scopus. The University was officially opened by Lord Balfour in 1925, and teaches humanities, mathematics, and natural sciences. It has a large and rapidly growing library. The colonies also enjoy library facilities and literary and dramatic privileges which compare favorably with some parts of Europe. Occasionally great Jewish artists, visiting Erez Israel, are heard in the settlements. Hebrew daily newspapers are published in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, and political, literary, and technical journals are numerous. Many books on varied themes come from Hebrew presses. Jewish hospitals are well established in the cities, Hadasah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America, maintaining jointly with the Keren Hayesod not only urban but rural hospital, clinical, and infant welfare service.

What is the meaning of this story? One very evident fact is that in the greater part of Palestine the Jew has ceased wailing and has gone to working. I never had much use for the pitiful and beggarly spot in Jerusalem called the Jews' Wailing Place. Were I to visit the capital city a hundred times, I do not think that even the

sight of the big stones of Solomon's Temple would draw me back to the scene of Israel's humility. Indeed, I did not go there at the time of my recent journey, but preferred looking at Zionist agriculture rather than at the funeral obsequies of Zion.

Another interpretation of the meaning of present-day Jewish activities is found in the words, 'The settlement of Palestine is not a commercial undertaking, but a work of national liberation.' The Jew is Hebraizing himself. One of the most marvelous feats of all history has been the resurrection of a dead language, ancient Hebrew, by means of the idealism, courage, and persistence of Eliezer Ben Yehuda. This man decided that the Jew must rid himself of Yiddish and other jargons and get back his ancestral tongue. He published a paper, agitated, and prepared a dictionary save for the last four letters, the work of which his wife took up after his death. He was opposed, abused, and ridiculed, but he raised Hebrew out of its grave and made it a living tongue. It is spoken today by nearly all the Jews of Palestine, and is one of the three official languages of the country. The Jew is striving to unify his race. A common homeland and a pure form of speech are methods in this undertaking. The Zionist movement, while not supported by all Jews, is nevertheless possessed of a wide following, found wherever the race is largely domiciled. The collections taken for this cause and still more truly the publication of its aims and achievements, create a solidarity of thinking and a loyalty to one project which are unifying in their tendency.

The great hope and assurance of Zionism found its strongest root in the Balfour Declaration of 1917. Arthur James Lord Balfour made the statement that 'His Majesty's Government views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people.' He promised that the Government would facilitate the undertaking, but not in such manner as to injure other residents of the land or the rights of Jews in other parts of the world. The Great Powers approved the Balfour Declaration, and when the Mandate of Palestine was entrusted to Great Britain, the duty was laid upon her to place the country 'under such political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home.' It is perhaps because the Zionists seized their opportunity so avidly and pushed their emprise so ably that the Arabs soon began to complain of the competition they were receiving and of the losses which they felt themselves to have sustained. The Jews were accused of taking everything and giving nothing, even in friendship or in reciprocal trade. The fault most unforgivable is that of too great success. As those who keep up with the news of the day will recall, certain jealous outbreaks have occurred, with riots and tragedies. The English, meanwhile, are accused of favoring one side today and the other tomorrow, with the result that both parties are unhappy most of the time. The Moslems, not only of Palestine but of surrounding states, have held councils as to the aggressions of Israel against Islam. They claim that the land has belonged to the Arabs longer than it was ever held by the Jews. Will the

effort of a homeless race to secure for itself a national center be wrecked on the shores of political or religious strife? Who can say? Crusades often fail. Armadas have been destroyed. It is a way which human adventures have — to come to naught. However, the followers of Mohammed may decide to profit by such wisdom as that of Gamaliel the Jew with reference to the treatment of the Christians, 'Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown: but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them.'

Among interesting Jews with whom I talked about the Zionist Crusade was Colonel Kisch, one of the best-informed of its officials. In his Jerusalem office, where he gave me every courtesy and seemed pleased to impart the information at his command, I asked him some pointed questions. I suggested that he need not answer any inquiry which he thought embarrassing. His replies were nevertheless prompt and very frank. 'What exactly is it that your organization seeks to do?' was my first query. 'To unify our people, and to give them a national consciousness,' this very competent-looking executive declared. Upon this statement he enlarged to show that the sense of nationalism, supported by the existence of a central home, though peopled by only a small portion of the race, would help to preserve the cultural heritage of the Jews, threatened and weakened as it is by various environments. 'Are the Zionists trying to establish a government and secure control of Palestine?' was the next question I ventured. 'Some enthusi-

astic persons have had such a dream,' he said, 'but that is not at all our purpose. We are not a political movement. We merely wish a national home, a center and symbol of racial integrity and interest.' This reply I believe was made sincerely, but it was in sharp contrast with the attitude of a Jewish professor with whom I also conversed. This man belongs to a small faction which would gladly see Zion become a temporal kingdom, the actual government of Palestine.

When I had received from Colonel Kisch many facts such as I have cited in discussing this theme, I decided to put to him my most searching inquiry. I said: 'It is sometimes alleged that the Zionists are irreligious and even anti-religious. What is your reply to this?' In a very serious manner, with much emphasis, the answer came: 'The truth is the very reverse. We have had, of course, some thoughtless young people who have said and done unwise things. It is also a fact that certain practices of the older Palestinian Jews have not retained their hold upon our members. But the movement is not only not anti-religious, it is spiritual. Our desire is to bring back to our race the religion of the great prophets, with its devotion to high ideals and to the God of our fathers.' As he said this with quiet but impressive accents, it seemed to me that the past unrolled before my eyes and that I could see the tall, heroic figures of the mighty preachers of righteousness who in Israel's darkest hours fearlessly uttered sublime truth. Their spirit and message are still needed. It is a lofty and worthy purpose to restore to Israel the light of their wisdom and counsel.

For such a plan every Christian must have a deep respect, since the One whom he follows said to his disciples, 'Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill.'

CHAPTER XXI

The Home of the Galilee Man

THE oldest man of whom Palestine has given any certain trace is the 'Galilee man.' This must be said, of course, with apologies to friends of Adam. The tomb of the first ancestor in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, to those who can accept it as such, was assuredly a bit earlier in its use than the cavern Mugharet el Emireh, halfway up the side of the rock-bound ravine Wady el Amûd. In this 'Valley of the Pillar' it was that in the spring of 1925 Francis Adrian Joseph Turville-Petre, if one has it all, a voluntary, unpaid worker on the staff of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem, and Dr. John Garstang found the portion of a human skull which Cuvier-like methods have articulated and elaborated into the figure labeled in collections and in literature as the 'Galilee man.'

The troglodytes who dwelt in subterranean grottoes of southern Palestine were mere moderns by the side of this cave-man of the north, if the conclusions of authorities are correct. Turville-Petre noted in the bottom of several caverns in the region which he was studying the presence of some feet of apparently undisturbed deposits accumulated through long periods of time. On the site of his great discovery he found first of all four feet of strata containing chards of pottery, stone weapons, and various implements, which beneath later relics and together with

them gave evidence of habitation from Neolithic times, *circa* 5-6000 B.C., almost to the days of Christ. Under this material was a rocky stratum of reddish clay, sterile of remains of human residence. Still lower were three feet of a different substance from the upper earth and clay. Here the spade uncovered flint implements described as wholly unlike those of Neolithic strata. These and other objects were similar to those of the cave floors of France, which are called Mousterian. The date assigned such *disjecta membra* of ancient civilization, if such it can be called, is said to be long prior to the height of the latest glacial period of Europe, estimated as from twenty to fifty thousand years ago or even earlier.

More than four hundred flint weapons were collected by Petre from the place of his adventure. Bones of antelope and deer, most of them of species long extinct, were mingled with the artifacts and implements of Mousterian origin, thus enlarging the range of a period of life which had previously been noted only as having existed in Europe. The great find which accompanied these treasures was that of a few cranial fragments from which have been reconstructed the person of the 'Galilee man.' Most of his body had disappeared ages ago. All that is left is from the brain-case, portions of the forehead and eye-sockets, a molar or cheek-bone, and part of the floor of the skull, formed by the sphenoid bone. These objects, partly fossilized, as were other bones found, were beneath layers of rock evidently dislodged at some remote time from the roof above. It is thought that the absent portions of the body were left outside a protected cavity

in the rock caused by the accident which destroyed the life of the owner.

The Galilee remains were sent to London to be examined, compared with other antiquities, and classified. Massive ape-like ridges of the brows were said not to denote simian origin, but taken together with other facts to indicate human intelligence of the Neanderthal stage of development. The brain was declared by Sir Arthur Keith and others to be of a size but little short of that of the average modern. The particular line represented by such beings failed to persist, and is said not to constitute the ancestry of recent men. Nevertheless, it seems, from the convolutionary pattern presented by his skull, that the early inhabitant of Palestine, whose picturesque sepulcher I was eager to visit, saw, heard, felt, thought, spoke, fought, dreamed, and struggled much as we are wont to do.

It was from Father Täpper's charming hostel at Tabgha that Abdallah and I started out on a beautiful last day of March afternoon to visit the home of Brother Galilee, or whatever his name was. We drove down the road toward Magdala and left our car in charge of a Bedouin boy, taking care to lock it as well, for bandits had been in that neighborhood not long before. Then we struck off westward on a country road, leaving the plain by the seaside behind us. The route lay across open fields between broad acres of wheat, beans, and other thrifty and well-grown crops. There were no fences, and vegetation had swept freely over the thoroughfare, which was more densely choked with plant-life as we proceeded. We

were often compelled to leave the road and take to the open. Quail started from the ground before us and whirred away to what seemed to them greater safety. During the trip we had evidence that the bird-life of Galilee is abundant and quite varied, though on this occasion we did not happen to see the storks which are often so plentiful in the northern country.

The broad, fertile plain over which our trip began narrowed after a time, and we came to a rock-bound valley whose entrance was flanked by steep hills. On the right a broad cave-mouth appeared, but it held no especial interest for us, being merely the entrance to a shelter used, like hundreds of others of the type in Palestine, as a refuge for shepherds and their flocks. When we came to the mountain stream which flows down the gorge which we were approaching, we found it quite a rushing river, part of whose water is diverted into irrigation ditches, one on each side. These flowing rivulets, together with the more copious rainfall of northern Palestine, account for the vigorous crops grown in the fields northwest of the Sea of Galilee.

The gorge became narrower and the sides more precipitous as we traveled, until at last it became necessary to cross the swiftly flowing and well-filled brook. Good luck attended us at both fords to which we came on our upward journey. At one of these a boy with a donkey approached from the other side. When the two had come over to our waiting-place, after a short argument in Arabic, first I and then Abdallah rode the little beast through the stream and then headed him back again. He

was rather reluctant to do so much wading, and required considerable encouragement from the rear until he got into the water. Then he went forward, not swiftly, indeed, but surely. When we neared the second crossing, a mounted Bedouin overtook us. Abdallah persuaded him to render us the service we again required in order to get over dry-shod. The horse, a very good animal, behaved more intelligently than the donkey had done, and we were soon and comfortably ferried. Candor compels me to record, however, that the horseman was no more reasonable than the donkey-boy. Both of them were dissatisfied with the fairly generous fees which they received for ten minutes' use of their steeds. However, this attitude had long since ceased to distress us, for we had often been informed that the common Arab is never satisfied. 'Give him ten dollars, and he would complain just the same,' a citizen of the land once remarked to me. Abdallah, to whom in such cases I wisely committed specie payment, said, 'If you have time, give the man part of what you think right. When he grumbles, give him the rest, and he will be content.'

It must have been four o'clock when we had completed the five-kilometer journey through fields, lanes, and thickets and up stony mountain paths by which at length we reached the cave where the first Galilean was discovered. It is one of several openings on either side of the steep-walled cleft in the rocks made by the waters of former centuries. The mouth of the cavern is high up on the right-hand side of the gorge, perhaps halfway to the present hilltop. The entrance is some thirty feet or more

wide, and admits one to a chamber of considerable proportions. The place was formerly protected from common use by an iron fence and locked door. Evidently no care has been given lately, and it was apparent that wandering Bedouins and their animals pretty regularly make it their refuge and temporary home. The roof, perhaps forty or more feet above the ground, and the walls of the principal room, whose length is toward a hundred feet, are blackened by the fires of many centuries. How much wood and brush have been burned in such places must be left to the imagination. Part of the smoke of the ages was released through a circular hole of less than two feet diameter, cut in the soft limestone of the roof. The walls have many irregularities, projections, and recesses, and above one are nodules and small stalactites. This 'Robber's Cave,' as it was known before the scientists made their discovery, is a black, unlovely abode, where the shepherds who use it dwell in the midst of débris of a nature very unattractive. Pigeons and reptiles also make this a resting-place. One does not care to tarry too long in such surroundings.

After we had fully satisfied our curiosity concerning the place of burial and of cranial resurrection of the 'Galilee man,' and had looked at some near-by chambers in the rocks, as the afternoon shadows were already beginning to darken this confined portion of the valley, Abdallah and I began the return journey. This time there was no help for it: when it became necessary to get to the other side of the stream, we twice had to wade. We took off shoes and hose, rolled up our trousers to the

limit, and struck out carefully. The water was cold, and deeper than it looked, as it had increased with the spring rains. The smaller stones were as rough and sharp as the large ones were smooth and slippery. We aided each other as our feet groped for firm holdings and slowly made our way to the coveted banks which we reached with no more disastrous experience than some splashing of water on our nether garments. Our handkerchiefs and the breeze quickly dried our feet on each occasion and permitted us to resume shoes and journey with a quite delightful sense of having again experienced one of the pleasures of long-lost but not wholly forgotten boyhood.

Two further memories of our visit to the home of the 'Galilee man' will always be preserved and treasured. Elsewhere mention is made of the flowers of Palestine. I have always found them plentiful in a northern Galilee spring-time. On this occasion they were everywhere about us. The hill-stream was lined with profusely blooming oleanders. Making their pink clusters a basis for our collection as Abdallah and I wandered leisurely back toward the highway where we had left our machine, we plucked great handfuls of red, yellow, white, pink, blue, greenish-gold, and purple flowers until we had a royal bouquet of more than a dozen especially fine varieties to take to the lady awaiting our return at Tabgha.

The other vivid recollection is that of our view across the Plain of Gennesaret as we came down the Wady toward the sea. This fertile land stretches along the shore for some four miles, and extends backward to the hills a distance as great as two miles in some places. The fields

are well watered by more than one stream and by showers. It is easy to see why this region has been an abode of humanity, even from the days of the quondam owner of a few skull-fragments exhumed after many long centuries had passed. When we came out of the gorge at the conclusion of our excursion to the place of their discovery, a most enthralling prospect burst upon our vision. In the foreground was the broad plain with its richly gemmed carpet of emerald. Beyond this was the brilliant blue of historic Galilee. While in the distance, as the background of one of the Supreme Artist's masterpieces, were the picturesque hills of the Hauran. The light of the canvas, covering with mystic radiance plain and waters and far-off hilltops, was that of the final glory of departing day. Looking upon the scene the thought came, This is a worthy homeland, but not merely of the 'Galilee man.' Another figure, infinitely more significant, stood before my mind — the Man of Galilee. This, I reflected, is the very place, these are the fields, the highways, the shores, the waters, which are illuminated and made significant and sacred by the presence of the Master of Men. Here He journeyed, attended by His disciples and ofttimes accompanied by multitudes who listened with amazement to the words of wisdom which fell from His lips. Who and what was the 'Galilee man,' and what does he mean to humanity? His life, his deeds, his words, have perished, without hope of restoration. He has left us nothing which we prize. He is even nameless! But the Man of Galilee is known and ministers to the needs of men in the remotest ends of the earth. The unfading

record of His deeds and the irresistible impact of His teachings are not merely part of the world's inheritance, but determine the goal to which the race is striving by the aid of infinite power and love.

CHAPTER XXII

Blue Galilee

THE first time I saw Galilee, it was anything but blue. This famous lake, or sea, of waters traditionally cerulean, ought never to be anything but azure if pilgrims to its shores are to be gratified. History, it is true, does not bear out the ideal expectation of the visitor. The New Testament narratives include references to storms and rough water on Galilee. On the occasion I refer to, the waves were not boisterous, but a gentle spring rain and leaden skies were our greeting. The one relief from these conditions came when we were out on the lake. We happened to be facing the high castle-like hilltop known as the Horns of Hattin. Suddenly the sun broke through clouds and mists, and shone brilliantly on an emerald field just below the summit, at a point where a tradition, dating back to the thirteenth century at least, locates the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount. For some moments the picture continued before our eyes, the bright greensward with the twin peaks of the mountain frowning above it, and the whole framed in heavy shadows pierced at the top by a shaft of sunshine. This spectacle at that particular place seemed a symbol of the way in which the sublime discourse of Jesus has thrown light upon fields of human responsibility and conduct.

Travelers usually drive from the boyhood home of Jesus to Tiberias on the west shore of Galilee, though the

train route is to Semakh at the southern end of the lake. The road out of Nazareth leads upward by long bends from which, near the hilltop, are the finest views of the town and of its surroundings to be obtained anywhere. Really beautiful for situation, the complete setting of this city is not visible from all directions. The first half of the distance from the eminence east of Nazareth to Tiberias is a gradually descending road with wide views of valleys and of village-crowned hills. The Moslem towns are of little importance, but El Meshhed is said to be Gath Hepher of Zebulun, birthplace of Jonah the prophet. Kefr Kenna is Cana of Galilee, the scene of the wedding-feast during which the first recorded miracle of Christ took place. This village of twelve hundred or more people is half Moslem, but has Greek and Latin churches. Nowhere are the sellers of laces and the children who wish you to buy miniature water-jars and other souvenirs more numerous and importunate. I bought more than I wanted just out of pity for the dwellers in this squalid environment, though it would seem that the productive land about the neighborhood ought to support Christians and Moslems as well as the Jews, who have several colonies not far away which are clean-looking and apparently prosperous. The crypts of the Cana churches display some ancient stone vases or pitchers and inscriptions. Visitors, of course, taste the waters of Cana's fountain which undoubtedly dates back to the time of Christ.

Near the approach to the volcanic zone of the Jordan Valley, the land on the left slopes upward to the hill Jebel Kurun Hattin. This summit, the Horns of Hattin,

gets its name from the fact that it is somewhat saddle-shaped, with horn-like ends. It is also called the Mount of Beatitudes, because, as I have said, it has been regarded as the scene of the Sermon on the Mount. Very likely Hattin is an extinct volcano. Its peculiar crest can be seen from all parts of the waters in the valley eastward, and views from the hilltop are extensive and exceptionally lovely. The terrible battle which broke the power of the Crusaders was fought on the plains about the Horns of Hattin. Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, with a force twice as great as that of his prey, surrounded the last King of Jerusalem, Guy of Lusignan, and his army on the crown of the hill. Dry shrubs and grass were set afire so that the smoke and heat were driven over the summit. Count Raymond of Tripoli and a few others cut their way out and escaped, but all the rest were overwhelmed by the Saracens, and shortly afterward Jerusalem was taken with little opposition.

About two and a half miles before reaching Tiberias, as the descent of the steep hill begins, the Sea of Galilee comes into full view, a sheet of water about fourteen miles in length from north to south and about six miles in breadth. On my second approach the deep marine blue of the little sea, backed by the green walls of the Hauran, presented a brilliant panorama. We doubled back and forth in getting down to the depth of six hundred eighty-two feet below sea-level. Beneath us as we descended were the white-domed mosques and the houses of Tiberias, charming from a distance, which is about the best thing that can be said of it. The city was founded by

Herod Antipas, A.D. 21. It was a pagan town which Jews would not enter. No record that Jesus went there has been discovered. The modern population of eighty-six hundred is, however, predominantly Jewish, but while some ruins are found and hot springs may be seen on the coast south of the town, there is nothing in the place which is very attractive. I found the hotels unsatisfactory and would avoid them in future.

The drive down the seaside from Tiberias to Semakh is worth while, as the road is good, and not much time is consumed. We stopped at the hot baths, which were once famous, but are now quite miserably equipped. The mimosa trees along the roadway in some places were in full bloom. Their golden blossoms are a pleasant recollection. We crossed the outlet of the lake, admiring the clear, transparent water. Several caravans were on the open fields near the railroad town at the southern end of the sea. Baby camels, with their awkward long legs, were wandering about among the older camels, the donkeys, the dragomans, and the traders. The town is unattractive. Old wharves, which once saw considerable lake traffic, are decaying, but not grandly. We did not care to linger a great while before driving back to Tiberias and on to Tabgha.

The hospice of Ain Tabgha is the favorite guest-house for well-informed pilgrims to Galilee. The drive around the lake shore from Tiberias is exceedingly pleasant. After two and a half miles comes El Mejdol or Magdala, birthplace of Mary Magdalene. At present a tiny mud-hut village is here, and near-by the Jewish colony Migdol.

The Plain of Gennesaret begins at this point and occupies a plot whose shore-line is about four miles long and whose depth is more than two miles. This is a garden of great fertility, largely now in Jewish hands. Several streams bring water from the Galilean hills which surround the tract. One of the sites claimed for Bethsaida, 'the House of Fishers,' and home of Peter, Philip, and Andrew, is this seaside plain. Robinson, however, located Bethsaida at Ain Tabgha itself. It is back of Gennesaret that the gorge of the Wady el-Amûd begins up which Abdallah and I climbed to the cave of the 'Galilee man.'

The villa of the German Lazarist Fathers at Ain Tabgha is about eight miles by shore from Tiberias, though the distance is somewhat less by water. The domes of the city by day and its twinkling lights by night are plainly visible from the garden terrace and from the front windows of Father Tapper's comfortable hostel. The name Ain Tabgha is from the Greek 'Heptabegon,' and indicates that seven springs are found along the shores in this vicinity. We were so fortunate as to get a second-story front room on a vine-covered veranda above an orange grove, banana trees, and varied flower-beds which were between us and the near-by water-front. One of the first things we did after getting established in our comfortable room was to go down to the lake-front and walk along the path westward for a few hundred yards until we came to a large spring which pours its contents into the sea. The shore is rocky, and as we strolled on we could look straight down into the water a few feet below us, and were surprised to see so many



FISHING-BOATS AT BETHSAIDA

fish, some of them of considerable size. The largest ones darted away if we made a noise, but when we cautiously approached one of the deeper pools, we could get a close-up of splendid game. At the Tabgha table we ate our Peter's fish, delicate food deliciously cooked, with much relish, and with no fear that the supply will soon run out.

Father Tapper has a large flock of pure-white pigeons. They were winging their way about much of the time. It was a charming sight at the close of day to see them flying home from the lake. Isaiah had seen something like this, for he exclaimed, 'Who are these that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?' The sunset glorified the scene with its colors and gave us a vivid illustration of the psalmist's description when he pictured 'the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her pinions with yellow gold.'

Everyone who visits Lake Galilee desires, of course, to go out on the water. There are three possibilities, row-boat, sail-boat, and a single motor-boat. I have not sailed this sea, but have used the other two methods of getting around the lake-front. The fishermen I have met near Tabgha do not resemble my idea of Simon and Andrew, James and John. They are not Jews, but Bedouin, living on the plains north of the sea in black goat's-hair tents. Possibly we might have secured Hebrew oarsmen at Tiberias, but Abdallah made a bargain with the near-by Arabs who were in possession of large, heavy fishing-boats. As soon as the rowers began to labor at their task, we understood the Scriptural expression, 'toiling' or

'distressed in rowing.' The boat was so big and clumsy and the oars so weighty that progress was slow. Abdallah began to sing a lively Arab chant, hardly to be accounted a melody. The men evidently knew the song, for they caught it up at once. Their faces brightened and the great oars rose and fell with their shouting, which I am sure is the right word to use. German singers at their hoarsest cannot compete successfully, I think, with Bedouin singers in the use of gutturals. Nevertheless, the effect of the performance, continued for some time, I judged with improvisations, was not displeasing. The rowers became quite human in their intercourse with our conductor with whom they exchanged comments of an evidently amusing nature. While all this was going on, we were feasting our eyes on the surface of the sea, on the sky and clouds, on the pink-and-white oleander-bordered shores, on the darting kingfishers, the great fields and verdure-clad hills. We took note that the water of Galilee is clear and potable when not too greatly heated.

Of course we saw more of the lake and of its environs when we used the motor-boat, survivor of several which used to dart about from point to point between Tiberias, Semakh, and Capernaum. The use of the automobile and truck has driven motor-craft out of business. Quite a party from Tabgha joined our little excursion of fifteen miles or more, in the course of which we were able to see the whole surface of Galilee, its entire coast-line and the most interesting sites. We passed Capernaum, noting also at a little distance northward the reputed locality of Chorazin. We visited the mouth of the Jordan, a broad

stream bordered by trees and fertile lands, where we observed the yellow tide which the river pours into the clear waters of the sea and which colors the surface for some distance out from the shore. We saw the place where the other Bethsaida, Julias, named for the Tetrarch, is said to have been, on the eastern side of the Jordan. At this Bethsaida, many believe the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand was performed. We approached the eastern side of the lake near steep hills, down which the swine may have rushed into the sea when the evil spirits entered into them. On the road which skirts the eastern shores of the lake, we saw large numbers of wonderful horses, cattle, sheep and goats, with camels, which were being driven around the lake in order to get to the markets.

I have read some descriptions of the Galilee region which present its scenes as commonplace and unattractive. Other accounts depict them as vistas of surpassing loveliness. The truth is that these prospects vary at different seasons of the year and with the weather, the time of day, the degree of light, and other factors which enter into the picture. We were fortunate at the time of our motor-boat excursion that we were granted much sunshine. At times fleecy white clouds flecked the heavens and cast colorful shadows upon the surface of the lake. We had an occasional moderate breeze. For a while the bright sun falling upon myriads of wavelets in the water tipped them with light in such a way that we were looking across a sea of tiny sparkling crosses. Blue Galilee! We saw it that day in every hue, from almost black to purest

azure. Once the green hills seemed to be an emerald glass filled with liquid lapis-lazuli. 'A sapphire, set in emeralds,' runs another simile.

The southern end of Galilee is not particularly impressive, either physically or historically. The name of the district and of the sea came originally from Gelil-ha-Goim "Ring or Circle of the Gentiles," as being on the frontier of Israel and impressed by foreign tribes. The lake has also been called Gennesaret, Chinnereth and Tiberias. As we wandered about, we saw many ducks flying in their usual precise formation or settling on the water, prepared to dive or take to wing instantly. Our boatmen had guns and tried for game, but the noise of the motor prevented getting near enough the wary creatures to bag them. The most charming of the views which we beheld was from the center of the lake northward. Above the smiling sea, the fields of verdure and the hilltops, appeared the snowy peak of Mount Hermon. Seen in this manner from a distance, the dazzling peak seemed to be the ideal location for such an event as the Transfiguration. Mount Tabor, with its broad surface and warmer latitude, would, however, more naturally occasion such a suggestion as that of Saint Peter about the erection of tabernacles on the site of that marvelous experience.

In traveling over the surface or driving on the shore-roads of Galilee, it is difficult to re-create in mind the appearance of this body of water circled as it was in the time of Christ with centers of population. Nowhere else in Palestine was there such a congeries of rich and well-

peopled cities. At least nine such, it is said, bordered this tiny sea. The shores were lined with splendid temples, with colonnades. Palaces of high Roman officials, decorated villas of rich citizens, semi-tropical gardens, broad avenues, and thronged concourses were here. Among the groups to be seen were wealthy merchants from Antioch, traders from the Greek islands, from Damascus and Palmyra and from the whole Decapolis. Caravans from Egypt and Persia brought seekers of profit who mingled with Jewish rabbis, with imperial soldiers, and with devotees of Zoroaster from the farther east. In the open country were peasants tilling fields and vegetable-plots, and on the shores were toilers of the sea, earning their livelihood by fishing. Brilliantly lighted boats flashed about upon the waters at night. Luxury, pride, and dissipation made carnival without restraint. It was a place of license and of opportunity.

Without doubt Jesus was attracted to Capernaum and the other environs of the lake because of His interest in humanity. Nazareth was provincial, hide-bound, impervious. He could accomplish little there. In the midst of multitudes of diverse races and ideas, truth would get a hearing and disciples might be made. The ruins of the synagogue at Capernaum, explored by Wilson in 1865 and systematically exhumed and studied from 1905, indicate the magnificence of the period in which it was erected. The white stone and delicately carved capitals of this structure seem strangely exotic in a region of dark basalt. If these remains were not portions of the house of worship built by the centurion whose servant

Christ healed, they are certainly near the spot where Jesus taught with such authority that His hearers were astonished. When He added to his discourse the healing of one possessed with an evil spirit, 'there went forth a rumor concerning him into every place of the region round about.'

Father Orphali and his Franciscan successors have placed pilgrims in debt by partial restoration of the beautiful synagogue at Capernaum. The interior measurement is about eighty by sixty feet. The carved stones and Corinthian pillars in place are imposing. I should like to visit the scene often. It is on the very water-front but two and a half miles east of Tabgha and is accessible both by land and water. The Franciscan father in charge shows complete charts of the building and will exhibit mosaic floors, perhaps of a church which stood on the site of Peter's home. From this place Jesus went forth on many of the missions recorded in the books of the Evangelists. The whole story of Christ's journeys across the Sea of Galilee, of the miracles He wrought, and of the words of wisdom He uttered on its shores and in its towns would fill a volume. Would that every word and incident of His life here could be recovered and added to what the Scriptures contain!

It seems unnecessary to say that sunrise and sunset on the Lake of Galilee present to the beholder scenes of glory. Perhaps the most poetic sight in this sacred region is that of Galilee by moonlight. We were so fortunate as to be able to look long and thoughtfully across the waters of the lake when the rays reflected by the orb of night

suffused them with dreamful magic. As in a vision I seemed to see One whom the world reveres walking beside the sea. He paused to call fishermen away from their tasks to follow Him. He entered a boat and spoke wise words to the people who crowded about on the shore. 'He went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them.' He crossed the lake, followed by eager multitudes to whom He ministered until He was exhausted. He traveled from place to place throughout all Galilee telling the good news of the Kingdom of God, bringing hope and joy to those in doubt and sorrow. He rebuked the sins of men and warned lustful cities of impending doom. I saw Him spend His day in works of love and service, 'And when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them.' This is the sight that makes the Lake of Galilee beautiful beyond the scenes of nature and above every form of earth's loveliness — the vision of Jesus, man's best Friend and Helper, known today to countless multitudes in many lands. Whatever may be said of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, or Nazareth, Galilee is the land of Jesus. There He seems to fill the landscape, and to abide, not as a character in history, but as the Person of persons, the Living One, who was and is and ever will be, Son of God, and Master of men.

THE END

APPENDIX

A STORY OF GUIDES

IF ONE really wishes to know something about what he sees in Palestine, or even in Jerusalem, the question of guidance is very important. Of course the see-it-in-a-minute-and-go tourist needs no aid except that of the conductor of his party. Some of the tour leaders who take people all over the country in four days, or even in forty-eight hours, are really competent interpreters of the outstanding objects of interest. Others are incurably ignorant, though often none the less positive on that account.

Even for a very brief stay in the Holy Land, it is wise to consult local residents as to what and whom to see, and how to go about it. I have always sought and carried with me valuable introductions to Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish leaders, to business and professional men and to public officials. Sometimes these methods of approach, to those whose information and counsel I thought might be helpful, proved to be unnecessary. In other cases I was greatly profited by getting quickly to the right sources of knowledge.

The American Colony Store is one of the good places to which to go on arrival in Jerusalem for suggestions and assistance. Mr. Frederick Vester, the manager, helped me to secure drivers and to meet important personages. For instance, by his arrangement I was able to have a valuable interview with the Mayor of Jerusalem, Ragele Bey el Nahashibi. This leader of the anti-Mufti party among the Moslems was originally appointed and afterward elected to the office which he held for ten and more years. I found him not only a source of intimate knowledge of his municipality, but a personality of unusual

and instructive qualities. The Colony Store proved also to be a good place to secure choice reservations for the best events taking place during the periods I have spent in Jerusalem. Many of the great occasions, for example, of Easter Week, are far more enjoyable and profitable to visitors if they are able to secure admissions to the right points of observation and to get good tickets.

Leading members of the American Colony family, when able to devote the time for such a trip, proved the best of companions in sight-seeing expeditions. They knew the city intimately, and were also familiar with the country at large. Mr. Frederick Myers, who took me to Emmaus, gave me not only the direction necessary for the excursion we made together, but a store of useful facts and impressions about Palestinian life. His conversation, as we lunched under a willy by the wayside, was better than a travel lecture, because more detailed and exact. A 'willy' is a tree under which some saint, prophet, or sheik is said to be buried. Professor John E. Dinsmore, an expert botanist as I have said elsewhere, I found to be a delightful comrade on journeys through the open country. His acquaintance with the whole flora and fauna of the land seemed encyclopædic and his tranquil devotion to nature was accompanied by spiritual insight.

Anyone who ever secured the services of Mr. Jacob E. Spafford for one or more adventures of exploration was abundantly rewarded. This leader and prophet of the American Colony was born in Jerusalem to Jewish parents. His childhood name was Jacob David Eliahu. The Eliahu family became connected with the Anglican Church, and their son was brought up in that communion and became a teacher. When the founders of the American Colony came to Jerusalem, Jacob Eliahu became acquainted with them, was deeply moved by their Christian ideals, and joined the Colony. The young man was later adopted by the good friends who had so influenced

his life, and as Jacob E. Spafford he became a lifelong member of the American Colony, an exceedingly able student of Palestinian lore and a skilled interpreter of the Scriptures both of the Old and New Testaments. Brother Jacob, as he came to be known in the Colony and by many friends, made an able escort of tourists and pilgrims to Galilee, southern Palestine, and Trans-jordania, even on the hard Petra trip. His company in the museums and sacred places of Jerusalem was exceedingly valuable from several viewpoints.

Other sources of guidance in a country in which almost everything requires intelligent information and explanation are teachers, Christian Association leaders, and the abler care-takers of historic places and institutions. The Newman School of Missions, Thabor, Jerusalem, is frequented by professors and students of much knowledge of the Near East. The Reverend Eric Bishop, in charge of the school, gave us useful facts. Professor Joseph Cohen, a teacher of French and a philatelic authority, placed me in debt to him by his comments on Jewish customs and literature and by items of interest concerning political factionalism and Zionist programs. Anyone who meets such leaders as Père Vincent, the Dominican archæologist; Professor William M. Christie, Haifa, Hebraist; Doctor Elihu Grant, excavator at Ain Shems; Mr. E. W. Blatchford, formerly with the Near East Relief, and later a vice-consul at Jerusalem; Doctor A. C. Harte, former Association executive, or any other of a hundred eminent persons who are found in Palestine, will receive instruction and inspiration from their stores of knowledge. Colonel W. Kisch, who furnished me excellent material concerning Zionism, returned to England, to labor there for the Jewish cause, but the Zionist headquarters on Jaffa Road gives every attention to students and visitors.

The Leper Home of the Moravian Church is one of the

remarkable institutions of Jerusalem. It is not a dangerous place to visit, even though you are taken into the rooms occupied by sufferers from the dread disease. The matron who takes you about, or Sister Ida, or Margarethe, will inform you that since the home was established in 1865 none of the care-takers have ever been stricken with leprosy. The great mission hospitals, Christian and Jewish, are pleased to have tourists inspect their work. Several fine libraries — such as that of the Palestine Exploration Fund at Saint George's Cathedral, that of the Hebrew University, and the library of the American School for Oriental Study and Research — are shown with pleasure, and pains are taken to answer queries. This is the case also at the building which adjoins the German Church of the Redeemer, where Doctor Schick's models of the ancient tabernacle and temples are on exhibition.

Palestine is a country in which unique places and characters are often found together. For example, Ain Tabgha, the most beautiful spot on Lake Galilee, and Father B. Täpper, the host in charge of the German Lazarist hospice, are associated most congenially together in the minds of many who have enjoyed a visit here. This remarkable man made himself the real governor of the Bedouins in the neighborhood. He became a sheik among them, and acquired insight into the character and life of fellaheen and nomads. One of the most attractive sites and personalities to me was the Pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem and Brother Florent, the lay brother to whom the White Fathers so long gave charge of the ancient relic. The residence in the city of this good man extended over a period of more than thirty years. Although several years of time elapsed between my visits to this center of unusual interest, he was always my conductor down the steps of history. Bethesda is really twin pools, and not one only. It is found within the walls

of the Church of Saint Anne, near Saint Stephen's Gate on the east side of the city, and just north of the Temple Area. Birket Israil, the Pool of Israel, once pointed out as Bethesda, lies between Saint Anne's and the Temple enclosure. The property occupied by the Church of Saint Anne, which is in charge of the Melchites, or White Fathers, was presented by the Sultan to the French Government after the Crimean War, as a reward for aid which the French had rendered in that conflict.

The Church of Saint Anne deserves attention as a restored Crusader structure which was for a time made into a Moslem college by Saladin. The Arabic inscription on the front of the building dates from the period of this ruler. The site is that of the traditional home of the parents of the Virgin Mary and of her birthplace. Saint Stephen's Gate, which Jews call the Gate of Lions from the rude sculptures on it, and named by the Arabs the Gate of Tribes, is to Christian natives the Gate of our Lady Mary. The latter title means, not the birthplace of Mary, but the gate which leads out of the city to the Church of the Virgin in the Kedron Valley below. The Probatic or Sheep Gate stood near this entrance and exit in the time of our Lord. It was so named from the Greek word *πρόβατον*, because large flocks of sheep were brought here to be sold for the Temple sacrifices and for food.

The entrance to Bethesda is at the northwest corner of the yard opposite Saint Anne's. There one found a genial lay brother who was in charge of the place where in the old time, 'after the troubling of the waters,' afflicted sufferers were said to be healed. The miracle recorded in the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Saint John is now believed to be reliably associated with this location, the re-discovery and exact determination of which is one of the romances of comparatively recent archæological exploration.

Brother Florent presided over a small collection of curios, mementoes, and prints in the entrance to the pools. His pleasant voice and frank statements concerning the coins, stamps, pictures, and other objects which one might purchase through him were a very enjoyable contrast with the rude tones and fulsome claims which characterize many dealers in such wares. You are fortunate if you can arrive at Bethesda when no crowd is present. Brother Florent would tell you at what hours you would be able to find him comparatively or wholly alone, so that you might better enjoy his descriptions of what you saw and his conversation.

An ancient map called the Medeba shows that the site to which Brother Florent conducted you was known as that of the Pool of Bethesda as early as the fifth century. Going down the stone steps from the surface of the ground to the water-level of the north pool, one makes a descent through many centuries, marked by historic constructions. In this respect very few places in the world are more significant and unique. First come rubbish heaps and remains of Mohammedan dwellings of late dates. Then one sees clearly marked on the side of the excavation the crypt of a church of Crusaders who had evidently known the true site of the pools. Underneath this layer and made plain by existing remains are traces of a Byzantine church, historically recorded as early as A.D. 381, by the name of Santa Maria Probatika. This terminology is in evident correspondence with what is known of the locality and of its uses. Below the level of these relics, cut in solid rock, are two cisterns or pools, north and south, each forty-four by nine and a half meters in size and divided by a six-meter rock wall. Several courses of masonry lift the sides of the excavations somewhat higher than when they were first cut.

No spring has been discovered by which the pools of Bethesda were supplied. One may yet be indicated if it

ever becomes possible to excavate the entire area. From known specifications six of the eight corners of the two pools have been found precisely as indicated in ancient records. Buildings above them have made it impracticable as yet to uncover the northwestern corner of each pool. Little doubt exists in the minds of well-informed students that here we have the twin pools with five porches, four sides, and middle division, near the Sheep Gate, described in the Gospel according to Saint John.

The knowledge of the pools possessed by the Crusaders was recovered about forty years since by the White Fathers. A staircase near the street entrance to the grounds permits the visitor to go down to the southeastern corner of the southern pool. The locality, as history is visualized in successive layers of earth and stone, and as one recalls the records in sacred and secular literature, is one which brings to the mind interesting reflections and musings. This is not a place to be sought in a throng of pilgrims. It is a spot for dreamful contemplations and for the instructive comments of a teacher of amiable ways and melodious voice. Well therefore, that Brother Florent accompanied me as a representative of Christian courtesy and faith. The waters of the pools were not more placid than he. Were I to visit Bethesda a score of times, I should like on each occasion to find at the entrance a man who brought to mind the recollection of one who once kept the train entrance at the central railway station of an American city. He was so friendly and obliging that years of public service finally crowned the admiration felt for him with the appellation 'the angel at the gate.'

The Church of Saint Anne, in the crypt of which is shown the supposed home of the parents of Mary, has a United Greek seminary and convent. Before leaving the grounds or at some other time it pays to give considerable attention to the collections contained in the Biblical

Museum. Very much illustrative material which is of value to students of the Bible is found here. Most of the objects mentioned in the Scriptures are represented in this collection. The exhibit of coins is excellent. One of the chief treasures is the only existing Hebrew talent of Scriptural times. The finding of this very valuable weight solved the problem of the discrepancy between the accounts in the stele of Sennacherib and in the Bible as to the treasure which Hezekiah paid to the King of Assyria.

In traveling over the whole extent of Palestine, it is quite expensive to carry an expert scholar or to obtain the services of a friend who is an authority on the objects seen. Indeed, much dependence must be placed in a good car-driver who is also able to explain effectively the localities visited. The question of a good guide and chauffeur is a very important one in lands of history, and especially in Palestine. Jerusalem is naturally the center from which most of the trips in this unique land radiate, and experience there soon taught me that the City of David contains many guides and a very few like Abdallah, who rendered me the best of service on many occasions. Before I obtained the right man, however, several shrewd prevaricators and exploiters were tried, and were dismissed for cause.

A common enough type of escort is the man who exaggerates. One of these gravely told his client that the Dead Sea is ninety per cent salt. Such a statement, even if one should 'take it with a grain of salt' less than was indicated, is something of an emetic. 'This is the tomb of Adam,' a witless conductor informs you with the air of one imparting a large portion of undeniable fact. Abdallah smiled informingly when he rehearsed fables, but when he approached a well-authenticated site, his manner changed to reverence. 'Here our Lord was born,' he said; or, 'This is the well where our Lord sat and conversed with the woman of Sychar.' As a Greek

Orthodox Christian Arab, he possessed very valuable qualities and attainments for the interpretation of the myriad scenes and traditions which are the marvel of a land of venerable and sacred history.

Eastern guides are often in league with shopkeepers and merchants. In some cases it is evident that the chief effort is to rush visitors through the most necessary places and as quickly as possible into the hands of sellers of curios, perfumes, and other merchandise. Of course, if purchases are made, a division of spoils takes place later between the successful tradesman and the shrewd escort. Whenever in any Near East center I found myself in the hands of such a man, I dismissed him promptly and sought for one less greedy for commissions. In Egypt, Palestine, and Syria we ultimately secured the aid of someone who could be depended upon to take us where we wished to go, and not to a succession of bazaars.

The men who drive Palestinian travelers are usually self-educated. A lad who has had a little schooling and who is naturally intelligent thinks he might earn something if he knew enough to show people about, and so he picks up such information as he can get concerning the places in which travelers seem to be most interested. He listens attentively to conversation on the streets, in the hotels, and in various centers of concourse. Perhaps a relative or one of the older men of the profession helps him a little. Finally he gets a license, picks up a customer, and learns to do enough service to secure a fee.

My friend Abdallah was such a boy as I have just described. His father was a conscript of the Turkish army, whose pay per month was about sufficient to purchase his tobacco. He could do nothing for his family. As he was the oldest child, Abdallah worked in a mill and turned his money over to his mother, if he was not robbed. Officers tried to compel him to enter the army despite his youth, but he eluded them except once, when he was

seized, mistreated, and held for a short time. When the British came to Jerusalem after the War, he found work around a machine shop which they opened. He received enough pay to help his brothers go to school, as well as to feed the family. He had learned some Italian and French and now picked up English. He acquired knowledge of engines, and for a year he drove a steam-roller, but finding this too hard work he became an automobile chauffeur for British officers. When he had saved a little money above household necessities, he made a down payment on a second-hand car. He now began to work for himself and to go to school nights. After three years he had prospered into a higher class car owner and finally became one of the few men of his type who hold licenses as owner, driver, and guide. He obtained more than one car and trained his brother in the same business. The whole story of this aspiring man, when still a youth, makes a romance. He knew his machines and his travel routes, and took customers into the most remote recesses of Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, and Mesopotamia. Roads, trails, and open country were familiar places to him.

Once I had a guide who never smiled. He soon was on everybody's nerves. He proved also deceitful and treacherous. The man whom I would choose from a thousand possessed a humor as refreshing as a mountain stream. He was kind, therefore, seemed to have friends wherever he traveled. He was so considerate a driver that he often won a grateful glance or word from those he passed. A worried shepherd, trying to get his flock out of the way of traffic, exclaimed, as we drove up quietly and turned out for the sheep, 'you are a beautiful boy!' We lost no time and probably gained a little by not hurrying, and Abdallah added another to the many well-wishers who heartily returned his greeting. It was often quite evident that his good-nature obtained for his clients unusual privileges.

Closed doors opened to his requests. He had courage and *savoirfaire* sufficient to get his friends into the presence of an Emir, a Grand Mufti, or a High Priest, as is proved in this book.

It takes a good listener, a shrewd observer, and one who, like the stationary engineer described by Professor Pupin, 'thinks through his own hat,' to make the efficient travel conductor and interpreter. Abdallah spoke the tongues of Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, Arabia, and Egypt. He mixed with men of all tribes and faiths and picked up many a wise saying. It was illuminating to hear him quote an Arab maxim, such as, 'Feed me today and kill me tomorrow,' a saying which he applied to those who sacrifice ultimate good to immediate pleasure. His version of the Tale of the Forty Thieves is a thrilling one, as is his story of the rich man who tried to enrich another and the account of the dying father's three advices to his sons. These narratives were not forced upon one. They came by encouragement when the way was long and the spirit needed beguilement.

Most visitors to the Holy Land take certain customary and well-traveled roads. They see what everybody sees. I prefer to take side-paths and unfrequented ways, and as often as possible to go to places not commonly visited. Even in case of familiar objects, it interests me to behold them from angles not used by all the picture-makers. The best guide notes what is rare, beautiful, and impressive, and takes pains that the most instructive journeys are offered. This often enough means additional labor for him and for his machine. Abdallah was no respecter of tires and feared not the roughest road, else I might never have dreamed of the real beauty of the Jordan Valley as seen from the Tomb of Micah. All I paid for guidance in Palestine was well rewarded by this spectacle, which was one of several of almost equal profit which were suggested by my driver.

Steering people about the same streets, fields, and hills and answering the old questions over again becomes monotonous. A satisfactory guide, nevertheless, is not *blasé* nor impatient, but finds something new in the landscape and in the persons conducted. Abdallah invited us to his home in the Greek Colony, outside the walls of Jerusalem toward the southwest. The residence is an attractive and well-appointed stone house, with a flower-garden before the front porch. We were introduced to the mother and sisters of our director of travels. Family pictures and Palestinian curios were shown us, and Mrs. Leete was given valuable lessons in the preparation of Turkish coffee. We came away flower-laden, and convinced that in Palestine as elsewhere the aspiration to serve and fidelity to duty may be well rewarded.

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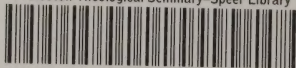
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